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Poetry.

OTHER GOOD PEOPLE.

Answer to Poem, "Awfully Good People," in Weekly Blade of August 19.

I know many maidens who are both blithe and fair;
They're not dead!
They have beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair.
They do not spend all of their time at the glass;
They never chew gum, like so many, alas!
They can serve up a dinner or scour a fork;
Can wash up the dishes or any such work,
And on most occasions can sensibly talk,
They're not dead!

I know many men both noble and brave,
And they are not dead!
They combine all the virtues good men should have.
Although they are both witty and wise,
They spend not their time giving others advice;
They live a good life, working hard every day,
And stay home at nights, never go to the play;
They care not a snap for what others might say—
They're not dead!

No doubt there are others of similar kind,
And not dead!
They've not left the world with its cares clear behind;
They live in this world, to them it is fair;
They shed rays of light as they go here and there;
They've music and sunshine and peace every day,
Are enjoying themselves as they travel "the way,"
They live here among us and are likely to stay
Till they die; they're not dead!
—A. A. Fuller.

REST.

Let us rest ourselves a bit.
Worry? wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewell a little while.

Weary of the weary way
We have come since yesterday.
Let us fret us not, in dread
Of the weary way ahead.

While we yet look down—not up—
To seek out the buttercup
And the daisy, where they wave
O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on
Listless billows of the lawn,
And drift out across the main
Of our childish dreams again.

Voyage off, beneath the trees,
O'er the field's enchanted seas,
Where the lilies are our sails,
And our seagulls, nightingales.

Where no wilder storm shall beat
Than the wind that waves the wheat,
And no tempests burst above
The old laughs we used to love.

Lose all troubles—gain release,
Langour and exceeding peace,
Cruising idly o'er the vast
Calm mid-ocean of the past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit.
Worry?—wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewell a little while.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

LOVE'S BEGGAR.

Who is not loved lives not at all,
And knows not either joy or woe;
And lest such fate should him befall
He came a beggar, louting low.
"I bend," said he, "that I may live;
I bow before the one I prize,
That she the alms I crave may give,
Drawn from the treasury of her eyes."

Who begs for love but wastes his speech
When far too humbly he implores;
He sets too high above his reach
The being whom he thus adores.
And so, though courtly were his ways,
A veil of scorn her visage bore;
Indifferent to his prayers and praise,
She turned the beggar from the door.

The beggar was not overshrewd,
And perfect love had made him blind;
Not his to see a changing mood,
Nor his to fathom woman's mind.
For she in musing on his fate
Felt pity for the suitor spurned,
And pity turned to love—too late—
The beggar nevermore returned.
—Thomas Dunn English in Harper's Magazine.

Miscellany.

WITH A BOOMERANG.

Yellow teak wood, when made in the form of a boomerang, is an effective hunting weapon. But even in Australia, the home of the boomerang, few white men know how to handle the deadly curved stick.

Henry Edgren, the Australian hammer-thrower, is an expert boomerang handler, and can bring down most any flying thing at a fairly short range. The

latest achievement of this kind was made recently, when Edgren not only succeeded in bringing to earth a depredating crow but severed its head completely from its body, having previously made a wager that he could accomplish this remarkable feat. The bird's head was as nearly cut from the body as if a knife had slashed it.

Practically Intact.

The Populist orator dragged himself out of the railway wreck and took account of damages.

One foot was twisted out of shape, something was the matter with his right hip, his left elbow refused to work, one of his shoulder blades appeared to have slipped over the other, his left knee was bruised and swollen and part of his scalp was gone.

He emitted a loud groan.

Then his face brightened.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed. "My voice isn't injured! I'm all right!"—Chicago Tribune.

Closely Drawn Distinctions.

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, who had been pleading in vain, "ef nothin' else'll move ye I'm willin' to do anything yer say in the way of odd jobs for me breakfast."

"All right; there's some wood that needs chopping."

He looked at it for a moment, and then, turning away, said:

"No; I'm a man of my word, an' I sticks to the letter of me proposal. I said 'odd' jobs; an' there ain't nothin' more common an' ordinary than choppin' wood."—Washington Star.

On the Way to the Pole.

Mr. Andree—What is the name of that town we are above?

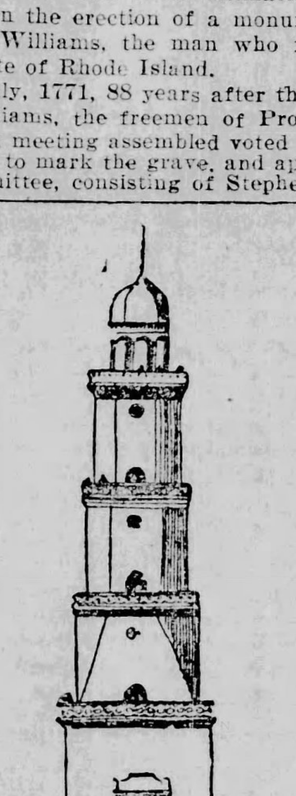
Balloon Assistant—Artziflrowskoje.

Mr. Andree—Wow! Throw over all the ballast! We'll be punctured!—New York Press.

HONORING ROGER WILLIAMS

The recent gathering of Roger Williams' descendants at Providence gave occasion for talk which ultimately may result in the erection of a monument to Roger Williams, the man who founded the state of Rhode Island.

In July, 1771, 88 years after the death of Williams, the freemen of Providence in town meeting assembled voted to erect a stone to mark the grave, and appointed a committee, consisting of Stephen Hop-



PROPOSED MONUMENT.

kins, who five years later was one of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence; Amos Atwell and Darius Sessions, to draft an inscription for a monument which at the same meeting it was voted to erect. But the swift march of events, which ended with the revolutionary war, probably caused this work to be forgotten and the stone was not erected.

In 1860 Stephen Randall, a descendant of Roger Williams, caused his great ancestor's remains to be exhumed and placed in an urn in the family vault.

Then a petition for an act of incorporation was adopted. The corporation was to be known as the Roger Williams Monument association. Prominent men were among the signers of the articles of incorporation and the act was passed.

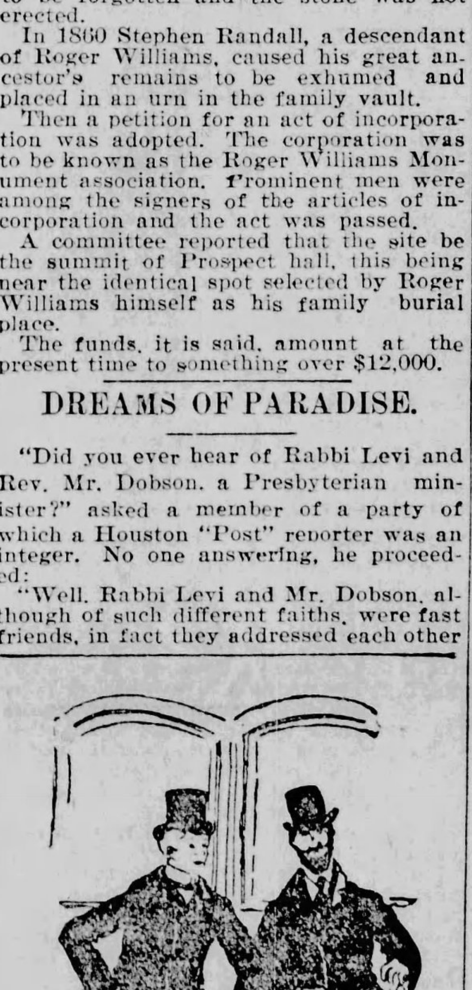
A committee reported that the site be the summit of Prospect hall, this being near the identical spot selected by Roger Williams himself as his family burial place.

The funds, it is said, amount at the present time to something over $12,000.

DREAMS OF PARADISE.

"Did you ever hear of Rabbi Levi and Rev. Mr. Dobson, a Presbyterian minister?" asked a member of a party of which a Houston "Post" reporter was an integer. No one answering, he proceeded:

"Well, Rabbi Levi and Mr. Dobson, although of such different faiths, were fast friends, in fact they addressed each other



"I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT, BROTHER LEVI."

as Brother Levi and Brother Dobson, as the case might be. One day they met, and the Presbyterian thought he'd have some fun with the rabbi.

"'I had a dream last night, Brother Levi,' said he.

"'Indeed. Was it a pleasant one?'

"'Oh, yes. I dreamed I died and went to heaven. When I got up there I rapped at the gate and St. Peter came out. Seeing me, he said: "Good morning, Brother Dobson, I know you well. Come right in." He took me right in and escorted me straight to the Jewish paradise and it was full of people. What do you suppose I saw?'

"'Give it up.'

"'Well, sir, everybody there was a merchant, and each one approached me and asked me if I didn't want to buy something.'

"Brother Dobson and the rabbi separated, and the next day when they met the rabbi said to his clerical chum:

"'Brother Dobson, I had a dream last night.'

"'Pray tell me of it, Brother Levi.'

"'It was something like the one you had. I dreamed I died and went to heaven. St. Peter met me at the gate and without ceremony invited me in. He took me straight to the section set apart as the Presbyterian paradise, and what do you suppose I saw there?'

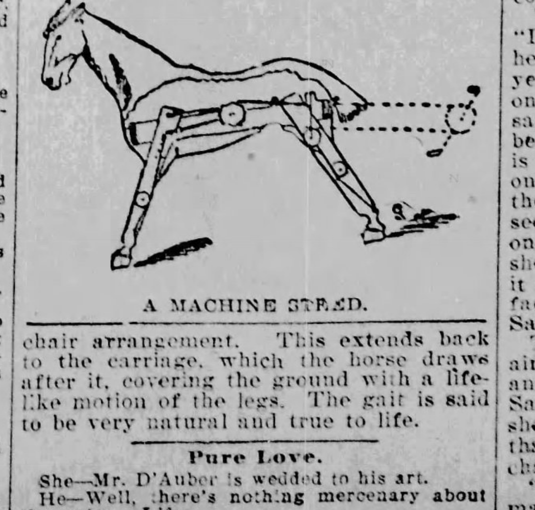
"'I can't imagine. What did you see?'

"I saw nothing, not a soul; the place was empty.'"

LIKE A REAL HORSE.

People are still at work inventing queer devices.

A Detroit man has invented and patented a mechanical horse which he designed to be propelled by a pedal and



A MACHINE STEED.

chair arrangement. This extends back to the carriage, which the horse draws after it, covering the ground with a lifelike motion of the legs. The gait is said to be very natural and true to life.

Pure Love.

She—Mr. D'Auber is wedded to his art.

He—Well, there's nothing mercenary about the union.—Life.

A FEUD OF '96.

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

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"So Ike Brandt died askin' to be buried in Round Valley."

"That's nat'ral enough. Once a Round Valley man, allus a Round Valley man—dead or livin'. He got his wife there, too, and she's done well by him."

"I'd like to know who did the killin'."

"Jest as well you don't. Truth's easier than lyin', when the sheriff comes askin' questions."

"Well, I can say I dunno fast enough, but I'm suspicionin' all the same, Hick."

"Look out," said the other darkly, "It ain't safe to think too loud these times."

He opened the door of the cabin and glanced uneasily forth. Had his vision been younger the black recesses of the forest would have told it nothing. The hour was seven, but the forest was on a mountain and its trees were pines, its roof a mass of curved uplifted lacing arms. He closed the door and returned to the younger man who stood with his back to the fireplace, his brows drawn together staring at the door. He wore top boots and the rough mountaineer's costume; but his beard and hair were carefully trimmed, and his flannel shirt was fastened with a smart blue tie; Tom Knowles was known on Long Ridge as a bit of a dude. The old man sat down and filled a pipe.

"Who be ye suspicionin'?" he asked after an evident effort to suppress curiosity.

"John Howard himself."

"Wh-a-t?" The other was too overcome for expletive. He sat staring at Knowles with lips dropping away from his pipe. John Howard was the cattle king of Long Ridge, the biggest man in North Mendocino and South Trinity.

"But he ain't never in these parts," added "Hick," after a moment. "Leastways, he ain't been for two year or more."

"I seen him not twenty minutes before the murder within half a mile of Ike's ranch. He was alone, and he was skulkin' among the trees."

"But how'd you be sure 'twas him? It must have been dark enough by then—'twixt six and seven."

"I was closer to him than I am to you. He didn't see me. I was lyin' on the ground—had been asleep; I opened my eyes, and there, 'most walkin' over me, was John Howard. He was on his colt, Trinity, the one that cow-puncher of his, Ham Slack, broke in for trail followin'. He had on a light grey suit and what they call down to Weaver, a cheviot shirt—they come from New York, and are fine enough for a woman's Sunday frock—and a straw hat with a dark ribbon round it. He looked mor'n as if he was goin' to call on his best girl than to do murder, only he was scowlin' black as hell, and them steel blue eyes of his was hard as glass."

"But he ain't the man to dirty his hands with killin' mountain folk. One of his cow-punchers could do the business for him, and no risk run anywhere. Git out. I ain't goin' to believe Mr. Howard's any such doggoned fool as that."

"Ike had killed his boss cow-puncher, there ain't much doubt about that."

"Well—good lord!"

"And he's giving him more trouble than all the anti-Howards put together. If it hadn't been for Ike—to my mind, and I've good reason for thinkin' so—Mr. Howard's cattle would be browsin' in Round Valley this minute. If it warn't Ike Brandt that started the whole feud then I'll engage to drop six Howard cow-punchers myself—and I'm a law abidin' citizen."

The older man rattled his pipe among his large brown infrequent teeth. A coal fell on his ragged beard, but burnt its way unheeded. Hickory Mott was something of a hermit; his wife was dead, his children married. The nearest house was four miles away. He dearly loved a bit of gossip; and gossip on Long Ridge, these days, had much of the early Californian flavor.

"I want ter know," he said eagerly. "Do tell me. He's dead now—poor Ike—so it can't hurt."

"It's just what I've picked up here and there, puttin' two and two together. Ike was peace-lovin' and law-abidin' as any of us, in spite of that ugly temper of his. He never cared for whisky, loved to hear Sally play the pianner and sit with his wife by the fire in the evenin's while she mended, or outside and watch the sun set in summer. There warn't no happier household on Long Ridge, and that's sayin' a good deal. But when Mr. Howard's cattle took to appropriatin' Round Valley, and then the hull range, and when six families in succession was prevented one way and another from comin' and settlin' on the Ridge, then his dander got up and he couldn't do nothin' for a solid year but talk about it. Of course, everybody was talkin', but he had the most to say. Then all of a sudden he shut up; never had another word to say about the business. Now, I've good reason to think that he picked his men—among that gang the rest of us let alone, and who are always spoilin' for a fight—and organized a regular feud. First, I surmise, they only intended to kill the cattle; but from cattle to men ain't a long stride when blood's up, and now the anti-Howards' got twelve murders to their account, and the Howards' ten."

The old man heaved a profound sigh. "Long Ridge ain't what it used to be," he said. "It's a 'tarnal shame, too. Three year ago a woman could ride alone from one end of Long Ridge to t'other and be safer'n if she war in 'Frisco, but she'd better stop to hum now. Blood and graves is gittin' too thick on the Ridge. The only girl one sees a mile from anywhere these days is Sally Brandt. She don't seem to be afraid of nothin'. I met her on the Divide the other day, and told her she'd better make tracks for hum before it got dark, but she only laughed in my face. Be you thinkin' of marryin' Sally?"

The other drew his brows together. "I ain't got no chance. That school-marm and too much book-learnin' has spoiled Sally for rough mountain men. When she was sixteen she was just perfect, but that's four year ago, and she's awful changed."

"Yes, she be, she be. But she's got to marry some time, and I'd like to know what chance but the likes of you she'll ever get up here. She's never even been to Weaver only once. Howsomever, got any mor to tell about Brandt and the feud?"

"Only this—that Howard's a mighty smart chap if he is a dude and don't know how much money he's got. You can be sure that he's found out long before this who his worst enemy was, and to sit down and be walked over ain't his style. Ike's life had been attempted three times before, you remember. Howard got tired of bunglin' cowpunchers; that's the long and the short of it."

"It sounds about right. It sounds about right. But I can't git around to thinkin' that Mr. Howard'd do anything underhand—at least he wouldn't crawl up behind a man and shoot him. Howsomever—be you goin' to tell Tim Lathrop yer suspicions when he comes round inquirin'?"

"Not I. I'd have a bullet in me before sundown. Don't you shoot off your mouth neither. Leastways, don't give me away. Well, s' long. I'll bring you over the papers in a day or two, soon's the old man gets through. They're still hackin' at the Armenians, but Venezuela's takin' a rest. Guess Grover knows what he's about."

"Keep your pistol handy," said the old man, following him out. "It's awful hard to tell who's who in these woods at night, and you might be took for a Howard. The hull ridge'll be just wild to-morrow."

Knowles laughed and sprang on his horse. "Oh, my pistol's always handy, these times," he said, and rode rapidly through the shadows, his keen mountain eyes keeping his horse to the narrow trail without a second's deflection. He cantered along easily for four miles, then turned his horse at a cross trail and urged it up a steep grade. In a few moments he came upon a large clearing, in the foreground of which was a spacious log house, surrounded by a flower garden. Behind were wheat fields, an orchard, and a vegetable garden. In an enclosure on a slope close to the forest a number of cows lay in their first sleep. It looked the home of a prosperous farmer, a bright oaisis in the black wilderness of pines.

A number of horses were tethered to the fence that enclosed the little garden of geraniums, fuscias and roses. Knowles sprang to the ground, tethered his horse, and went rapidly up the walk. The door opened and a girl looked out.

"Is that you, Tom Knowles?" she asked coldly. "The coroner has been here twenty minutes, and everything is waiting for you."

"You don't mean it? I'm that sorry. I made sure he couldn't get here before nine."

"Well, he did. Please go into the parlour."

Knowles held out his hand, but she turned her back and walked down the hall. He opened the door of a room on the right and entered. It was a large room, with a set of red plush furniture ranged stiffly along walls that were papered and further decorated with framed lithographs from Christmas weeklies. All of the chairs and the two sofas were occupied by men dressed in the rought garb of a mountaineer. Some of the faces were pale; all were stern. The room was lit by three smoking lamps. On a long table in the middle of the room lay a dead body covered with a sheet.

Knowles saluted the coroner, and stood against the well; there was no vacant chair.

The coroner rose and cleared his throat. "Seeing as Mr. Knowles has come," he said, "we might as well get to business. If anyone present has any information to communicate about this outrageous affair, will he please rise and communicate the same?"

There was no answer. Two or three men moved uneasily.

"No; I thought not. You're all too afraid of your precious skins."

One of the men sprang to his feet. He was a man of middle years, with a frank eye and powerful jaw.

"There ain't no cowardice about this yere matter, Mr. Coroner. We ain't tellin' nothin', because we ain't got nothin' to tell. But we propose to have a good deal to tell later. This feud between cowpunchers was bad enough, but we kep' out of it because it was none of our business, and all we've been askin' heretofore is to prosper a little, and raise our families and live and die in peace. But now that one of us, as good a man as ever came outer Round Valeey, has been shot down at his own door by one of Howard's murderin' blackguards, we've come to the conclusion that it's time to git a move on. In short, Mr. Coroner, we propose to take this investigation in hand, and we don't need the assistance of coroners, nor of sheriffs, neither. Axin' yer pardon, sir, but that's the way we feel about it; and it's only kind to tell ye, for you waste valuable time every time you come up here, to say nothin' of the fact that the corpse is usually decomposed. This time it ain't, as you happened to be visitin' on the Divide, but it don't tell you nothin' all the same. To-morrow night we alls goin' to take Ike down to Round Valley and bury him; and after that no work'll be done on Long Ridge until the murderer's found. That's all."

The coroner smiled slightly, but looked at the big mountaineer with some deference. "And may I hope, Mr. White," he asked, "that when you have found him you will turn him over to the authorities of Weaver?"

There was a low murmur, and White stood up again. "No," he said grimly. "The less you hope the less you'll be disappointed. There's too many murderers unhung in California now. When we git our man, we'll attend to him without troublin' Weaver."

"But I hope," said the coroner hastily, "that you will do nothing rash. Pray be sure that you have got the right man before you lynch him. You are taking a fearful responsibility."

"We're equal to it. And we'll take blamed good care we're not hangin' the wrong man."

The coroner shrugged his shoulders. He had been called to Long Ridge too frequently of late, and would not have been sorry if its inhabitants had taken the whole matter of the feud into their own hands, and kept their proceedings as dark as their forests.

"Very well," he said. "Mr. Thompson, as foreman of the jury, will you kindly bring in the verdict?"

An elderly man stood up, glanced about, and upon being reassured by many emphatic nods, said: "There ain't but one opinion, and it's this: Ike Brandt was murdered and as there's only two parties as is murderin' these days—Howards and anti-Howards—and as he was a anti-Howard there ain't no doubt about his havin' been murdered by a Howard. That's all."

"Thanks. The deceased, Ike Brandt, met his death at the hands of an enemy at present unknown. Good evening, sirs. I hope you may be more fortunate than I have been. I will send the certificate in due course."

"Evenin', sir."

He left the room. Knowles looked over his head into the passage, then closed the door and walked to the feet of the corpse. For a moment he did not speak, but stood scanning each face in turn. The men stirred uneasily. In the spurting flames of the badly trimmed lamps the corpse seemed to move. Through the open window came the low monotonous chant of the pines.

"Fellow citizens," said Knowles impressively. "I see that I am among friends. I have an important communication to make."

II.

At four o'clock next morning Sally Brandt let herself softly out of the house. She went to the barn, saddled a mustang and was leading it through the garden when a window was thrown open and a woman's head, the face swollen with weeping, was thrust forth.

"Sally Brandt," the woman cried hoarsely, "where be you goin' at this hour in the mornin'?"

"I am sorry I wakened you, mother," replied Miss Brandt composedly. "But I knew that the Hills and the Perrys and the Spears would want to come to father's funeral, and as I couldn't sleep I thought I'd go and tell them myself."

"But, land sakes, girl, it's a ride of twenty miles and more. You'll be in nice trim to ride twenty miles to Round Valley to-night, with your poor father's corpse. Seems to me you're allus doin' queer things these days."

"You know that some days I am in the saddle for twelve hours at a stretch. This won't hurt me. Besides, when I get to the Perrys I can ask Harry to go on and tell the others. Now, go to bed and try to sleep."

Mrs. Brandt slammed the window and Sally sprang to the mustang's back, and rode rapidly into the forest. The white mist of early morning was there, giving a certain vagueness to the tall black trees; and both were motionless. It was like entering ghost-land, the girl thought with a little shudder and a tightening of the lips. Her own face was as white as the fog, and her black lashes were only half responsible for the darkness surrounding her eyes. In ordinary conditions Sally Brandt would have developed into a handsome hazel-eyed, black-haired mountain girl, and nothing more; those of the better class were buxom creatures with a striking uniformity of figure and complexion, whatever their variety of eye and hair. But four years since the clever and lonely district school teacher had first taken a fancy to Sally's pretty shy ways, then discovered that much could be done with her mind.

Sally quickly developed intellectual ambition, an insatiable love of blooks—for which her father sent to San Francisco by the dozen—and a habit of thinking. Hours of study when other girls were in the fields had sharpened her features somewhat and drawn the blood from her cheeks; but her eyes sparkled with intelligence; and on her brow, and in the carriage of her fine figure there was a certain noble arrogance which would have made her salient in a city; in these wilds she was an abiding subject of gossip and disapproval as John Howard, the high-handed cattle king.

She had kept her health by long daily rides, and, in consequence, knew every trail of the forest; she was in no danger of losing her way, even in a heavy fog. She rode along rapidly, the mist closing behind her, the trees starting into shape before and on either side. But gradually the fog began to sway gently, then to move softly to the west; then, abruptly it went with a rush; and into the wide black aisles of the forest struck the first shafts of the sun.

The mustang shied slightly, and Miss Brandt gave a swift glance to the right; three rough mounds rose there; beneath were recent victims of the feud. She gave the mustang a sharp taste of the whip and he started on a hard run, the small hand at the bridle keeping him in the narrow trail. But suddenly he was pulled up so short that he danced for a moment on his hind legs, then came down to all fours with an angry snort. Another rider was approaching leasurely through the trees. It was a man and he wore a fashionably cut suit of grey tweed and a straw hat. He lifted the last as he recognized Miss Brandt, and spurred his horse; his cold watchful eyes—the eyes of the American before whom millions are ever passing in review—flashed with a warm fire, and his thin, set face worked and flushed. Miss Brandt had turned a shade paler, and as he reined up beside her, pretended to ignore his outstretched hand.

"You are angry with me yet," he said, eagerly. "That is the reason I have not gone back. I stayed with the Perrys, and have been riding half the night——"

"Are you mad?" she asked. "You must be to have come up here at all——"

"I am afraid I am——"

"No more of that, please." Then as he smiled she added hastily: "Of course you have not heard."

"Heard what?"

"What happened a few minutes after you left me the other evening?"

"I rode 15 miles without stopping when I left you the other evening."

"My father was shot down in his own corral, and died a few hours later."

"Good God! And by one of my men, I suppose."

She made no reply, but averted her face. "If I expressed the sympathy I feel," he said after a moment, "you would probably care as little for it as you do for my love. Of course, you regard me as practically your father's murderer."

The blood flew to her hair, and her dilated eyes swept the forest on all sides. "I forgot for the moment," she stammered. "That was what I came out for; to find you, if I could, and warn you. I listened to the coroner's jury last night; I couldn't help it; the men—they were all friends of father's—said that they were going to take matters into their own hands, trail the mountains until they found the murderer, and lynch him. After the coroner had gone out Tom Knowles told them that he had seen you near the house a few minutes before the murder, and before he got through he made them all believe that you did it. They'll bury father to-night, and then they'll find out if you've gone back to Weaver, and if you have they'll go down in a body and take you out of your house at night and lynch you. I want you to go to San Francisco and stay there until they've found the right man."

"Tom Knowles is in love with you, I suppose."

"Yes, I think he is."

"And he has doubtless seen us together."

"I am afraid he has."

"If his life had been threatened would you have taken this risk to warn him?"

"No." Her face was again averted, but she flushed deeply.

He put his long arm round her suddenly, holding her so tightly that she could not move, and bringing his face close to hers. "Then you do love me," he said deliberately. "Otherwise you would have been glad to see me lynched, for like all the rest you regard me as the enemy of the entire district. You might have heard me out day before yesterday before treating me as if I were a libertine for whom lynching would be too good——"

She was trembling, but she looked him steadily in the eyes. "Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you intended to ask me to marry you—then? You do now, perhaps; you are different this morning, somehow; but the other day—I'll not believe——"

"I won't undertake to say what I intended to do the other day. I followed you up here because, although I only met you twice in Weaver, you attracted me more than any woman I had ever met; I hardly knew how much until you had gone. Then I followed you, driven by impulse only; I had no intention of being precipitate. During our first four meetings you certainly had nothing to complain of. Night before last I lost my head. The forest, the hour, and yourself justified it. I am not going to say any more by way of explanation. Will you marry me?"

"I am not your social equal. Your fine friends in San Francisco would not receive me——"

"Wouldn't they? I should like to see any of them turn the cold shoulder on my wife. You know the world very little, my dear. I will take you abroad, and in a year's time you will be smarter than any of them. You'd do well enough now," he added hastily. "Let it console you to know that several of our fungi are shaky on their grammer."

She turned her head restlessly. It had come too suddenly. She wanted time to think. "But you must go now," she said. "Every minute adds to the danger——"

"If you go with me."

But she shook her head with decision this time. "That is out of the question. I cannot desert my mother. You would not have much faith in me if I did. After the funeral—I'll—I'll—see."

"I'm not going on any such vague promise as that. I'll stay at Perry's——"

"No! No!" Her voice rose to a scream. "You must get out of these mountains as quick as you can. Have you no fear at all?"

He hesitated. He knew the temper of men, even good men, when possessed of a fixed idea and determined to lynch. But he had held his life in his hand more than once, and, putting the uncertainty of woman's affections out of the question, he did not relish the idea of showing his heels. In a moment he replied, "I am going home with you now, and I shall go to the funeral to-night."

The girl began to sob. But the while that feminine terrors possessed her she thrilled with pride at the insolent courage of the man. He tightened his arm, and pursued, cunningly, "Besides, I never could find my way out of these forests alone; when night came I should be hopelessly lost. Not one of my herders would have the courage to be seen with me; your father's friends would betray me! and you refuse to be my guide. So there is nothing for me but to stay. Come, kiss me. Then let us go back."

But the sun was high when they left the forest and rode toward the clearing. Six of the jurymen, including Knowles, who had slept at the house, were sitting on the front porch. They sprang to their feet and stared open-mouthed at the approaching figures. If Sally felt a tremor she gave no sign. Her head was a trifle higher than usual.

She and Howard dismounted, tethered their horses, and walked directly up to the porch.

"Good-morning, neighbours," said Sally. "Mr. Howard has come home with me because his place is here. We are to be married next month."

Knowles forgot his feeble attempts to be a gentleman and let loose a torrent of oaths. He broke off abruptly and burst out laughing. "He's saved us a lot of trouble," he said. "This is easier'n man-huntin'."

"I understand that you accuse me of the murder of Mr. Brandt," said Howard, coldly. "You should know something about it. After hiding in the bushes the evening before last in order to witness an interview between Miss Brandt and myself you followed her home. I followed you for some distance—until Miss Brandt was well out of the forest—and you went towards the corral where, I understand, her father was shot."

It was a chance shot, but Howard, like all intrepid Americans, was an adept at the great national game of bluff. As a matter of fact he had neither seen Knowles on the evening in question, nor suspected his presence.

Knowles went livid, but he too was an American and no craven. He turned eagerly to the others, who were staring confusedly at each accused in turn. "You see!" he cried. "He acknowledges as how he was there, not twenty yards away; and we all know it was to his interest to put Ike out of the way. What good does Ike's death do me? What had I agin him."

"I did not accuse you, Mr. Knowles," said Howard. "I merely thought that as you were on the premises you might know more about the affair than you have so far admitted."

White stepped forward. "You knew, Mr. Howard, that we believed as how you was guilty, and intended to lynch you?" he asked.

"I did," said Howard haughtily. "But I have no expectation of being lynched. You are not the sort of men to condemn without a trial, I take it. I shall conduct my own case, and I think I can convince you that you will require more proof than this very interested person can furnish. That will do for the present. I shall attend the funeral to-night. At present I shall eat the breakfast which Miss Brandt has been good enough to promise me."

He followed Sally into the house. To the mountaineers, used to living with their lives in their hands, no quality appealed so strongly as courage. This man's—which was one half recklessness and contempt—overawed them. White turned to his fellow judges. "He must have a fair trial," he said firmly. "We must forget that we have cause to hate him, and that we was glad of an excuse to believe him guilty, and to put him out of the way; and sift this business through. Tom I'm not suspectin' you, of course, but as he suspicions you as much as you him, you've got to stand trial, too—and every other man that so much as a little finger pints to. Am I not right, neighbours?"

"You be," came in a deep growl.

Knowles turned on his heel and strode away. One of the other men was ordered to keep him in sight. The others galloped off to summon the neighbors to the funeral and subsequent trial. Howard went to bed and slept until late in the afternoon.

III.

At 4 o'clock the procession started for Round Valley. A rough coffin had been made by two of the dead men's friends. This was strapped firmly to a bier, and carried on the shoulders of six mountaineers, who were to be relieved every third mile. Just behind the bier rode Mrs. Brandt and her son, who was a year younger than Sally; the numerous small children had been sent to a neighbor. Sally followed with Howard, who had laid siege to Mrs. Brandt's affections during the afternoon, and won them. Behind came the mountaineers, two and two.

The march was necessarily slow. It was very trying to Howard and Sally. She was beginning to react from the surprise and excitement that had kept grief at bay, and Howard would have liked to drop out of the procession with her and follow in the rear. But he knew that the act would be misconstrued, and that they would be less free of surveillance than where they were. Besides, the rough mountain forest road would cause more than one break in the ranks. He pressed his horse close to hers, and took her hand. But he talked little; the solemnity of the scene oppressed him, so seldom in contact with the sombre hours of life. Night came; the sky was overcast; not a ray of light from above penetrated the forest. The men ignited the torches they had brought, and held them aloft, walking one and one, for the trail narrowed. Howard glanced over his shoulder more than once. The flaring line on the steep ascent above might have been a thin belt of forest fire. It threw the rest of the forest into blacker shadow, shifted the features of the men until they looked like grotesque demons! Below there were two torches only; one behind and one before the coffin, which was zig-zagged painfully among the crowding trees and brush. Howard drew his hand across his brow and wondered if San Francisco existed; he might have been assisting at the birth of a continent's civilzation; that it was the year 1896 was incredible.

And suddenly, he realized his danger. These men, walking and riding 20 miles at night through the heart of an almost trackless forest, still the home of the panther and the grizzly, to bury a dead comrade, had been face to face with nature and danger for all the days of their lives. Life was a serious matter to them; they had never had a superfluous dollar, never known a cynical moment; and as the peace and safety of their homes meant more to them than all his millions meant to John Howard they had resolved to crush a feud which was near to driving them mad with anxiety.

Panic comes to the bravest men. It overwhelmed Howard suddenly; his brain emptied itself of every faculty, was possessed by a frantic desire to escape from these men who might hang him at dawn. He thrust his head down between his shoulders, peering from right to left. The brush was little less solid than a wall. His heart seemed melting through his ribs. The breath hissed through his shrunken lips. Suddenly he became aware that Sally was speaking to him, that her mouth was almost at his ear. "Are you ill?" she whispered. "Your hand is as cold as ice."

The panic fled as swiftly as it had come. He was grateful for the blackness of the night that hid his wet and livid face from the woman.

"I had a chill, I think. I have them sometimes."

"You don't regret this?" she asked shyly. "You are running a terrible risk, although I cannot believe that they would dare to harm you. But I should like to hear you say that you are not sorry."

"I love you more, far more, than when we started down the mountain. Perhaps you understand why—and that I can have no regrets. I don't believe, either, that they will hang me; and if they don't, we have a good chance for happiness, you and I, I think."

She drew his hand suddenly to her heart and held it there. It was the first voluntary caress that she had given him. She, too, was deeply stirred by the solemnity of the night and scene; even more so than he; grief for her lost father was crowding close on the heels of spent excitement, and threatening a sudden and overwhelming leap. All that kept it from its rights was the harrowing of fear, flouted but insistent.

The panic did not return, but the long monotonous hours of that night were the most serious of John Howard's life. He refused to contemplate the possibility of another night finding him as cold as the clay jolting before him, but he thought on many of the things that troop through the brains of men in their final hour, and made resolutions as new to him as was the sudden acquaintance with his inner life.

It was 4 in the morning when they descended the almost perpendicular trail leading into Round Valley. Far away, at the opposite end of the immense valley, the huts of the Indian reservation, and the barracks of the company in charge clung to the earth like the mounds above buried Chinichinich chieftains. There were many farm houses. A church, surrounded by rude wooden crosses and headstones, and an occasional gleam of marble, stood lonely by the white roadside. On all sides towered the black, perpendicular mountains.

They made directly for the church. The minister, who had been notified, was waiting; the grave was dug. Howard lifted Sally from her horse and half carried her to the head of the open grave. She trembled and clung to him. The men crowded in and stood, bareheaded, in the narrow paths. No one of the party made a sound, not even Mrs. Brandt, who stared stonily at the coffin, twisting her hands. The minister read the service and made a prayer. The coffin was lowered by the grave diggers, the earth shoveled in. When the mound was complete White stepped forward.

"Mr. Parson," he said, "will you kindly go ter hum, now. We want to have a talk right here, and axing your pardon, we're better off without you. The grave diggers ain't got no call to stay, neither."

The parson, wondering, but glad to seek his bed, departed at once; the grave diggers shouldered their spades and shambled across the silent fields.

"Fellow citizens," said White, "There ain't no better place to try a man than by the murdered man's grave. I vote that if the guilty one is among us we find out afore the sun gits over that mountain. We kin do it."

The supreme moment had come. Howard was divided between gratitude that it had come so unexpectedly, and an uncontrollable horror. He would have given half of his millions for the conventional surroundings of a court room, not because he knew that the law of the state would never hang a rich man, but because he longed for the commonplace, the accustomed. The weirdness of the scene; the great black-ribbed valley, the awful majesty of the mountains, the grey dawn, the appalling silence, the dead beneath his feet, the determined, emotionless men in their picturesque garb, forced a mind, more or less the slave of habit, into the attitude of helpless tremor which civilization must ever experience when at the mercy of nature. It was not even the lynching scene of tradition. But he gave no sign, and, when, Sally, with a stifled scream, flung her arms about him, he led her over to her mother and asked her to stay there. Then he walked to the foot of the grave and faced his accusers.

"Mr. Howard," said White, "we have come to the conclusion that as you had the most cause to want Ike Brandt dead it is more fur you to prove you didn't commit the murder than fur us to prove ye did. Where was you at a quarter to 7 o'clock on Tuesday evenin'?"

"I was in the forest, riding in the direction of Perry's."

"And you was alone? There was no one with you at a quarter to 7 to prove that you was ridin' away from Ike Brandt's ranch?"

"I was alone." He was in full control of himself by this, and he laughed. "There are no other questions you can ask me that will establish either my innocence or guilt; you can produce no one to swear that he saw me do the killing. Do you mean to say that you would convict any man on such flimsy circumstantial evidence as you have established in my case? That would not be justice, but cold-blooded murder, for you have not even the excuse of the ordinary lyncher's excitement." Knowles stood beside him. Howard turned with a swift movement, caught him by the collar and flung him to his knees on the damp grave. "Tom Knowles," he said solemnly, "swear by all that you hold most sacred, that you did not murder the man over whose body you are kneeling."

There was a moment of such intense and breathless silence that Howard could hear the wind rising in the pine-tops on the mountain. But the man under his hand did not tremble. He crossed his hands and said solemnly: "I swear that I did not kill Ike Brandt—and that I believe John Howard did."

Howard stepped back, loosening his hold. He saw that he had made a mistake. Superstition is strong in the heart of the civilized; it is monarch in the brain of the untutored. These men shook with awe as their comrade reiterated his accusation almost on the breast of the murdered man; and as they turned with one accord to Howard he read his doom in their eyes.

White stepped forward again. His face was as grey as dawn. "Mr. Howard," he said, "it may be as you say, that our circumstantial evidence don't amount to much, but, all the same, we know you done it. Every one of us, sir, knows that you murdered Ike. And you shows your guilt 'n your face, sir; it's whiter'n the whitewash on that there church. I'm sorry, sir, for you're powerful plucky, and we respect that. I own I kinder hoped we'd find someone else was the guilty party. But he ain't; not even one of your cow-punchers was within ten miles of the place all that day. We've been doin' a good deal of inquirin' and investigatin' since you showed up yesterday, and, sir, Ike didn't have another enemy in the world." He paused a moment, a vibrating and horrible pause. "Perry," he said finally, "you kin take Mrs. Brandt and Sally hum. We'll finish up here."

But if Howard's face was livid it was not from fright. Imagination had twice neutralized the iron in his blood, but fact, after the first moment of perplexity, had thrown him into a passion of anger and will to live. He was filled with a furious scorn of the boors who had presumed to sit in judgment upon him, and a desire to humiliate them with defeat. He knew that he had only one hope—to reach the Reservation and place himself under the protection of the company at the agency. It was a forlorn hope, for his horse was jaded; but it was worth trying for. He made a leap backward, flinging out his fists and hitting two of the lynchers crushing blows in the face. The act was greeted by a roar. These mountaineers were men of Nature after all; their borrowings from civilization were very meagre, and wholly arbitrary. The blood on their comrades' faces awakened the savage, let loose the consuming hatred of poor man for capitalist.

In a second they were no longer judges, they were anarchists. They leaped over the graves, struggling with each other to get at the man who stood for power and oppression, and whom Providence had given into their hands. Howard saw that escape was impossible. He sprang back against the church wall and met the onslaught with well planted blows. He was a scientific boxer and broke more than one arm used to the rifle and shot-gun only. But he knew that his advantage was one of seconds. He could not even get at his pistol. He was no match for twenty men—forty huge fists. He had a sudden hideous vision of a revolving body dangling from the tree above Brandt's grave. But he could get at his pistol in time to prevent that. Then, suddenly, everything went red. A great flame shot up before him, mingled with a curious automatic screech. An iron wedge seemed to drive straight through his brain, and he went down.

* * * * * * *

He opened his eyes. Sally's white face was close to his; an informal but muffled howling surrounded him. He lifted his head; he was inside the church.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "How did you get me in here?"

"I and ma set fire to them as they surrounded you. I had a box of matches in my pocket. Their clothes and hair were very dry, and caught like tinder. Of course they could roll on the graves and put it out; and I dragged you in here just after one of them hit you. I have locked the door. They won't break in here. How'll we'll ever get out I don't know; but we're safe for the present, and that's the main point. Does your head hurt?"

"I hardly know. You are a wonderful girl. Only a California girl would ever have thought of such a thing."

Suddenly the noise outside ceased. Sally put down Howard's head gently, and standing on one of the pews looked out of the window.

"It's Hickory Mott," she said. "He's just ridden in. He lives in a cabin about four miles from us. I wonder what he wants. He's got a bundle of papers in his hand."

She lifted the window cautiously, and bent her ear to the narrow opening. The words spoken by Hickory came distinctly to Howard.

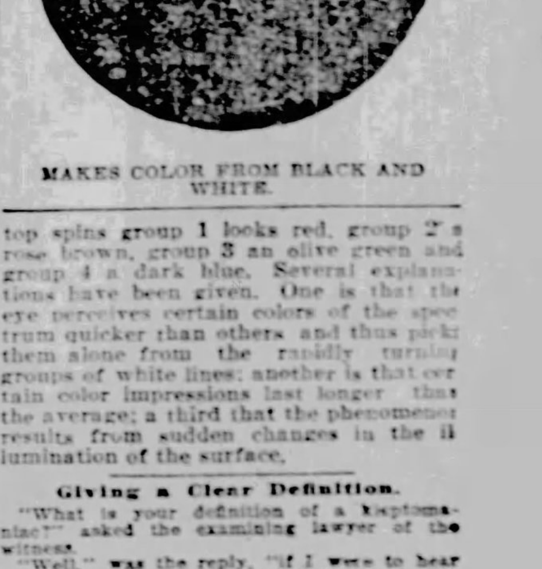
"I ain't one to sweep and I only found this yere bundle last night. It was where Tom Knowles was standin'; and jedgin' from the contents there ain't much doubt as how he dropped it. He owed Ike all he ever had, and there was nothin' but these papers to prove it. I come as quick as I could, for although I ain't no friend of Mr. Howard's nor any other tarnation capitalist, I don't believe in killin' a man for what he didn't do."

There was a silence, which to the man lying on the floor of the church, seemed to slip along the months into the following year. He was struggling to his feet when Sally closed the window sharply and dropped to the floor. Her eyes were dilated and she put her hands to her ears. From without came a single, gurgling shriek; then, again, silence.

[The End.]

SCIENTIFIC NOVELTY.

This is a picture of one of the most curious of scientific novelties, the operations of which are really marvelous and have never been fully explained. It is a sort of top, which produces illusions of color by means of black and white. The part A is wholly black; 1, 2, 3 and 4 are groups of arcs of circles in black, one twenty-fifth of an inch apart. When the



MAKES COLOR FROM BLACK AND WHITE.

top spins group 1 looks red, group 2 a rose brown, group 3 an olive green and group 4 a dark blue. Several explanations have been given. One is that the eye perceives certain colors of the spectrum quicker than others and thus picks them alone from the rapidly turning groups of white lines; another is that certain color impressions last longer than the average; a third that the phenomenon results from sudden changes in the illumination of the surface.

Giving a Clear Definition.

"What is your definition of a kleptomaniac?" asked the examining lawyer of the witness.

"Well," was the reply, "if I were to hear of a man who in hot weather had a chance to steal a lump of ice and carried off a hod of coal instead, I should call him a kleptomaniac."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Reciprocity.

Customer (at small bookstore)—Say, I've got nine children, and they all need school-books. I can't afford to pay the cash down, but if you can wait a few days——

Bookseller—You keep the little shoe store around the corner, don't you?

"Yes."

"Well, I've got nine children and they all need shoes. Order all the books you want. I'll run the risk of your getting ahead of me."—Chicago Tribune.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, or where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

"In God We Trust."

"What was the reason that the words, 'In God we trust,' were put on United States coins?"—W. C. P., Richmond, Ind.

So far as the treasury department records show, the first suggestion for the recognition of the deity on the coins of the United States was made by M. R. Witkinson, of Ridleyville, Pa., who signed himself "Minister of the Gospel" in a letter dated November 13, 1861. He wrote to Secretary Chase somewhat as follows: "You are probably a Christian. What if our republic were now shattered beyond reconstruction? Would not the antiquaries of succeeding centuries rightly reason from our past that we were a heathen nation? What I propose is that instead of the Goddess of Liberty we shall have next inside the thirteen stars a ring inscribed with the words 'Perpetual union;' within this ring the all-seeing eye, crowned with a halo; beneath this eye the American flag bearing in its field stars equal to the number of states united; in the folds of the bars the words, 'God, Liberty, Law.' This would make a beautiful coin, to which no possible citizen could object. This would relieve us from the ignominy of heathenism. This would place us openly under the divine protection we have personally claimed. From my heart I have felt our national shame in disowning God as not the least of our present national disasters. To you first I address a subject that must be agitated."

Whether moved by this letter or not, it is impossible to say, but it is a fact that November 20, just a week later, Mr. Chase sent a letter to the director of the mint in Philadelphia, in which he said: "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God, or safe except in his defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins. You will cause a device to be prepared without unnecessary delay, with a motto expressing in the fewest and tersest words possible this national recognition." It was found, however, that it did not rest within the province of the director of the mint to attach a new motto to the national coins. Congress, by a law passed in 1837, had prescribed what mottos and devices might be placed upon the coins of the United States. The director of the mint accordingly got up his design for submission to the secretary, and through him to Congress. The mottoes prepared were these: "Our Country; Our God," and "God, Our Trust." These did not wholly suit Secretary Chase.

An act was passed April 22, 1864, changing the composition of the one-cent piece, and authorizing the coinage of the two-cent piece, the devices of which were to be fixed by the director of the mint, with the approval of the secretary of the treasury; and it is upon the two-cent bronze piece that the motto "In God we trust" first appeared. By an act of March 3, 1865, it was provided that in addition to the legend and device on the gold and silver coins of the United States it should be lawful for the director of the mint, with the approval of the secretary of the treasury, to place the motto "In God we trust" on such coins as shall admit of the inscription thereon. Under this act the motto was placed upon the $20, $10 and $5 gold pieces, and in the latter part of 1865 upon the 50 and 25-cent silver pieces. The dime does not now contain this legend. By the coinage act of 1873 it was provided that this motto should be inscribed on such coins as admit of it. That is the existing law. The English sovereign contains the words "Dei gratia," of like import.

The High Hat.

"Where and when did the style of hat known as the 'stovepipe,' originate?"—M. C., Harrodsburg, Ky.

It is a historical fact that hats were first made in Paris in 1404. When Charles VII. made his triumphal entry into Rouen in 1449 he wore a hat lined with red velvet and surmounted with a rich plume of feathers. From that time hats and caps gradually superseded chaperons and hoods. Hats were first manufactured in 1510 in England, but the high-crowned and steeple hats of the courtiers of that age bore no resemblance to the high-crowned beaver hats that first made their appearance in England in 1783. It is asserted upon reasonably good authority that the "stovepipe hat" is an American invention, and was introduced into Europe by Benjamin Franklin at the close of the Revolutionary war. Upon Franklin's arrival in Paris in 1782 a distinguishing feature of his costume was the hat, which was narrowed and heightened into something like the fashionable silk hat of to-day. It was, however, rather low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and it presented so quaint an aspect, that we are told the Parisian dandies made it the butt of their wit. Not so, however, the rest. The leaders of the French Revolution fancied its shape, and in a short time it became all the rage.

Socialism.

"Would be glad to know something about socialism."—A. W. B., Normal, Ill.

The name "Socialism" was given in 1835 to Robert Owen's suggested scheme for social improvement and reconstruction; from England the name was taken to France and applied to the theories of St. Simon and Fourier. Socialism is "the doctrine that teaches us that the state has a right to correct the inequality of wealth which exists among men, and to take from those who have too much to give to those who have not enough, and that in a permanent manner." The essence of socialism is associated production, with a collective capital, with a view to an equitable distribution. It is a phase of the struggle for the emancipation of labor, and the protection of the small capitalist. Though the name is sixty years old Robert Owen's scheme dates from 1817, when it was laid before the British house of commons. The French socialists were the controlling spirits in the revolution of 1830, which put Louis Philippe on the throne and in that of 1848 which put him off again. In 1840 the Brook Farm experiment in socialism was made in this country, in 1832 came the Chartist movement in England, and in 1848-52 the "Christian Socialist" movement, led by Charles Kingsley and Denison Maurice. Karl Marx in 1847 advocated revolutionary or armed socialism. The commune of Paris in 1870-71 was an extreme growth of socialism, and anarchism is another form dating in theory from about 1847, when Bakunin began to urge it. The International Workingmen's Association, called the international, began in 1847, but got its greatest impetus in 1862 and was formally organized in 1864. It held annual meeting until 1872 when the anarchists were forced out. In Germany the social democracy originated about 1861 that now has a decided share of the delegates to the German parliament. European socialism has never taken much hold in this country.

The Poet Lowell.

"Please give me all the space you can on the life of Lowell."—M. B., Jonesboro, Ind.

James Russell Lowell, poet and essayist, was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. His father was Rev. Charles Lowell, from whom he inherited high intelligence, sound principles and right ideals, while from his mother he obtained his poetic and imaginative faculty. He entered Harvard in his sixteenth year, and graduated in 1838. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1840, but he devoted himself entirely to literature from that time forward. He was an early opponent of slavery, and many of his poems, up to 1846, appeared first in the Anti-Slavery Standard. He then became a contributor to the Boston Courier, and the first series of Biglow Papers was printed therein. In 1851 he and his wife traveled in Europe, and resided for some time in Italy. His wife died in 1853. In 1855 he was appointed professor of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard, succeeding Longfellow. He was the first editor of the Atlantic Monthly, founded in 1857, and from 1863 to 1872 he was joint editor of the North American Review. In 1877 he was appointed minister to Spain, and in 1880 was made minister to England. His diplomatic career closed with his recall by Cleveland in 1885.

Correct Verse.

"Will you please tell me what, beside the proper length and number of feet, the rhyme of words at the end of lines, and accent, constitute correct verse?"—Subscriber, Hyatts, O.

Merely to obey the laws of metrical form is not to write true poetry. The ideas embodied in verse must be of a poetical nature, or there must be a play of fancy in the expression of the idea. We can best illustrate this briefly by the story of Milton, while a student. The class to which he belonged were required to put the story of Christ's first miracle—the turning of water into wine, at the wedding feast at Cana of Galilee—into a poem. Milton wrote but one line, yet won the prize. He wrote:

"The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

Compare that line with the statement, "Christ turned water into wine," and you have the real difference between poetry and prose.

The Maoris.

"Please describe the Maoris of New Zealand."—C. G., DeWitt, Ia.

The name Maori is a New Zealand word, meaning "nature," and is generally pronounced "mow-ry" by the whites in that island. The Maoris are the native inhabitants of the island, and are of the Malay-Polynesian race. Their bodies and arms are longer and the legs shorter than the whites of the same height. Their hair is coarse and black, nose broad, eyes dark brown, mouth large, skin olive brown. They tattoo the face and body to a greater degree than any other savage race. Their heads are smaller than those of Europeans. They are deficient in judgment and reasoning powers, and comprehend pictures with difficulty. They are vain, proud, arrogant and revengeful; in habits they are dirty and indolent, but less addicted to intemperance than most savages. Since the introduction of Christianity the natives generally dress like civilized people, and possess flocks, herds, furniture, houses and cultivated lands. Half of the adults can read and write, and two-thirds are nominally Christians. The race is dying out, and while there were 100,000 fifty years ago, there are not over 30,000 now.

When a woman falls overboard she sometimes drowns when there is a life buoy just within a few strokes of her—all because she doesn't happen to see it. Sick people often perish in the same way. Help is within reach but they don't know just where it is. They become discouraged and disgusted with taking medicines and give up in despair.

Mrs. Mary J. Stewart, of Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal., in a letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I suffered for fourteen years with female weakness, nervousness and general debility, trying everything I could find to help me—all to no avail. Although I was thoroughly discouraged and disgusted with taking medicine when I heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines, I thought I would try once more to find relief. I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' and too great praise cannot be given for the rapid relief they gave me. I am now free from the former troubles, and may God bless Dr. Pierce in all his undertakings to cure suffering humanity."

Thousands who had reached this forlorn and hopeless condition of body and mind have found new hope and rescue in the use of these marvelous remedies.

Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" is sent free in paper covers for 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only; or, cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. J. K. Thompson, of East Calais, Washington Co., Vt., writes concerning this great work: "I am charmed with the style and general subject matter of the entire work. I consider it a valuable addition to my carefully selected library. The purpose to set men right physically is a noble one. I am also pleased with the refined and at the same time fearless way in which you handle those delicate subjects pertaining to biology, thus making the work admirably fitted for the young."

Women Are Citizens.

"Is a woman a citizen of the United States? If so, why cannot she vote, as the fifteenth amendment says, 'The right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged,' etc.? If she cannot, please explain the reason why."—J. E. G., Galilee, N. Y.

A woman is a citizen of the United States, if born here; or, if born abroad, is a citizen when she complies with the naturalization laws. But you fall into the very common error of supposing that citizenship carries with it the right to vote. It does not. Each state has the right to say who shall be voters, and the national government has no power to interfere with that right. When you quoted the fifteenth amendment, why did you not quote all of it? It says "the right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged" * * * "on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." It does not say it shall not be abridged on account of sex; hence the states may deny women the right to vote, though they are citizens.

Cloture in the Senate.

"Will you kindly inform me if you think the United States Senate rules ought to be so amended as to limit general debate, and where I can get any information on the subject?"—"E. A. D.," Potsdam, N. Y.

We certainly think so. This government is founded on the rule of the majority. A majority carries any legislation through either House of Congress. To allow the privilege of unlimited debate is simply to give a minority, if it desires to do so, the power to prevent the majority from reaching a vote on any measure the minority may oppose. It is thus possible to stop legislation; and this is an unwise abuse of power, and one which should not be permitted. It is not a partisan proposition to adopt a rule for limiting debate and bringing a measure to a vote. The House of Representatives has always had such a rule, in the "previous question," and there is no reason why the Senate should not have the same rule.

Bryan's Arguments.

"Please tell in what Democratic paper I will find where William J. Bryan made the assertion in his speeches when produce went up silver went up, and when produce went down silver went down; and also where Mr. Bryan stated that the law of supply and demand would not raise the price of our produce, but that we should be obliged to have a volume of more money. The Democrats here say he made no such statement."—S. H., Salem, Ind.

We have not files of the Democratic papers of last year, and hence can not refer you to such a paper by date. But Mr. Bryan made a speech in Toledo last year, in which he took exactly that ground in his argument. The Daily Blade published his speech verbatim, but we have no copies of that issue left.

Food Values.

A. C. H., Oregon, Wis.: There are four great groups or classes of food: 1, inorganic substances—water and the mineral salts; 2, starch and sugar—all the starch taken into the system being converted into sugar before being assimilated; 3, the fats or oils; and 4, the albumenoid substances, or those containing albumen. All four of these are necessary to preserve the body in health, and hence man requires a diet which is varied enough to embrace substances containing all of them. Lean meats contain musculine, a substance analogous to albumen, and which serves the same food purpose. The various nuts contain oil, and are valuable foods on this account. One can not compared the relative value of meats and nuts, because they belong to different food groups.

That Maori Princess.

Several persons have written to ask the address of Tonomaroanu, the Maori princess, who wants a white husband. We do not know her address, we are sorry to say. If any one is interested sufficiently to write, a letter addressed to "Princess Tonamaroanu, care of King Paul of the Maoris, Auckland, New Zealand," and put "to be forwarded" in the lower left hand corner, will probably reach her.

Ranks in the Army.

"Please name the various ranks of officers in the United States army."—G. C. R., Sandusky, O.

Second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general and major general. These are the permanent ranks. Washington, Scott (by brevet), Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Schofield were created lieutenant generals by special acts of Congress, and Washington (who never accepted the commission), Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were created generals by special acts. The commander of the army is "major general commanding."

Hair Falling Out.

"Please inform an old subscriber what treatment a person should give the hair of the head to prevent it from coming out by the roots?"—G. L., Pittston, Pa.

We are sorry to say we do not know of any effective remedy. If any subscriber knows of one, we will be glad to publish the formula, if he will send it. Don't recommend any patent medicines, nor send an address to which inquiries may be sent, for we cannot print either, as it would be free advertising.

The Triple Alliance.

"What is meant by the Triple Alliance, and by the Dreibund?"—School Girl, Dexter, Mo.

The Triple Alliance is an alliance, defensive and offensive, between Germany, Austria and Italy; it is said to date from 1887. The Dreibund is the same thing; it is the German form of the phrase.

Richard M. Johnson.

"Did Martin Van Buren's vice president, Richard M. Johnson, marry a negro?"—A. L. A., Datura, Tenn.

We do not think the story is true. Our impression is that this was a campaign lie gotten up by Van Buren's enemies. Can any reader enlighten us on this point?

The Per Capita.

"Please tell us what is the present amount of money in the United States per capita."—T. M. G., Windsor, Ill.

You will find an editorial article on that subject, which will give you the information you seek, on the 4th page of this issue of the Weekly Blade, top of 4th column.

His Life Has Had Shadows.

Woman—Go away, you wretch. I don't believe you ever drew a sober breath.

Tramp—Oh, yes; I have at times, mum. Life ain't all peaches and cream for me.—Judge.

RUSHING THE MINT.

In Philadelphia they know that prosperity has come. For the steam coinage press has had to be put into requisition to turn out shining gold dollars as fast as an eager public can earn and spend them. In September over 12,000,000 pieces of gold had to be turned out with currency stamp on them for home use. To accomplish this record-breaker at the great money-making establishment it was necessary for Uncle Sam to lease the first steam coinage press that was ever operated in the mint. In addition, it was necessary to keep the machinery going all the time, to

THE OLD STEAM COINAGE PRESS.

divide the entire force of employes into shifts, and to keep the officials on duty many hours beyond the usual daily period. The old press, which is owned by George B. Soley, was invented by M. Thonnelier, of France, in 1823, and was first operated at the Philadelphia mint in 1836.

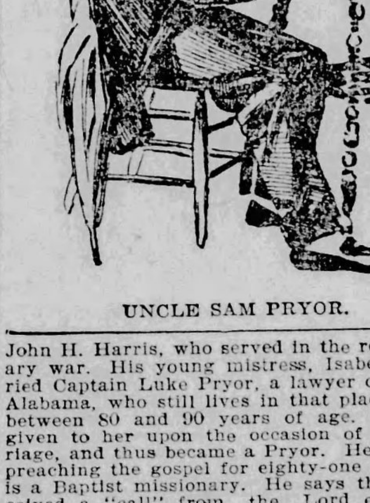
No one would have supposed, to look at it, that it had been once taken apart and sold as old junk. But that was its fate some years ago. Then George B. Soley, who is now employed in the engraving department of the mint, rescued it from oblivion by purchasing it from the government.

BORN A SLAVE.

Born in the eighteenth century, sixty years a slave, fifty years the husband of a slave woman, thirty-four years the husband of a free woman who was once a slave, and eighty-one years a preacher of the gospel. These are some of the experiences which one man, and only one man in the world, has undergone.

That man is "Elder" Sam Pryor, who lives in Limestone county, Alabama, about twenty-five miles from Huntsville.

Elder Sam, or "Uncle Sam," as he is affectionately called by "white folks," was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, the 1st of January, 1795. His first master was Captain

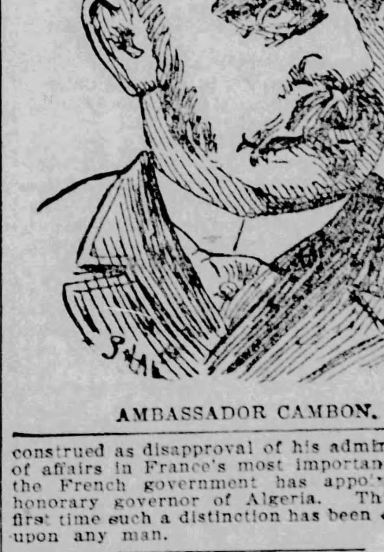


UNCLE SAM PRYOR.

John H. Harris, who served in the revolutionary war. His young mistress, Isabella, married Captain Luke Pryor, a lawyer of Athens, Alabama, who still lives in that place, and is between 80 and 90 years of age. Sam was given to her upon the occasion of her marriage, and thus became a Pryor. He has been preaching the gospel for eighty-one years and is a Baptist missionary. He says that he received a "call" from the Lord eighty-one years ago the second Sunday of last May. He now preaches regularly around his home for the colored people, and often preaches during his travels and visits.

NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Jules Cambon has been appointed France's ambassador to Washington to succeed M. Patenotre. M. Cambon is the governor general of Algeria, and since the removing of him from that post for any purpose, even to make him an ambassador to this country, might be



AMBASSADOR CAMBON.

construed as disapproval of his administration of affairs in France's most important colony, the French government has appointed him honorary governor of Algeria. This is the first time such a distinction has been conferred upon any man.

English as She is Spoke.

It is little wonder that foreigners are in despair in learning to speak the English language. One of the greatest difficulties is the way in which the same syllabic sounds have often very different meanings.

"You'll get run in," said the pedestrian to the wheelman without a light.

"You'll get run into," savagely responded the cyclist as he knocked the pedestrian down and ran up his spine.

"You'll get run in, too," said the policeman as he stepped from behind a tree and grabbed the wheel.

And just then another scorcher came along without a light, so the policeman ran in two.—Exchange.

Working for Another Piece.

"Now, Robbie," said mama just before the company sat down to dinner, "remember, you must not ask for more pie."

Robbie didn't; but he finished his first piece with much promptness, took a long breath and addressed himself very audibly to the guest at his right.

"Ain't that dandy pie?" he asked.—Judge.

Another Matter.

"What do you think of Cassidy's taste in neckties?"

"I didn't know that taste cut any figure. I thought it was all a matter of nerve."—Indianapolis Journal.

Swollen Neck

Also Had Great Difficulty With Her Heart—How Cured.

"My daughter had a swollen neck and also heart trouble. After the least exertion she would breathe so hard she could be heard all over the room. She could not sweep the floor or even move her arms without affecting her heart. Her limbs were badly bloated. Her father insisted that she must take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we gave her about six bottles, when she was cured, and there has been no return of her ailments." MRS. EMMA THOMAS, North Solon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take easy to operate. 25c.

NEVER FAILS TO CURE

CONSUMPTION AND LUNG TROUBLES IN ANY CLIMATE.

An Eminent New York City Chemist and Scientist Makes a New Discovery and a Free Offer to Our Readers.

Correspondence-Advice Free.

The fact has been established that the honored and distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, of New York City, has discovered a reliable cure for Consumption (Pulmonary Tuberculosis) and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest troubles, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all conditions of wasting away.

Already this "new scientific system of treatment" has, by its timely use, permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, and it seems a necessary and humane duty to bring such facts to the attention of all invalids, that they may be benefited thereby.

Chemistry and science are daily astonishing the world with new wonders. The researches and experiments of this great chemist, patiently carried on for years, have culminated in results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed for any modern genius or philosopher.

The medical profession throughout America and Europe are about unanimous in the opinion that nearly all physical ailments naturally tend to the generation of consumption. The afflicted die in the short, cold days of winter much faster than in the long hot days of summer.

The Doctor has proved the dreaded disease to be curable beyond a doubt, in any climate, and has on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of letters of heartfelt gratitude from those benefited and cured in all parts of the world.

Consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death.

No one having, or threatened with, any disease should hesitate a day. The Doctor considers it his professional duty—a duty which he owes to suffering humanity—to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, giving full address, and three free bottles (all different) of his New Discoveries will be promptly sent, with full instructions, to any afflicted reader of The Toledo Blade.

There is no charge for correspondence advice.

Knowing, as we do, of the undoubted efficacy of the Slocum Cure, every sufferer should take advantage of this most liberal proposition.

A system of medical treatment that will cure lung troubles and consumption is certainly good for—and will cure—almost any disease that humanity is heir to.

Please tell the Doctor you saw his generous offer in The Toledo Blade, and greatly oblige.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

The sonnets of Shakespeare have mystified the greatest and rarest of students. One after another has followed this or that illusive gleam, only the strongest and keenest pursuing far and long; all common readers giving it up as a hopeless chase upon the very start; and every one having to say that he has come back to the starting point with only the pleasure and zest of the hunt for his reward. It comes as rather startling news, then, that one who neither claims, nor has it claimed for him, that he is a Shakespearean scholar—"only an humble and reverent student of the matchless bard"—has solved the mystery of the Sonnets of Shakespeare. The Genesis of Shakespeare, A Study of His Sonnets and Poems, is the title of a volume recently issued by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and the author is Edwin James Dunning. It is told by a friend of his that Mr. Dunning has been for many years blind, and having had the means and assistance to enable him to pursue his study, has had "a deep and vital experience with the great poet, and has received from him a marvellous light, which, penetrating through his own sightless eyes, has imparted to him an interior vision that has flamed into such a joyful inspiration as to make blindness seem a Providential boon."

Muriella, or Le Selve, by Ouida, is not so much a tale as a character sketch. A Russian nobleman, banished from his own country and scarcely knowing where to turn for an asylum, hopeless of any career, accepts from a friend the management of a long neglected estate in Italy. Chastened by his sorrows, a disciple of Tolstoi, impregnated with a desire to do good to even the meanest of humanity, he finds himself among a vicious class of Italian peasantry who hate him for his white skin, hate him for his coming among them, and hate him to death for interfering with their long practiced robbing of the estate given into his care. Picturesque, crude, unchastened, ignorant and bloodthirsty, with stilettos and poison they lie in wait to remove the interloper from their region. Muriella, a peasant maiden, with no claims to beauty or refinement—only a little superior to the cows and goats in having, besides a clean heart, intelligence enough to see the right and do it—watches and strives to defeat the murderous plans of the men and to save the life of their intended victim. Her motive is not love for the young Russian, but love for the right and abhorrence of the wickedness of her people. Her toil, and her final sacrifice, make a most pathetic incident which renders more vivid the picture which Ouida seeks to present of a certain phase of Italian peasant life. Ouida perhaps never wrote anything in purer and stronger style. Published by L. C. Page, & Co., Boston.

Barbara Blomberg is the name of a story by George Ebers published in two volumes by the Appletons. It is a story of the time of Charles V. of Germany, when the struggle between the Roman Catholic church and Luther was just beginning, the latter having been convinced of the need of a reformation. It opens at the Golden Cross Inn at Ratisbon where the emperor fell in love with Barbara, the pretty daughter of the innkeeper, who, however, was proof against even a monarch's fascination when they would take her from the path of virtue.

The Battle of Franklin, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is a monograph from the pen of Gen. Jacob D. Cox, accompanied with especially prepared maps. No man is more fully equipped than the author to recite the true history of this important battle. Gen. Cox has deliberately waited, in spite of frequent urgent requests to write on this subject, until the records of the war department should be fully made up, in order that his story might be both complete and officially proved. The work will appeal to two classes of readers. It will be eagerly read by the survivors of the Fourth and Twenty-Third Army Corps, who have always felt that this great battle has been unappreciated, both as to its importance in the scheme of the war at that period, and as to the character of the fighting done. The book will interest also every thorough student of the battles of the rebellion and will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the war.

Ulysses S. Grant, and The Period of National Preservation and Reconstruction, is the latest addition to the series, "Heroes of the Nations." It is written by Col. William Conant Church, editor of the United States Army and Navy Journal, and is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-third street, New York.

Any new biography of Gen. Grant seems at first thought to be quite superfluous, because such a vast amount of writing has ben done upon that subject in the magazines, in histories of the war, and finally in Grant's Memoirs written by himself or in memoirs of other leading generals in which he has necessarily occupied a conspicuous place. Second thought, however, will make it clear that for purposes of making it one of a series, a distinct work, both in size and form, and perhaps in general tone, would be required, even though it contain nothing new or essentially different from what others have written. One feature of the new work is that it is condensed, and that is a good one. In less than 500 pages is told the complete story of the life of Ulysses Simpson Grant, from the day of his birth to the moment when he so bravely yielded to the stern conqueror, Death, on Mt. McGregor, and the author has therein accomplished the feat of giving at least the outlines of every important event in the hero's life, while in many instances he has drawn in other lines where it was needed to make the picture more vivid and more characteristic. The result must be very satisfactory to the friends and admirers of Gen. Grant, to the readers of the remarkable series of which this volume forms a part, and a very valuable contribution to the literature of the civil war in America.

Something more than a superficial reading is required in order to enter into the spirit of George Meredith's poems. They have an inner life as well as an outer one, and the reader must be in harmony with the former in order to gather to its fullness the pleasure which they may then give.

Charles Scribner's Sons have just issued a pretty volume of those which were selected by the author for that purpose. Naturally, the reader will expect to find what Mr. Meredith considers his best work, and he will be sure to be pleased with what is gathered into these pages.

My Studio Neighbors, from the pen of William Hamilton Gibson, and illustrated by the author, constitutes one of the rare books of the year. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The appearance of another posthumous work from the pen and pencil of this gifted man, awakens fresh regret over his untimely death. And the character of this work will awaken, too, greater love for the man who has so won the hearts of his admirers, for it is an expression, in his own way, of a love he bore toward all nature.

White Man's Africa, by Poultney Bigelow, is one of the noticeable new books published by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is a journalist's story of travel and observation in South Africa. Desultory as his sketches appear, they are nevertheless very interesting in their account of the life and government of that country which has been made so familiar, in name at least, by the stories of Oom Paul, Cecil Rhodes, and others who have figured recently in the raids, struggles and scandals of that region. Much space is devoted to Kruger's remarkable career and to President Steyn's qualities as a statesman.

Ballads of Yankee Land comes from Thomas Y. Crowell & Company (Boston) just in time to join in the favorite tales and pictures of colonial life now so warmly welcomed by a very large reading public. These ballads are from the pen of William Edward Penny, who is already widely known through his contributions to the periodicals, many of his poems having been sent in this way throughout the length and breadth of the land. This, the first collected edition of his poems, has therefore every element of popularity; pleasing choice of subjects, gracious mixture of homely pathos and native humor, an unusual cleverness in the construction of well-modulated and easy-flowing rhythms and an abundance of quotable lines.

The Painted Desert, by Kirk Monroe, and published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most charming books for boys that have recently appeared. It is a story of adventure, the scene of which is laid in Arizona, and it describes not only very remarkable experiences of a bright youth who lost his bearings and made strange acquaintances, but it describes also one of the least known and most wonderful and enchanting spots on the globe. The book will delight readers, whether young or old, and will do good in two ways—it will impart valuable information regarding a marvelous country, and it will enoble every boy who reads this tale of another lad who was himself noble even though sometimes headstrong and foolish.

Klondike, A Manual for Gold Seekers, is a volume fresh from the press of R. F. Fenno & Co., No. 9, East 16th street, New York. It is from the pen of Charles A. Bramble, D. L. S., member of the editorial staff of the Engineering and Mining Journal, and late crown lands surveyor, Dominion of Canada. It is claimed for it by its author that at the present moment such a book is wanted when such a flood of cheap, unreliable "Yukon" literature has been put on the market; that his experience in the Northwest Territories has enabled him to select only what is valuable and reliable.

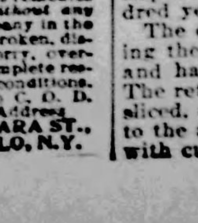
The American Book Company issues the Third Year in French, a book made upon the same plan as that adopted for the first two volumes, in which the study of verbs is made the basis of the whole method. There are many quotations from the best French authors, which adds to the value of the work.

The Appletons (New York) issue in neat style the Manual of Physical Drill in the United States Army, by Lieut. Edmund L. Butts. The object of the book is to systematize such training so that any officer may use it for his command.

The Story of the Cowboy by E. Hough, is based upon the daily experience of a cowboy's life, and is a picture of a type of character which has received but scant justice at the hands of writers. The author says that the cowboy is the "most gallant modern representative of a human industry second to very few in antiquity," but which is passing away. The cowboy is a part of the story of the West which is fast becoming only a story. Mr. Hough's spirited narrative will, therefore be of value as preserving a record of the past which is well worth preserving. This volume belong to the Story of the West series that comes from D. Appleton & Company.

The Adventures of Mabel is a pretty volume published by Dodd, Mead & Company, made up of a collection of stories by Rafford Pyke. Mabel is the heroine of all, and very entertaining the little folks will find them to be. Especially will they become interested in the animals that the little girl loves so well.

MEDICAL TREATMENT ON TRIAL



To Any Reliable Man.

Marvelous appliance and one month's remedies of rare power will be sent on trial, without any advance payment, by the foremost company in the world in the treatment of men weak, broken, discouraged from effects of excesses, worry, overwork, &c. Happy marriage secured, complete restoration or development of all robust conditions. The time of this offer is limited. No C. O. D. scheme; no deception; no exposure. Address

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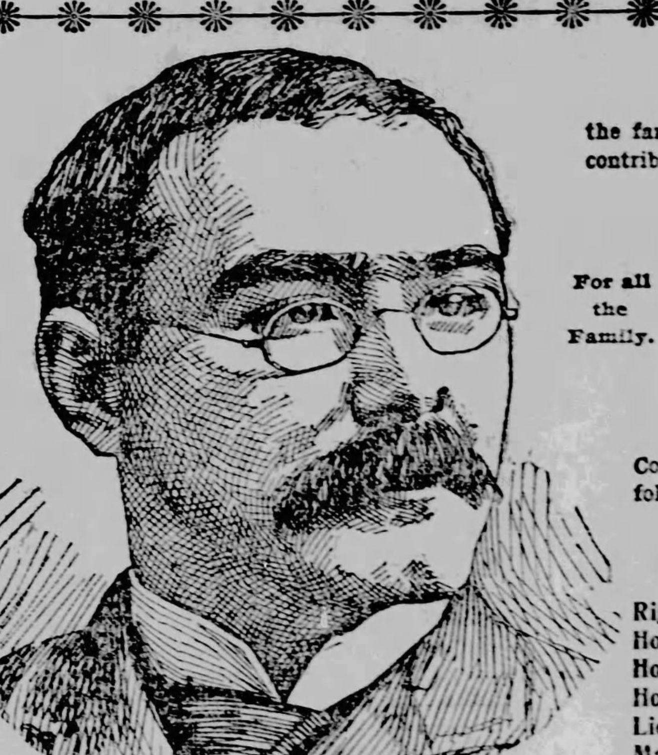


Rudyard Kipling,

the famous story-writer, is only one of many celebrated contributors engaged to write for the next volume of

For all the Family. **The Youth's Companion** 52 Times A Year.

To show the varied strength and charm of The Companion's original features for 1898, we give the following partial list of

Distinguished Contributors.

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone	W. D. Howells
Hon. Thomas B. Reed	Mme. Lillian Nordica
Hon. Justin McCarthy	Mrs. Burton Harrison
Hon. George F. Hoar	Octave Thanet
Lieut. Peary	Mary E. Wilkins
Max O'Rell	Margaret E. Sangster
Frank R. Stockton	Harriet P. Spofford

And Fully Two Hundred Others.

Rudyard Kipling's thrilling new story, "The Burning of the 'Sarah Sands,'" will appear exclusively in The Companion during 1898.

Gold Embossed Calendar Free to New Subscribers.

This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than $1.00. It consists of three folding parts, each giving a delightful picture appropriate to the months it represents. Its size is 10 x 24 inches. See unusual offers below.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS who will cut out this slip and send it at once, with name and address, and $1.75, will receive:
FREE—The Companion every week from the time subscription is received till Jan. 1, 1898.
FREE—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers.
FREE—The Companion Art Calendar for 1898, a production superior to any of the famous pieces of Companion color-work of previous years. It is a beautiful ornament and a costly gift. Free to New Subscribers.
And The Companion Fifty-two Weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1899. H 136

Illustrated Prospectus of the Volume for 1898 and Sample Copies of the Paper Free.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Avenue, - - BOSTON, MASS.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Hogs Have Rheumatism.

J. D. H., Indiana. Your one-year-old sow and two-year-old sow are suffering from rheumatism. The remedy is 1 oz. of Rochelle salts once a day for 100 pound pig and somewhat more for a larger animal. The hogs must be kept out of draughts of air and in a comfortable pen with good bedding. Give good nourishing food. A strong liniment rubbed on the small of the back and hock joints will be beneficial.

Curb in Horse.

E. R., Iowa: To treat curb take of arnica ½ pint, water 1 gallon. Dip cloths in this and apply until all fever is subdued. Then take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 drachm and lard 1 oz. Mix well and rub in a little once a day for a week, washing off with warm water and soap before each application and drying the parts well. The hair should be cut off so that the sweating blister may act properly.

Caponizing Fowls.

J. G. Md., Missouri: The Blade some time ago devoted a large space to the matter of caponizing fowls. As it requires cuts and much reading matter to convey an intelligent idea of how to caponize fowls the editor regrets to say that at present space cannot be spared to go over the subject again.

Lime as a Fertilizer.

R. R. M., West Virginia: Lime, by its chemical action on the constituents of soils, while it separates clay, renders sand more adhesive, and when cheaply obtained it is always a profitable dressing for sandy soils. The usual amount applied to an acre is about fifty bushels. Lime may be carried on to the ground immediately after burning and placed in small heaps. There it may be left to slack by the rain and air; or it is better to slack it at once with water and spread it preparatory to plowing. Where small quantities are needed a good plan is to add it to the compost after it has been thoroughly air slacked. Freshly burnt lime does not act on the crops during the first year. The dressing with lime may be renewed every four to six years at the rate of 20 to 40 bushels per acre. To give lime its fullest effect, it should be kept as near the surface as possible, and for this reason it is well to spread it after plowing, taking care to harrow it well in. It is also good spread on meadows. Usually, when sown with corn, five or six bushels to the acre should be sown with the seed. As this is an important subject, the editor would like to have the opinion of farmers who have had experience with lime as a fertilizer.

Corn in Horse's Hoof.

S. A. D., New York:—Corns are found in the triangular space between the bars and the walls at the heel, in the forefeet only, and almost always in the inside heel. A fruitful cause of corns is bad shoeing or wearing the shoes too long. The remedy is to poultice the foot for a day or two, and then cut the corn out, being careful not to cut out portions of the bars or frog. The horse should then be carefully shod. The shoe should not be allowed to remain on the foot too long. If the hoof is hard, use the following ointment: Pine tar, 4 ozs.; whale oil, 4 ozs.; mutton tallow, 2 ozs.

Hogs Lame in Hind Legs.

Mrs. C. B. A., Michigan:—Hogs that are very fat are liable to break down, become permanently lame, and lost flesh. The best thing to do with such hogs is to get them to market as soon as possible. But as the lameness in your hogs is worse some days than others, they very likely have rheumatism. It is the pain that makes them tremble. See answer to J. D. H., Indiana.

Received.

From J. W. Darrow, publisher, Chatham, N. Y., Flower Queries: Five Hundred Questions on Practical Floriculture Answered and Topics Discussed. A valuable publication. Price, 25 cents.

The A B C of Poultry Culture, by J. H. Davis. A thoroughly practical and original book by a practical breeder. Especially designed for beginners. Price 25 cents. The Fanciers' Review, Chatham, N. Y.

From U. S. Department of Agriculture: The Soy Bean as a Forage Crop, by Thomas A. Williams, assistant agrostologist, under the direction of F. Lamson Scribner, with an appendix on Soy Beans as Food for Man, by C. F. Langworthy Ph. D., office of Experiment Stations. Cow Peas, by Jared G. Smith, assistant agrostologist, U. S. Department of Agriculture. Losses in Boiling Vegetables and the Composition and Digestibility of Potatoes and Eggs, by H. Snyder, Alma J. Frisby, M. D., and A. P. Bryant, M. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Canaigre.

Canaigre—you pronounce it "kah-nahgray," and it means the weed known as the sour dock—has recently been found to possess an important economic value, and its employment in the tanning of leather bids fair to revolutionize that industry. While the hide must remain for three months in the vat in the bark solution, being moved, drained and manipulated many times in the process, the canaigre acid tans it in 12 hours. It is impossible to burn and destroy leather in its solution, as it is very easy to do with a solution of tanbark too strong for the hides. Until the discovery of the properties of canaigre there had hardly been any real improvement in tanning agents in a hundred years.

The cost of an acre of canaigre, including the planting, cultivating, irrigating and harvesting it is estimated is $16.50. The returns vary from $65 to $75 per ton, sliced, and the yield is from 12 to 20 tons to the acre on new land, and rises higher with cultivation. The drying shrinks the product two-thirds, but the producer can count on a clear gain of $200 to the acre.

Short Potato Crop.

Not since 1892 has the potato crop of the United States proved so nearly a failure, says American Agriculturist in its final report of the yield of 1897. Compared with the liberal crop of last year, there is an apparent falling off of nearly 30 per cent in tonnage, and the quality of the whole is greatly deficient. County and township returns from all the leading potato growing states to this authority, summarized, show the yield of potatoes to be 174,000,000 bushels, against 245,000,000 bushels in 1896, 286,000,000 bushels in 1895, 185,000,000 bushels in 1894, and only 155,000,000 bushels in the short crop of 1892. The average rate of yield per acre is placed at 64 bushels, taking the country at large, against 86 bushels in 1896, 89 bushels in 1895, and 62 bushels in 1892.

Reasons for disaster to the potato crop of 1897 are about as varied as a multiplicity of causes could make them. Standing out with more prominence than any other two factors are blight and rot, as a result of extremes of weather conditions. Excessive rainfall here and there, failure of germination, later serious drought, rust, scab, insects, etc., have all been prominently in evidence, though complaints of this character are less general than of the two first named. While the yield in bushels is small the quality is also deficient. This is true of most but not all states. The crop is best in the Northwest. Such portions of Canada as make a specialty of potatoes, notably Ontario and the maritime provinces, show a general but not serious shortage.

Points in Pickling.

Cucumbers keep much more firm when packed between layers of salt than when water is added to form brine. Finish with a covering over the top of horseradish leaves and one of grape leaves.

It is much more convenient if one has can room, to make and seal the pickles as they are gathered. "Lightning" cans are preferable to the Mason ones for pickles, as they have no metal about them to be corroded by vinegar.

Put the cucumbers into boiling vinegar (spiced if preferred) and containing several pieces of horseradish root. Can and seal at once.

Most people seem to think that they must cook chow chow from 20 minutes to two hours. If they but knew how much more crisp and appetizing it is without cooking at all, they would ever after adopt the latter method.

Make a general gleaning when Jack Frost's visits are expected, and you will be more than pleased with the results. When both are plentiful, green cucumbers and cabbage in equal quantities may be taken for the basis of the chow chow, but the proportions may deviate in either direction, according to the material on hand. Onions, peppers, celery, English mustard and a few cloves are added to suit the taste. Chop tomatoes and onions, the latter very fine, and let stand over night, first sprinkling with salt. This will draw out the juice, which should be carefully drained off. Then chop the peppers, celery and cabbage and mix thoroughly with the other ingredients. Heat to the boiling point sufficient cider vinegar to cover the ingredients, putting into it the cloves, mustard and several other pieces of horseradish root. Fill the cans with the chopped mixture, heat them gradually by placing in warm water, add enough of the hot vinegar, etc., to fill the cans, and seal. See that each can contains at least three or four pieces of horseradish root. (This will, of course, be removed before placing the chow chow on the table.) Cans put up in this way have proved, when opened two years later, as fresh as when first made.—Bessie L. Putnam, in Wisconsin Agriculturist.

How to Can Corn.

To Can Corn.—Cut the corn off the cob, cook it in tin or porcelain vessel until well done, for six quarts of corn dissolve one ounce of tartaric acid in hot water, pour it in the six quarts of corn and mix well and cook for ten minutes longer; have plenty of water so as to have it quite juicy. Put in tin cans and seal.

To Prepare for Table.—Pour off the sour water and put a small teaspoonful of soda, a little butter and sugar, water or milk (milk is best); cook short time; salt to taste.

To can corn in the country is thought impossible, but the above is all O. K.—Mrs. S. R. Stoddard in Farmers' Voice.

Nostrums and Foods.

It has been claimed that the cause of feather-pulling is a lack of substance required by the fowl. This is true according to the circumstances, but feather-pulling is usually due to idleness and the forming of bad habits. When fowls are confined, however, and fed exclusively on grain, they often lack many substances which are essential. Feathers contain sulphur, and at times it is required by the fowls in larger proportions than is supplied in the food, and it should be given them, but the use of sulphur in the food is a matter requiring judgment. If it is allowed during damp weather it may cause rheumatism, having the same effect on the system as minerals, but during dry weather it may be used more safely, a teaspoonful of sulphur in a quart of ground food for twenty hens, twice a week, being sufficient. Ground bone, meat, clover and small seeds also largely assist in balancing the ration. The rule should be to reduce the grain ration in proportion as other materials are allowed, so as not to give too much. Solutions of copper, as carbolic acid and such, which are often given as tonics, do more harm than good, and should never be used unless in cases of emergency. Red pepper in summer is something excellent, but it should only be used occasionally, and not regularly.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Not Qualified.

Watts—Got any notion of tackling golf?

Potts—Me? No. I never was any good at learning languages.—Indianapolis Journal.

Set of 12 Knives. Set of 12 Tablespoons. Set of 12 Teaspoons. Set of 12 Forks.

We mail a lot of Gold Plated jewelry to sell among friends. When sold send money and we send, Free (charges paid), a set of full regular size plated ware as described above, or a Gold Plated Watch and Chain, Orchestrion Music Box, or a real diamond ring, or you keep half the money instead of a present. By sending you agree to pay or return jewelry on demand. Write your name, Mr., Miss, or Mrs., or we cannot send. Address, Dept. 24, N. Y. T. Co., 543 EAST 116th ST., NEW YORK.

CASH PRIZES From $5.00 to $100.00

Are given TO ALL OR ANYONE who can supply the MISSING LETTERS in the following eight words or ANY THREE OF THEM.

For correct answer to any three words.....$5.00	For correct answer to any six words.....$25.00
For correct answer to any four words.....$10.00	For correct answer to any seven words.....$50.00
For correct answer to any five words.....$15.00	For correct answer to all the words.....$100.00

PUT LETTERS IN PLACE OF STARS AND COMPLETE THE WORDS GIVEN BELOW.

1. * * R * * * O U S — Characteristic of all savage or uncivilized races.
2. B * L I * * * * — That which every person should experience and cultivate.
3. L * * E * Y — Peculiarly appropriate when reference is made to the gentler sex.
4. C * L L * * I * N — Something which all should try to avoid.
5. * I * D N * * S — A merciful attribute that should be possessed by all.
6. B * D S * * A * — Useful in any house, especially sleeping rooms.
7. L * * D S * * * E — A work of nature that appeals to the sight.
8. * E * L * U S — A condition of mind. A disposition particularly manifested by women.

REMEMBER You are to put a letter in place of each star thus forming a complete word. If you succeed in making three correct words you will receive $5.00. If you succeed in making all of the words, you receive $100. It does not depend upon the chance of being first, each successful contestant receives a cash reward for his (or her) labor of from $5.00 to $100.00. Prizes promptly paid. Mention when you send your list of words how you want prize money sent.

CONDITIONS. The only conditions are that in order to compete on four words, you must send 25 cents for a three months' subscription to The National Homestead Magazine. Send the four words any four of the eight you choose), when you send your subscription and 25 cents. If you want to compete on the entire eight words, you must send 50 cents for a six months' subscription. Number each word to correspond with numbers above.

THE PLAN is the fairest, most ingenious, and most liberal ever devised. One living in Maine or California is on an equality with one in New York City. Time or distance makes no difference. This offer contains no element of chance or lottery and conflicts with no law. It is a study in words; an educational and instructive pastime for all who enter it regardless of the Cash Presents we give for a little work.

OBJECT. The National Homestead Magazine is not a cheap publication; its merit is conceded. With a circulation of 300,000 monthly its advertising revenue is worth to us $100,000 yearly. We can therefore afford to expend a large portion of this amount in securing an additional 100,000 subscribers, because not only is that revenue good for a year, but for years to come. We believe, also, that the merits of The National Homestead Magazine will hold you a subscriber for years to come when you know its merits without the extraordinary inducements herein offered. The magazine is nicely illustrated, beautifully printed and bound with a handsome cover. Each month it gives a new design and plan of a home. It shows how to build, decorate and furnish a house from cellar to garret at a minimum cost. It contains a score of features new and interesting to the entire household. Its price is $1.00 yearly.

$3,000 IN SPECIAL PRESENTS

With a view to securing subscribers quickly, we offer, in addition to the above presents, $3.00 for full correct lists. Should more than one send correct answers then the money will be awarded the twenty best lists in appearance. This is a genuine bona fide offer by a reliable publishing house. We refer to any bank, mercantile agency in New York City. We pay prizes promptly and honestly, and to assure you of this we shall invite three representative men from New York newspapers to make the award and see that all are treated fairly. We also agree to refund money to any dissatisfied subscriber at any time. Can we do more? Here is a chance to secure cash for a little study. This contest closes and no lists will be received after December 31, 1897. The correct and complete list of words has been deposited with a well known New York attorney and notary public under his official seal and not to be opened until Dec. 31, 1897, in presence of witnesses. Complete list of words and winners' names will be printed in January issue of our magazine. If already a subscriber your subscription can be extended. No notice taken of letters that do not contain subscription money.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE PUB. CO., 206 Broadway, Dept. New York

Talmage's Sermon.

WHITE THAT IS BLACK.

White Lies Are as Black as Perdition, Says Dr. Talmage.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Dr. Talmage in this discourse gives a vivid classification of the vices of speech, and pleads for honesty in all that is said and done. His text is, Acts v. 1-10: "A certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession," etc.

A well matched pair, alike in ambition and in falsehood, Ananias and Sapphira. They wanted a reputation for great beneficence, and they sold all their property, pretending to put the entire proceeds in the charity fund, while they put much of it in their own pocket. There was no necessity that they give all their property away, but they wanted the reputation of so doing. Ananias first lied about it and dropped down dead. Then Sapphira lied about it, and she dropped down dead. The two fatalities are a warning to all ages of the danger of sacrificing the truth.

There are thousands of ways of telling a lie. A man's whole life may be a falsehood and yet never with his lips may he falsify once. There is a way of uttering falsehood by look, by manner, as well as by lip. There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterward say "may be," calling it a white lie, when no lie is that color. The whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition. There are those so given to dishonesty of speech that they do not know when they are lying. With some it is an acquired sin, and with others it is a natural infirmity. There are those whom you will recognize as born liars. Their whole life, from cradle to grave, is filled up with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases, and are a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina. Then there are those who in after life have opportunities of developing this evil, and they go from deception to deception, and from class to class, until they are regularly graduated liars. At times the air in our cities is filled with falsehood, and lies cluster around the mechanic's hammer, blossom on the merchant's yardstick, and sometimes sit in the door of churches. They are called by some fabrication, and they are called by some, fiction. You might call them subterfuge or deceit, or romance, or fable, or misrepresentation, or delusion; but as I know nothing to be gained by covering up a God-defying sin with a lexicographer's blanket, I shall call them in plainest vernacular, lies. They may be divided into agricultural, commercial, mechanical, social, and ecclesiastical.

First of all, I speak of agricultural falsehoods. There is something in the presence of natural objects that has a tendency to make one pure. The trees never issue false stock. The wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they occupy. Corn shocks never make false assignment. Mountain brooks are always current. The gold of the wheat fields is never counterfeit. But while the tendency of agricultural life is to make one honest, honesty is not the characteristic of all who come to the city markets from the country districts. You hear the creaking of the dishonest farm wagon in almost every street of our great cities—a farm wagon in which there is not one honest spoke, or one truthful rivet, from tongue to tail-board. Again and again has domestic economy in our great cities foundered on the farmer's firkin. When New York and Washington sit down and weep over their sins, let Westchester county and the neighborhoods around this capital sit down and weep over theirs.

The tendency in all rural districts is to suppose that sins and transgressions cluster in our great cities; but citizens and merchants long ago learned that it is not safe to calculate from the character of the apples on the top of the farmer's barrel what is the character of the apples all the way down toward the bottom. Many of our citizens and merchants have learned that it is always safe to see the farmer measure the barrel of beets. Milk cans are not always honest. There are those, who in country life, seem to think they have a right to overreach grain dealers and merchants of all styles. They think it is more honorable to raise corn than to deal in corn. The producer sometimes practically says to the merchant: "You get your money easily, anyhow." Does he get it easily? While the farmer sleeps, and he may go to sleep, conscious of the fact that his corn and rye are all the time progressing and adding to his fortune or his livelihood, the merchant tries to sleep, while conscious of the fact that at that moment the ship may be driving on the rock, or a wave sweeping over the hurricane deck spoiling his goods, or the speculators may be plotting a momentary revolution, or the burglars may be at that moment at his money safe, or the fire may have kindled on the very block where his store stands.

Easy, is it? Let those who get their living in the quiet farm and barn take the place of one of our city merchants and see whether it is so easy. It is hard enough to have the hands blistered with outdoor work, but it is harder with mental anxieties to have the brain consumed. God help the merchants. And do not let those who live in country life come to the conclusion that all the dishonesties belong to city life.

I pass on to consider commercial lies. There are those who apologize for deviations from the right and for practical deception by saying it is commercial custom. In other words, a lie by multiplication becomes a virtue. There are large fortunes gathered in which there is not one drop of the sweat of unrequited toil, and not one spark of bad temper flashes from the bronze bracket, and there is not one drop of needlewoman's heart's blood on the crimson plush; while there are other fortunes about which it may be said that on every doorknob and on every figure of the carpet, and on every wall there is the mark of dishonor. What if the hand wrung by toil and blistered until the skin comes off should be placed on the exquisite wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb? or, if in the night the man should be aroused from his slumber again and again by his own conscience, getting himself up on elbow and crying out into the darkness, "Who is there?"

There are large fortunes upon which God's favor comes down, and it is just as honest and just as Christian to be affluent as it is to be poor. In many a house there is a blessing on every pictured wall and on every scroll, and on every traceried window, and the joy that flashes in the lights, and that showers in the music and that dances in the quick feet of the children pattering through the hall has in it the favor of God and the approval of man. And there are thousands and tens of thousands of merchants who, from the first day they sold a yard of cloth, or firkin of butter, have maintained their integrity. They were born honest, they will live honest, and they will die honest. But you and I know that there are in commercial life those who are guilty of great dishonesties of speech. A merchant says: "I am selling these goods at less than cost." Is he getting for those goods a price inferior to that which he paid for them? Then he has spoken the truth. Is he getting more? Then he lies. A merchant says: "I paid $25 for this article." Is that the price he paid for it? All right. But suppose he paid for it $23 instead of $25? Then he lies.

But there are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. A customer comes in and asks: "How much is this article?" "It is $5." "I can get that for $4 somewhere else, or did he say that just for the purpose of getting it cheap by deprecating the value of the goods? If so, he lied. There are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter.

A man unrolls upon the counter a bale of handkerchiefs. The customer says: "Are these all silk?" "Yes." "No cotton in them?" "No cotton in them." Are those handkerchiefs all silk? Then the merchant told the truth. Is there any cotton in them? Then he lied. Moreover, he defrauds himself, for his customer coming in after a while finds out that he has been defrauded, and the next time he comes to town and goes shopping he will look up at that sign and say: "No, I won't go there; that's the place where I got those handkerchiefs." First, the merchant insulted God, and secondly, he picked his own pocket.

Who would take the responsibility of saying how many falsehoods were yesterday told by hardware men, and clothiers, and lumbermen, and tobacconists, and jewelers, and importers, and shippers, and dealers in furniture, and dealers in coal, and dealers in groceries? Lies about buckles, about saddles, about harness, about shoes, about hats, about coats, about shovels, about tongs, about forks, about chairs, about sofas, about horses, about lands, about everything. I arraign commercial falsehood as one of the crying sins of our time.

I pass on to speak of mechanical falsehoods. Among the artisans are those upon whom we are dependent for the houses in which we live, the garments we wear, the cars in which we ride. The vast majority of them are, so far as I know them, men who speak the truth, and they are upright, and many of them are foremost in great philanthropies and in churches; but that they all do not belong to that class every one knows. In times when there is a great demand for labor, it is not so easy for such men to keep their obligations, because they may miscalculate in regard to the weather, or they may not be able to get the help they anticipated in their enterprise. I am speaking now of those who promise to do that which they know they will not be able to do. They say they will come on Monday; they do not come until Wednesday. They say they will come on Wednesday; they do not come until Saturday. They say they will have the job done in ten days; they do not get it done before thirty. And when a man becomes irritated and will not stand it any longer, they they go and work for him a day or two and keep the job along; and then some one else gets irritated and outraged and they go and work for that men and get him pacified, and then they go somewhere else. I believe they call that "nursing the job!"

Ah, my friends, how much dishonor such men would save their souls if they would promise to do only that which they know they can do. "Oh," they say, "it's of no importance; everybody expects to be deceived and disappointed." There is a voice of thunder sounding among the saws and the hammers and the shears, saying: "All liars shall have their place in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

I pass to speak of social lies. How much of society is sincere? You hardly know what to believe. They send their regards; you do not exactly know whether it is an expression of the heart or an external civility. They ask you to come to their house; you hardly know whether they really want you to come. We are all accustomed to take a discount off what we hear. "Not at home" very often means too lazy to dress. I was reading of a lady who said she had told her last fashionable lie. There was a knock at her door and she sent word down, "Not at home." That night her husband said to her: "Mrs. So-and-so is dead." "Is it possible!" she said. "Yes, and she died in great anguish of mind; she wanted to see you very much; she had something very important to disclose to you in her last hour, and she sent three times to-day, but found you absent every time." Then this woman bethought herself that she had had a bargain with her neighbor that when the long-protracted sickness was about to come to an end, she would appear at her bedside and take the secret that was to be disclosed. And she had said she was "Not at home."

Social life is struck through with insincerity. They apologize for the fact that the furnace is out; they have not had any fire in it all winter. They apologize for the fare on their table; they never live any better. They decry their most luxuriant entertainment to win a shower of approval from you. They point at a picture on the wall as a work of one of the old masters. They say it is an heirloom in the family. A duke gave it to their grandfather! People that will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On small income we want the world to believe that we are affluent, and society to-day is struck through with cheat and counterfeit and sham. How few people are natural! Frigidity sails around, iceberg grinding against iceberg. You must not laugh outright; that is vulgar. You must glide. Much of society is a round of bows and grins and grimaces and ohs and ahs and he, he, he's and simperings and namby-pambyism, a whole world of which is not worth one good honest round of laughter. From such a hollow scene the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, assuring the host that he has enjoyed himself. Society is become so contorted and deformed in this respect that a mountain cabin where the rustics gather at a quilting or an apple-paring, has in it more good cheer than all the frescoed refrigerators of the metropolis.

I pass on to speak of ecclesiastical lies, those which are told for the advancement or retarding of a church or sect. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Calvinist what an Arminian believes. He will tell you that an Arminian believes that man can save himself. An Arminian believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Arminian what a Calvinist believes. He will tell you that a Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. A Calvinist believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a Pedo-Baptist what a Baptist believes. He will tell you a Baptist believes that immersion is necessary for salvation. A Baptist does not believe any such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a man, who very much hates Presbyterians, what a Presbyterian believes. He will tell you that a Presbyterian believes that there are infants in hell a span long, and that very phraseology has come down from generation to generation in the Christian church. There never was a Presbyterian who believed that. "Oh," you say, "I heard some Presbyterian minister twenty years ago say so." You did not. There never was a man who believed that, there never will be a man who will believe that. And yet, from boyhood, I have heard that particular slander against a Christian church going down through the community.

Then, how often it is that there are misrepresentations on the part of individual churches in regard to other churches—especially if a church comes to great prosperity. As long as a church is in poverty, and the singing is poor, and all the surroundings are decrepit, and the congregation are so hardly bestead in life that their pastor goes with elbows out, then there will always be Christian people in churches who say "What a pity! what a pity!" But let the day of prosperity come to a Christian church, and let the music be triumphant, and let there be vast assemblages, and then there will be even ministers of the gospel critical and denunciatory and full of misrepresentation and falsification, giving the impression to the outside world that they do not like the corn because it is not ground in their mill. Oh, my friends, let us in all departments of life stand back from deception.

But some one says, "The deception that I practice is so small that it don't amount to anything." Ah, my friends, it does amount to a great deal. You say, "When I deceive, it is only about a case of needles, or a box of buttons, or a row of pins." But the article may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin is as big as the pyramids, and the echo of your dishonor will reverberate through the mountains of eternity. There is no such thing as a small sin. They are all vast and stupendous, because they will all have to come under inspection in the day of judgment. You may boast yourself of having made a fine bargain—a sharp bargain. You may carry out what the Bible says in regard to that man who went in to make a purchase and depreciated the value of the goods, and then after he had got away boasted of the splendid bargain he had made. "It is naught, it is naught," saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth. It may seem to the world a sharp bargain, but the recording angel wrote down in the ponderous tomes of eternity, "Mr. So-and-so, doing business on Pennsylvania avenue, or Broadway, or Chestnut street, or State street, told one lie."

May God extirpate from society all the ecclesiastical lies, and all the social lies, and all the mechanical lies, and all the commercial lies, and all the agricultural lies, and make every man speak the truth of his neighbor. My friends, let us make our life correspond to what we are. Let us banish all deception from our behavior. Let us remember that the time comes when God will demonstrate before an assembled universe just what we are. The secret will come out. We may hide it while we live, but we cannot hide it when we die. To many life is a masquerade ball. As at such entertainment gentlemen and ladies appear in garb of kings, or queens, or mountain bandits, or clowns, and then at the close of the dance put off their disguise, so many all through life are in mask. The masquerade ball goes on, the gemmed hand clasps gemmed hand, and dancing feet respond to dancing feet, and gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow, and the masquerade ball goes bravely on. But after a while languor comes and blurs the sight. Lights lower. Floor hollows with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower. Now the masquerade is hardly seen. The fragrance is exchanged for the sickening odor of garlands that have lain a long while in the damp of sepulchres. Lights lower. Mists fill the room. The scarf drops from the shoulder of a beauty, a shroud. Lights lower. Torn leaves and withered garlands now hardly cover up the ulcered feet. Stench of lampwicks almost quenched. Choking dampness. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voice hushed. Lights out.

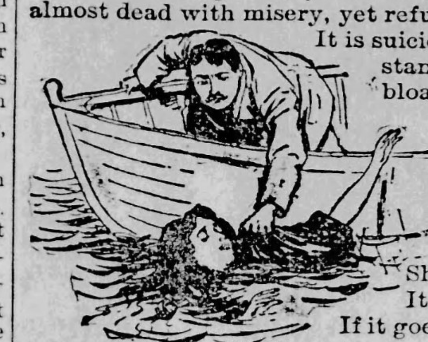
CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

NEGLECT IS SUICIDE.

Plain Words From Mrs. Pinkham, Corroborated by Mrs. Charles Dunmore, That Ought to Bring Suffering Women to Their Senses.



If you were drowning and friendly hands shoved a plank to you, and you refused it, you would be committing suicide!

Yet that is precisely what women are doing if they go about their homes almost dead with misery, yet refuse to grasp the kindly hand held out to them! It is suicidal to go day after day with that dull, constant pain in the region of the womb and that bloating heat and tenderness of the abdomen, which make the weight of your clothes an almost intolerable burden to you. It is not natural to suffer so in merely emptying the bladder. Does not that special form of suffering tell you that there is inflammation somewhere?

Shall I tell you what it is?

It is inflammation of the womb!

If it goes on, polypus, or tumor, or cancer will set in.

Commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of women in this condition have been cured by it. Keep your bowels open with Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and if you want further advice, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., stating freely all your symptoms—she stands ready and willing to give you the very best advice. She has given the helping hand to thousands suffering just like yourself, many of whom lived miles away from a physician. Her marvelous Vegetable Compound has cured many thousands of women. It can be found at any respectable drug store.

MRS. CHARLES DUNMORE, 102 Fremont St., Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., says: "I was in pain day and night; my doctor did not seem to help me. I could not seem to find any relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had inflammation of the womb, a bearing-down pain, and the whites very badly. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep at night. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for eight months, and am now all right. Before that I took morphine pills for my pain; that was a great mistake, for the relief was only momentary and the effect vile. I am so thankful to be relieved of my sufferings, for the pains I had were something terrible. I am, indeed, very grateful for the good Mrs. Pinkham's remedies have done me."

RAILROAD ON SPRINGS.

A railroad bed on springs has been recently patented with the idea of lessening the wear and tear on the tracks and rolling stock. The tie consists of a body and a top section and in the top of the body of the tie, near each end, are grouped four holes or recesses, into which enter corresponding lugs or posts on the under face of the top section, a spring being coiled around each lug or post, and

SPRING RAILROAD TIE.

bearing upon the upper face of the body of the tie and the under face of the top section. The springs are normally strong enough to prevent the top section being pressed downward by the weight of a moving train into contact with the bottom section, the track being thus practically spring-cushioned throughout its length. The rails are firmly held in place on these movable sections of the ties by the usual chairs or clamps.

Desirable.

"It's perfectly disgraceful!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" inquired her husband.

"Here's a description of a woman who gets up in public and declares herself an anarchist."

"Well," was the rejoiner, "maybe it's all for the best. I believe I'd like to see women crowd the males out of the anarchist business. When they threw bombs they wouldn't be so likely to hit anybody."—Washington Star.

Not a Spring Chicken.

First Soubrette—Perhaps you would not believe me if I were to tell you that a man killed himself for love of me.

Second Soubrette—Indeed I would. Men used to do that sort of thing in the old days of chivalry.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Still on the Free List.

"The new tariff may have raised the prices of some things, "but talk is cheaper than ever."—Detroit Journal.

WEDDING CLOTHES MIXED

Fat and Lean Man in Ludicrous Positions.

"I'm on the war path," declared the young man who is yet in the first quarter of his honeymoon, says the Detroit Free Press. "If I get a judgment of less than $10,000 against that tailor of mine I'll appeal the case and go to the end of the road with him. There should be a special statute aimed at such offenses as his."

"What's your claim against him?"

"Surest case you ever heard of. I've got him where he can't wriggle. You know that I was married week before last, 'at the residence of the bride's parents.' They live fifteen miles from Detroit, and I decided to ride out there on

my bicycle the day before the ceremony. The tailor had made my wedding suit, but it needed pressing, and was to be sent to me that night by express without fail. I impressed it upon him time and again that the delivery was imperative. Next morning along came the clothes, neatly packed. I looked them over and then hung them away till the fateful hour arrived.

"When it came time to dress I progressed with a fair degree of equanimity till I donned the breeches. Then I had cold sweats and something that was mighty near a fainting spell. I yanked the braces till I stood on my toes, and even then the pantaloons were six inches too long. They were big enough for the Colossus of Rhodes. I tried the vest and had to button it to keep it from sliding off, while the coat never touched me. I said more things than I ever had before in my life, but that couldn't provide a wedding suit, and I had to be married in about as tacky an old bicycle outfit as you ever saw. I was guyed, laughed at and humiliated at least $50,000 worth.

"When I went roaring and foaming into the tailor establishment there was a 250-pounder, over six feet tall threatening to wreck the institution. He flourished the remnants of my own suit that he had tried to don for his own wedding, ripping seams and scattering buttons till the clothes looked as if they might have been out to dry in a cyclone. Now we're both after the tailor and we're going to get him."

NEW YACHT RIG.

Admiral E. A. Von Schmidt has broken loose as the yachtsman on the bay of San Francisco. An inspection of his yacht, the Whirlwind, will furnish all the evidence on this point that is needed. When the craft was first launched her sails were of a rig known as lateen. After a couple of races her owner added a jib. Then he turned her into a sloop with a lug sail. This rig not giving the

THE KITE-SHAPED RIG.

driving power desired, the daring admiral added a ringtail to his mainsail. The next change was to a sloop, pure and simple, but with an amount of canvas that made the eyes of ordinary yachtsmen bulge.

Now he has come down the creek with a rig that will knock them all a twister. There is no name for it, but the inventor thinks it's a kite-shaped wonder that will keep them all guessing.

Mission Work to Do at Home.

Deacon Skinflint—We've failed again this year, Mr. Dominie. Can't raise half you salary.

Good Minister—No matter; I have had myself appointed as a missionary to the heathen, and will soon be in the pay of the board of missions.

Deacon Skinflint—Air ye goin' to Africa?

Good Minister—No, I shall stay right here.—New York Weekly.

From Suffering to Indifference.

Said a well-known physician: "Only yesterday a patient came to me and said he was going to Hot Springs to be treated for insomnia. I advised him not to go to that expense, but to take a glass of whisky before going to bed.

"'Well, if that doesn't send me to sleep, what then?' he asked.

"'Take another,' I replied, 'and if that doesn't answer the purpose, take a tumbler full, and then you won't give a continental whether you go to sleep or not.'"—Cincinnati Commercial.

One of Woman's Ways.

"They have appointed a woman to clean the streets in Chicago."

"Heavens! I hope she won't follow the example of my wife."

"Why so?"

"Because if she does she'll take everything out of one street and put it in another before she commences to sweep."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil.

They cannot digest it.

It upsets the stomach.

Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

READ THE NASBY LETTERS

E. P. BRECKINRIDGE MEETS WITH A SURPRISE IN NEW MEXICO.

Was Given a Square Meal Because He Knew D. R. Locke—Thompson Was Overjoyed.

Toledo Daily Blade, Oct. 23.

Mr. E. P. Breckenridge, the well-known manufacturer, tells the following interesting reminiscence:

Back about 1880 or '81, I was in the mining business in New Mexico as assistant superintendent of the Mogollon Mining Company. We were located in the Magdalena mountains west from Socorro, about 30 miles. Socorro is a flourishing town of about 3,000 people on the west bank of the Rio Grande, and is the county seat of Socorro county, New Mexico. Our camp on the west side of the Magdalena mountains was an old mining camp, where there were a number of fine springs of pure cold water ,and quite a collection of adobe buildings formerly occupied by miners of that district.

Socorro was the base of our supplies, and about once a week some one went down for a load of provisions. I had become an expert at driving a four mule team, and was frequently the man selected to make the trip. At the time of which I speak, I hitched up the team in the morning and drove down to Socorro. The trip down was always easy and made in quick time, as it was down grade from our camp all the way, and we could take the short cut and go through the canon, a sort of gap cut through the Socorro mountains by the waters ages ago. Our return must be farther south and where the road was better. To go back to camp was a hard pull, as it was up hill all the way.

Galvanized Greaser.

Just on the west side of the Socorro mountains, and about half way to our camp was a fine spring, and quite a large adobe building with a corral attached and accommodations for feeding teams, known as Snake Ranch. This was our half way house and resting place, and at this time was occuied by a man by the name of Thompson with his family. This man, Thompson, in the parlance of the country was called a "Galvanized Greaser." He had emigrated into this country years before and married a Mexican woman. He occupied the ranch and was employed by the owner to look after his cattle. He was a very ordinary looking man and his wife was the worst looking specimen of humanity I ever saw.

I reached this ranch one day about noon late in the fall with a heavy load, tired and hungry. I put my mules in the corral and fed them. I then said to Thompson: "I am very hungry and I want my dinner."

He said: "I have not a thing in the house to eat," and as I sat down a good deal discouraged, I reached down and picked up from the floor a paper. This paper happened to be the Toledo Weekly Blade. It looked familiar to me I assure you, and I said to Thompson, "Do you take the Blade?"

"You bet your life I take the Blade, and I want you to understand it is the D—— D—— best paper in the world. Why you ought to read some of those Nasby stories. They beat anything I ever read. I almost kill myself laughing when I get a new one. They are not only very funny but they all have a good point. I tell you he hits the nail on the head every time."

I said: "My dear sir, I am personally acquainted with Nasby (Mr. D. R. Locke) and have been since 1854. I knew him well when he published the Plymouth Advertiser, his first paper."

He looked me in the eye and said "You knew Nasby?"

"Yes, sir."

"Personally acquainted with him?"

"Yes, sir, I have known him well since 1854."

"Well, pardner," he said, "shake. Do you know I think he is the greatest man of this age, and I am glad to see a man that knows him and I want you to tell me all about him."

I said, "Look here, Thompson, I am nearly famished—on the verge of starvation."

"Well, Holy Moses, Clarindy, give this man a bowl of bread and milk and the best dinner you can get up," and while I partook of the bread and milk and enjoyed it, we discussed Nasby and his peculiarities greatly to the enjoyment of my friend Thompson. I found this man Thompson living in the mountains of New Mexico 15 miles from any human being, taking not only the Blade but a New York paper, and reading them, and he was the best posted man on general matters, particularly politics, that I found in New Mexico. He was familiar with all the great politicians of that day and all the great men of the war. The names of Hayes, Blaine, Garfield, Conklin, Grant, Butler and a host of others prominent in politics and war were household words with him.

Catarrh is a Disease.

Which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

HOOD'S PILLS are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

ULSTER FOR YOUR LAMP.

To Keep the Dust From Settling in Your Bicycle Lighthouse.

The bicycle lamp is a joy every evening if it is kept clean, but if neglected it becomes difficult to manage. Knowing this the clever friend of the bicycle girl has devised a lamp covering which is a bit of fancy work for her

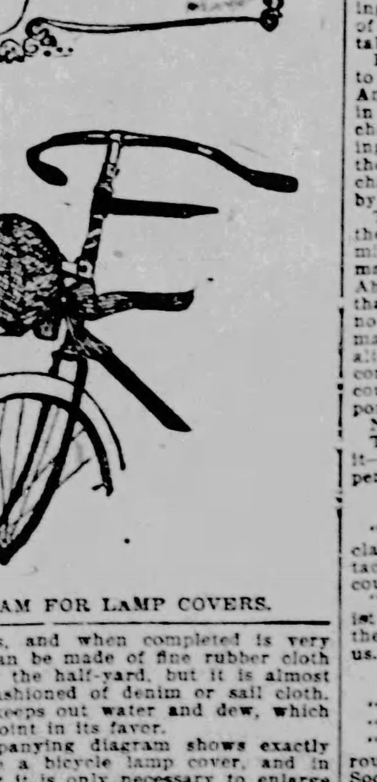


DIAGRAM FOR LAMP COVERS.

odd moments, and when completed is very useful. It can be made of fine rubber cloth purchased by the half-yard, but it is almost as good if fashioned of denim or sail cloth. The rubber keeps out water and dew, which is a strong point in its favor.

The accompanying diagram shows exactly how to make a bicycle lamp cover, and in cutting it out it is only necessary to enlarge the pattern a little. Follow the directions closely, shirring where indicated, and sewing upon the lines, and you will have a very nice protection for your lantern. Upon the front a monogram can be embroidered or the club name worked.—Rochester Post-Express.

BRONCHIAL CONSUMPTION.

From Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in the Treatment of Lung Diseases.

Of the many forms of bronchitis the one most serious and alarming of all is that in which the symptoms closely resemble those of consumption, and hence called consumptive bronchitis, or bronchical consumption. You must not, however, understand from its name that it is readily tuberculous in character, or produced by the bacilli which cause true consumption.

In all lung cases I require a portion of the expectorated matter coughed up by the patient to be brought to me or sent in a small bottle by express, before giving a definite opinion of the disease. If, on examination, I find the tubercle-bacilli present, the case is Consumption; and if no bacilli—Bronchitis. A large percentage of those who die of chronic lung diseases, supposed to be consumption, are really deaths by chronic bronchitis resembling consumption.

A remarkable instance in verification of this recently occurred in my own practice. A lady was brought to me in what appeared to be the last stage of consumption. Her physicians had told her husband that she could not live a week. She had a bad cough, puriform expectoration, night sweats, and was wasted almost to skin and bone. Judging by her symptoms and appearance, it was impossible not to fear that she had come too late. On sounding her chest, however, I was surprised to find no solidification by tubercles, and on examining her sputum, a total absence of the bacilli. The history, too, of her sickness revealed that it had followed an attack of whooping cough and grippe. So although her pulse was 120 a minute, and so feeble as to be hardly perceptible, and the wasting of her body so extreme that she could not stand without support, I did not hesitate to pronounce the disease broncnial, and give it as my opinion that, if we could only sustain her strength long enough for remedies to act, she might yet be saved. She was immediately placed under medicated air treatment, with tonics to impart appetite and digestives to help the enfeebled stomach to transform nourishment into chyle and blood. Within a week she showed signs of amendment. Her progress was necessarily slow, as the healing powers of the body were nearly exhausted before the first inhalation was given, but she gradually acquired more and more strength, and within six weeks was able to take short walks in the open air. She recovered perfectly in about six months, and is alive and well to-day.

This case shows the importance of a correct diagnosis and proper adaptation of the treatment in every particular to the conditions to be remedied. Had the true nature of her disease not been discovered just when it was, she would have lost her life through wrong treatment, and been recorded as another death by consumption.

In these bronchial cases we sometimes have a false membrane form on the inside of the tubes, just as false membranes are formed in the throat in diphtheria, and in the larynx and windpipe in croup. I have just had a case in which the patient, while recovering, coughed up a hollow cast of the right bronchus, with casts of several smaller bronchial tubes attached. It came up out of the lungs looking like the branches of a tree.

"Black bronchitis" is a form of this disease in which the matter expectorated is a dark, sooty-looking substance. These cases are common among coal miners and those who live in a sooty atmosphere, or work by night over coal lamps. The dust and gaseous emanations from bituminous coal are inhaled into the lungs, and set up this melanotic condition by the irritation they cause in the bronchial tubes.

Every form of bronchitis is easily cured by local antiseptic and healing remedies applied directly to the lungs by medicated air inhalations, but none of them by stomach treatment. The stomach is not the part affected. The air tubes and cells of the lungs are the seat of every bronchial disease, and unless remedies capable of changing their bad secretions and healing the inflamed tubes are applied to them, cure is impossible. To treat bronchial and other lung diseases through the stomach and hold out a hope of cure by that treatment is malpractice and ought to be punished as a crime against the sick.

(Signed) ROBERT HUNTER, M. D., Oct. 1, 1897. 117 W. 45th St., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of The Weekly Blade interested in Dr. Hunter's researches and treatment of lung maladies can obtain his Book free by writing to him at the above address.

A JOKE ON UNCLE SAM.

Home-Going Chinese Work the Government for Their Passage.

"Melican man think'm smart. Think'm Chinaman no smart. He, he. Chinaman fool'm. Heap big joke on Melican man. Ha, ha, ha."

Wah Foon, second-rate politician and man-about-Chinatown, held his sides and guffawed uproariously, says the San Francisco Call.

Come right down to it this pig-tailed Rainey of the Celestial quarters had a right to ha-ha. Worse, all of Chinatown is with difficulty suppressing its mirth over a new dodge, by which Uncle Sam is being played for a "good thing."

When a heathen gets tired of this country and wants to return to his native flowery kingdom nowadays he does not have to bother his barbered head about a grub stake, passage price or anything else in the way of expenses. He is sent home by this government—and that's where the joke on Uncle Sam comes in.

When Congress passed a law requiring all Chinese residents of America to register and provide themselves with certificates showing that they had bowed to the will of the government, it was hoped that by this means the federal authorities could keep tab on its Chinese population and effectually regulate immigration of this class.

The officials were clothed with authority to seize and deport, after a given date, all Celestials found within the boundaries of the United States who could not show that they had complied with the regulation by exhibiting the necessary certificates. This was good enough as far as it went, but it appears that it went not far. True, the Chinese when they once got started registered in droves—50,000, for instance, at this port alone. Duplicate certificates of all of these registrations are piled up within the local custom house building, but, inasmuch as no index of the same was ever compiled, it is next to an impossibility for the government officers to tell who has or who has not registered. Their only recourse is to keep a sharp eye out and grab every Chinaman who cannot show a certificate.

Now, it is this very state of affairs that gives the "heathen Chinee" the opportunity to exhibit the superiority of his cunning and ingenuity. It has provided him with the means of enjoying a free trip to China whenever he takes a notion.

Here is the modus operandi: Ah Sin wants to go home. He has enough of America and American gold. He goes to a certain agency in Chinatown which makes a business of purchasing certificates for the purpose of reselling them to Chinese who are smuggled into the country and are naturally nervous of their chances of remaining. He increases his pile by bartering away his passport.

The agency's contract does not cease with the mere purchase of the paper. One of the minions is dispatched to the United States marshal's office with the information that one Ah Sin, who can be found at this place or that place, has no certificate and consequently no right to sojourn in this country. The marshal has the law before him, and has no alternative but to go and seize the supposed contraband. The man has no certificate, of course. When Uncle Sam undertakes to deport he must pay the bill.

No wonder Wah Foon ripples with glee.

The federal officials say there is no help for it—the law prescribes what they shall do, and perforce they must do it.

Rotten in Either Case.

"Our republic hastens to its downfall!" exclaimed the fiery orator. "Dry rot has attacked our institutions! Look at our city councils"—

"Yes! look at them!" shouted a prohibitionist in the audience. "Look at them and count the saloonkeepers! It isn't dry rot that ails us. It's wet rot!"—Chicago Tribune.

Good Circumstantial Evidence.

"Poor Robinson! There goes his funeral."

"What, is Robinson dead?"

"I imagine he is. Perhaps he is just riding round town in that hearse for fun."—Modern Society.

Generally.

Old nature oft is contrary,
Deal with her as you may;
The man who talks most is he
That has the least to say.

The Sunday School.

LESSON 6, NOVEMBER 7, 1897.

Paul in Melita and Rome.

Golden Text: We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Rom. 8: 28.

(Acts 28: 1-16. Memory verses: 3-5.)

1. And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita.
2. And the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold.
3. And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand.
4. And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on his hand, they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.
5. And he shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm.
6. Howbeit they looked when he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly: but after they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds, and said that he was a god.
7. In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius; who received us, and lodged us three days courteously.
8. And it came to pass that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever and of a bloody flux: to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and healed him.
9. So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed:
10. Who also honored us with many honors; and when we departed, they laded us with such things as were necessary.
11. And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria, whose sign was Castor and Pollux.
12. And landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days.
13. And from thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium: and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli:
14. Where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days: and so we went toward Rome.
15. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns: whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.
16. And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard: but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him.

Illustrative Applications.

And the barbarians shewed us no common kindness; for they kindled a fire, and received us all, because of the present rain, and because of the cold (v. 2). Let the barbarians teach us. Suffering is call for help. And all about us there are wrecked and stranded ones. "I can pass this way but once; let me do all the good I can," was the motto which some beneficent one adopted. And these inhabitants of Melita themselves kindled the great fire. Do gracious service to the suffering yourself; do not give over all your beneficiaries to boards and committees.

But when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire (v. 3). Yet the apostle was as wet and cold as any of them, and, besides, was not in very vigorous health, and his health, too, had been pruned by long imprisonment and by the privations of the storm and wreck. Still the Apostle will lend a hand. Nor will he in the least fall back upon the dignity of his office. The somebody-else-will-do-it spirit was at the utmost remove from the great Apostle. What he could, he did. How much more brightly and warmly the fire of church and Sunday-school would glow, were we all moved by such apostolic impulse! But I have known people who much preferred criticising the size of the sticks and the manner of laying them on the fire to lending any help themselves. A great ship was being launched. Moving a little, she stuck upon the ways. A small boy laid his shoulder against the side of the vast vessel, exclaiming, "I can push a pound." Only such slight additional force was needed. Swiftly the ship began to move, and soon the water safely clasped her. Push your pound. Bring your stick, and lay it on the fire.

A viper came out by reason of the heat (v. 3). Dormant and yet cherished evils will find that vivifying heat of favoring circumstance. A man in the East had a tame lion. It had been caught young. It gamboled about him like a cat. Sleeping, one day, the man's hand fell and hung from the lounge on which he lay. The lion approached and caressingly licked the hand. But his rough tongue abraided the skin; the blood exuded; at the taste of blood all the savagery of the beast flashed up; he sprang at the throat of the sleeping master, and killed him. We need God's grace to eradicate the evil in us. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet justice hath not suffered to live. Howbeit he shook off the beast into the fire, and took no harm (vs. 4, 5.) Do not be too sure of your own judgment about others. These people were right in their assertion of the general principle of retribution. In the long run, justice will smite whom it should. They were sadly mistaken, however, in their application of the principle to this special case. Our Lord warns us, in the matter of those on whom the tower fell, against making such specific application of retributive principles. Leave the interpretation of apparently dark providences to God. Judge not, that ye be not hanged. Charity is better and nobler than censoriousness. I knew a young man who, though he was in the receipt of a good salary, dressed very poorly. His friends shot gibes at him—called him mean, stingy, etc. But it afterwards was discovered that he had a sick mother and sisters entirely dependent on him, and that he was denying himself to the last limit for their comfort. Do not be so quick in your harsh judgments. He whom you rashly call criminal may be saint. And there is a deep lesson for us in that shaking off the viper and getting no harm. Explain it as you please, the fact is, that there was, somehow, that in the Apostle which rendered him invulnerable to the viper. It is a great thing to be of such strong, pure, Christly character that the vipers of temptation striking at you cannot harm you. Intimacy with Christ is the antidote to the poison of temptation.

And in the neighborhood of that place, the father of Publius lay sick, unto whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laying his hands on him healed him. The rest also which had diseases in the island came, and were cured (vs. 7-9.) Immediately, and right in that neighborhood, the Apostle finds chance for helpful ministry. You need not go far afield for the opportunity of doing good. Besides, do good where you are, and doors for further service will open to you. Instead of dreamily and longingly waiting till he got to Rome, the Apostle plies his ministry where he is, and at once. Here is a lesson for everyone. When you have builded your castle in Spain, you will be, then and there, a fountain of beneficience? No, you will not, unless you set your hand to carrying healing, helping waters where you are. Use your energy in seizing present opportunity, though you be wrecked and detained, as the Apostle was.

And from thence the brethren, when they heard of us, came to meet us as far as the market of Appius, and the Three Taverns, whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage (v. 15). No wonder. Singularly sensitive was the Apostle. He was brave as a lion. But hearts and cheerful words were a great help to him. And now the question as to how he should be received at Rome was confronting and agitating him. And 30 or 40 miles from the great city, and not ashamed of his chain, an advance guard of Christians greet him. What a help this must have been to him? And we can do for each other what these Christians did for Paul. A house was burning. Far in the topmost window a little child appeared. A brave fireman started up the ladder they lifted toward the child. Nearly reaching the little child, the flames dashed at him, the smoke wrapped him. He faltered. "Cheer him!" cried somebody. And the hands clapped and inciting voices rose from the watching throng below. The man at once pushed on, seized the child, brought him down in safety. That cheer saved him and the child too. Be you prodigal of cheer. Go out to The Three Taverns and say your loving, sympathizing word to the one attempting noble service. And do not wait about it until the tired pilgrim gets into Rome.—Weyland Hoyt, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

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PETTICOAT MADE TROUBLE

It would take a very remarkable man to successfully smuggle into the port of New York two dozen golf stockings on his person. But a woman did it the other day—that is, she almost did it, for she was detected by the merest accident, and by another woman.

She was a passenger on a steamer that came into New York last week and one of the women inspectors, Miss Elizabeth Ellis, happened to run against her as she was waiting on the dock to have her bag-

NEW WOMAN'S NEW WAY.

gage examined. Miss Ellis felt a lump of something and thought she had better investigate. As a result it was discovered that the young woman was wearing a petticoat made of handsome golf stockings. There were two dozen of them, worth $1.50 a pair, and it must have taken a whole spool of cotton to sew them into that form, to say nothing of the work and ingenuity.

Partially Qualified.

Chollie—I should like to be a judge. Just have nothing to do but sit on the bench and look wise.

Pollie—Well, you could do the sitting-on-the-bench part well enough.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Severe Experience.

"I was very nearly overcome by gas again," remarked the man who came from a remote rural section.

"When did it occur?"

"At the usual time—when the company rendered its bill."—Washington Star.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1897.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 146,000

TO OCTOBER SUBSCRIBERS.

Next week we shall announce the name of the winner of the oil painting premium promised for the largest club sent us during October. We had 12,500 subscribers expire this month, and will probably receive over 15,000 renewals and new subscriptions, making a very handsome increase. But a few days now remain for October renewals.

The latter part of this week we shall mail a proposition to some 11,000 subscribers whose time expires in November, including an oil painting premium offer, which will be well worth the attention of those who receive it. November subscribers who do not receive this proposition by the 5th of the month, will please write us for a duplicate.

GEORGE MORTIMER PULLMAN.

The career of George M. Pullman is that of a man who reached fortune and fame through his inventive talent. He added to the comfort and convenience of the traveling public, and through his inventions in that line became wealthy. He was born in the wilds of Chautauqua county, New York, in 1831, and was literally the architect of his own fortunes.

First he clerked in a country store, then learned the cabinet-making business, and at 22 his inventive talent formed an outlet through the widening of the Erie canal, undertaken by the state. In many of the towns warehouses and business buildings were in the line of the widening. There appeared no course, in the case of structures of brick or stone, but to tear them down entirely. Young Pullman undertook the then novel plan of removing them bodily, at which he was very successful, thus laying the foundation of his wealth.

Chicago then attracted him, for the systematic raising of the city level out of the mud had just begun, and he engaged extensively in raising huge business blocks of brick buildings to the new street level. His attention meanwhile had been directed to the discomforts of long-distance railway traveling, and in 1859 he remodeled two old day coaches into sleeping cars. They were immediately successful, and the Pullman car was born. In 1863 he began the manufacture of the Pullman sleeper under various patents he had taken out, and his name soon became famous.

He not only invented the sleeping car, but the "vestibule system," by which an entire train is made virtually one car. In 1880, in order to obtain increased shop facilities for the Pullman Company, he put in practice a plan he had long considered for improving the social condition of workingmen, and built the "model town" of Pullman, which has been visited by philanthropists and social reformers from all over the world. Not only are its residents better housed than workingmen usually are, in dwellings with all modern conveniences, but the death rate is among the lowest in the world.

Despite the unreasoning hatred and prejudice stirred up by labor agitators against Mr. Pullman, he was in a large way a benefactor of the race. He created a vast industry, through his inventive talent, by supplying a need which none before him had ever attempted to do. He thus opened a new field of labor, giving employment to thousands of skilled workmen. The world was better for his living in it; and that is an epitaph which can be written of the fewest number of the human race.

CONCERNING LABOR IMMIGRATION.

In his speeches, made this week in Southern Ohio, Senator Hanna called the attention of the throngs of workingmen who formed his audiences to a promise of the Republican party which means much to them if it is carried out. And it will be carried out, if the Republicans obtain control of the Senate. Mr. Hanna stated it as follows:

> We promised further that, after having protected the industries of our country, we would protect the workingmen of our country against the tramp labor of Europe by giving to them an immigration bill which would govern that question and in the interest of our laboring people. That is a proposition that applies to every workingman in this state.

And it does so apply. The labor market is, like the market for every other commodity, governed by the law of supply and demand. Let us protect our own workingmen from the flood of foreign laborers of the lowest grade. They glut the market, and they help to keep wages down.

Mr. Breidenthal, the bank commissioner of Kansas, is a Populist through and through. But he says:

> Kansas is to-day the most prosperous state in the Union. There will be 40,000 homes cleared of mortgages this fall. Think of what that means. The mortgages will average $1,000 each, which means the expenditure of $40,000,000. It means also that this state is becoming a commonwealth of homes. It means that the farmers of Kansas are realizing the opportunities which are offered them and doing their best to make the most of them.

The calamity shriekers can not object to accepting the dictum of the noted Kansas Populist regarding the advent of prosperity.

Good authorities in Kansas now declare that while the mortgage debt of the state was between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000 in 1890, it is not more than $40,000,000 now, and the farmers are paying off that as fast as they can collect on their crops. And you will not find these Kansas farmers anxious to fool with free silver this year.

Bryan's sixteen speeches in Ohio against honest money will have about as much effort as that famed Pope's bull against the comet.

WHAT FREE SILVER MEANS.

It appears that the Ohio Democrats are to turn to the silver issue as a last resort, and devote the closing days of the campaign to a howl for the "immediate resumption, by the United States, of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, without waiting for any other nation."

The refusal of the great nations of Europe to even discuss the subject of opening their mints to silver is probably considered, by Bryan and his followers, as giving an opening for a renewal of the discussion. They appear to think that this paves the way for the United States to go ahead, single-handed and alone.

Unfortunately for them, there are thousands of intelligent men in Ohio who would be glad if some method were possible whereby the silver of the world could be added to the gold stock now in circulation. But they know that there is no possible way in which we can do this at the Bryan ratio of 16 to 1. And they will not vote to support the 16 to 1 ratio, knowing its fallacy.

It is not a question of politics at all, but of common sense and sound business policy. The fall in the price of silver began several years before 1873, the drop each year being slight, but growing progressively. The price fell simply because production increased steadily. This fall in price caused the more enlightened nations to stop the free coinage of silver, to maintain the value of the money in circulation.

But some of the less progressive nations did not do this. They left their mints open to free coinage of both metals at the old ratio. Japan, Mexico, and the republics of Central and South America did this. In all of these the result was the same. Gold disappeared from circulation, and values were measured only in silver. And the purchasing power of their silver coin declined just as the price of bullion declined, until the gold and silver coins, which back in the early '70's circulated side by side at equal value, have become widely separated.

In Mexico a gold peso is now worth a little over two silver pesos. In Japan a gold yen is worth a little more than two silver yens. And the same is true of all other countries which attempted to keep their mints open to free coinage of both metals at the old ratio—the Bryan ratio. None of these have bimetallism. Their laws provide for it, but in its stead they have silver monometallism. No gold circulates. Nothing but silver is in the hands of the people—and paper redeemable in silver, and of course passing for the same value. None of them has one-third as much money per capita in circulation as we have.

Every intelligent man, no matter how sincere a friend of silver he may be, knows that to open our mints to free silver at 16 to 1 would do the same thing for us. We would drop at once to silver monometallism. There would be no gold in circulation. Our money volume would be diminished more than one half. In the countries named above, this change took place very gradually. It covered some twenty-three years. With us it would come in a day, and give such a shock to our finances that we would have the most terrible panic the world ever saw.

Nor would the mischief end there. With our money on a silver basis its value would fluctuate with the price of silver bullion. This would operate constantly against the poor man. It would hurt every man who works for his living, on wages or salary. Here is what Mr. S. M. Simmons, United States consul at Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, Mexico, for several years, who is now visiting friends in Louisville, Ky., tells a reporter of the Courier Journal of that place:

> It is the most natural thing in the world for me to be a sound-money Democrat. I am in a country where the evils of the silver standard are daily illustrated. Some months ago I loaned a Mexican $1,500 in American money to buy a piece of land with. He had it exchanged into $3,000 Mexican money. If at the end of a month he would have been compelled to pay me back he would have had to pay me $4,000 in order to make up for the depreciation of silver in that short time.

Sensible Ohio voters are not going to cast their ballots in favor of such a cut-throat policy. They judged Bryan and his theory last year, and condemned them. They will not reverse that verdict this year, in the light of the added testimony of facts as to the fallacy of the free silver theory.

BEATING JOHN BULL.

Friday's Pall Mall Gazette, of London, in a long article discussing America's progress in the iron and steel industries, acknowledges that the United States is not only challenging England's supremacy in the world's markets, but even obtaining a foothold in England itself.

That paper admits sorrowfully that the causes which enable us to forge to the front are permanent. This is the cheapest steel-producing country in the world, and with that advantage it is but a matter of time when we will supply the world with most of its steel, and manufactures thereof.

This is a very important admission for a great English newspaper to make. It is but the admission of a fact, it is true; but it emphasizes the soundness of the American policy of protection. The steel industry in America dates back only to the imposition of a duty on steel rails, some thirty years ago. Up to that time, not a steel rail had been rolled in the United States. Protection brought the industry into being here, and fostered its extension, so that now we can compete successfully with England, till now the undisputed master of the steel industry.

The fact that John R. McLean, of Washington, D. C., owns the controlling interest in a $5,000,000 gas company in that city, and also is interested in a $12,000,000 street railway, affords clear evidence to the Ohio people that his real object in wanting to get into the Senate is to protect his interests in the District of Columbia, for which Congress acts in the same capacity that the common council acts in other cities.

The silver Democratic howl about "government by injunction" causes much hilarity in Massachusetts, where George Fred Williams has worked the process industriously and has even used it in his faction fights, as when he tried to secure an injunction to restrain those who had legally hired a convention hall from using it.

The eight hundred employes at the Riverside Iron Works, at Benwood, opposite Bellaire, were notified by notices posted at the works on Friday that they would receive an increase of 10 per cent in wages, commencing on Saturday. Carry the news to Chapman and Bryan!

The Ohio man is all-pervasive. Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, is sojourning in New York and managing Henry George's campaign.

NO INTERNATIONAL ACTION.

Lord Salisbury has at last put Senator Wolcott and his fellow commissioners out of their suspense by officially informing them that the British government is unable to reopen the mints of India to silver, that it can not accede to the proposals of the American commissioners, and does not see the desirablity of an international monetary conference.

The refusal is sugar-coated with regrets, couched in diplomatic phrase; but this use of language to obscure thought does not hide the facts—that Great Britain will not offer a single concession to the silver idea; that she will take no backward step; that with her the gold standard is a finality; and that the government of India is convinced that the closing of the mints to silver was a wise and beneficial measure, and that India will not go backward and depreciate her currency again.

All the other countries of Europe visited by Wolcott and his colleagues, gave the same reply. France, with that politeness which is a national characteristic, covered up her refusal by making her assent conditional upon England's doing the same thing—well knowing there was no thought on the part of the British government of doing so. All Europe refuses to enter into a conference to consider the larger use of silver in the currency.

The fact should be recognized that values can not be measured in two commodities—gold and silver—by any attempt to tie them together at a given ratio, for demand and supply will render that ratio ineffective. A money system must be based either on gold alone or on silver alone. It can not be based on both. It is an impossibility. And the sooner this fact is recognized the better it will be for the United States.

WHAT BRYAN'S VISIT MEANS.

Sound money is just as essential to commercial prosperity as good strong blood is to an animal organism. A sound currency is the very life blood of industrial enterprise. Protection is essential to maintain the integrity of the structural body of our enterprises; sound money is the life-blood of such enterprises. The one is just as essential to prosperity as the other. They are the twin agents of prosperity. Free silver would negative protection, and undermine the whole system of industries that have been built up under it.

The advent of Bryan, the free silver apostle, in Ohio, places the free coinage issue squarely before the people again. It shows the desperate straits of the Democrats. After trying in vain to keep the silver skeleton in the closet, they are compelled in sheer desperation to bring it forth once more. A Democratic victory in Ohio this fall would give a great moral and political support to free silver, and would help to place that question before the people in the Congressional elections next year. Moreover, such an event would tend to produce distrust and uncertainty in financial circles in regard to the future policy of the government, and that would sound the death-knell of prosperity. This is the exact logic of the situation. Our workmen must now decide whether they will, by their votes at this election, help to place a torpedo under the good ship Prosperity, which is now coming into our ports with all of her sails flying.

The movement for free coinage of silver was conceived in selfishness, nourished in iniquity, and fattened upon inordinate greed. It represents the rapacious greed of a great and powerful Silver Trust, that is using its immense wealth to compel the government to accept its ultimatum. This mighty octopus has boldly proclaimed its purpose to place and maintain an embargo upon all legislation at Washington until its insolent demands are complied with. And, as the United States Senate is now constituted, the Silver Trust is master of the situation; it holds the balance of power and can effectually block legislation.

There are 43 Republican sound-money Senators in that body, whose total membership is 90. We lack two votes of half, and three of a majority. All that Ohio can do is to see that the 43 Republican votes are not diminished to 42, and look to the Republicans of other states to elect legislatures which will give the Senate a Republican majority in the last two years of President McKinley's term.

That is the situation exactly, and if the Ohio Republicans fail to do their part, they will be recalcitrant to their duty to the party and to the people of the nation.

ADMIRAL WORDEN.

Had Admiral John L. Worden died close upon the world-famed battle between the Monitor, which he commanded, and the Merrimac, the country would have rung with his praises. He was then but a lieutenant; but the splendid fight he put up in that first battle in the world's history between ironclads, made him at once a heroic figure, and a popular idol.

He died October 18, but the announcement created but little stir. He had passed from man's memories. Yet his famous battle was not his only title to distinction. He fought bravely in many other engagements, and his entire service covered a period of sixty-three years. He received a special vote of thanks from Congress, and was retired with the full rank and pay of an admiral, the only instance of the kind in the history of the navy. He was the last of the prominent sea-fighters on the Union side, and his name will stand high on the roll of American naval heroes.

A GIGANTIC LIE.

The Cincinnati Enquirer attempts to bolster up the New York World's malicious falsehood, that Senator Hanna secured campaign funds last year by the promise of special advantages to the contributors in the sale of the Union Pacific road, by calling the World an "independent" newspaper. The World is Democratic, and always has been. Its infamous falsehood concerning Senator Hanna has been met by a vigorous, clear-cut reply from that gentleman. His statement is worth careful reading, and we here repeat it:

> I do not know who the members of the syndicate are. I never had any conversation with any of them in regard to it. I never was called upon by my vote or my influence to say one word in regard to that sale. It was a contract made on the part of the government by Grover Cleveland's administration, and the only part of it, as I see by the papers—for that is the only method of my information—is that the contract has been agreed to on the part of the present administration on the agreement that they should give five million dollars more for it. Now that is all I know about it. The rest is a lie.

Mr. Bryan lives in Nebraska. The farmers of that state this year will sell $105,000,000 worth of grain outside the state, after reserving $90,000,000 worth for home consumption. Mr. Bryan's wheat argument is valueless this year, even in his own state.

ELECTIONS ON NOVEMBER 2.

This is considered an "off year" in the political field; but at least two campaigns are of as much interest as the Presidential battle of a year ago. They are, that in Ohio, and the mayoralty campaign in the city of New York.

Ohio is President McKinley's state. In 1896, with all the other parties practically fused for Bryan, she gave her electoral vote to her favorite son by a plurality of over 48,000. This year she elects a full state ticket, as well as a General Assembly, upon which body will devolve the duty of electing an United States Senator for the one year yet remaining of Sherman's term, and also for the full term of six years, beginning March 4, 1899. The interest centers on the Senatorial contest, because of the lack of a Republican majority in that body by only 3 votes.

New York state chooses but one official—the judge of the court of appeals. But the great battle in that state is over the mayoralty in New York. On Jan. 1 next, the consolidation of New York, Brooklyn and a number of smaller towns and villages into one large municipality to be called the City of New York, goes into effect. Nearly three million people inhabit its territory, and the election of its first mayor has inaugurated a contest fully as heated and as bitterly fought as was the Presidential election of 1896.

Probably the Iowa contest comes next in importance after the two named above. She elects a governor and state officers. There are five parties in the field, Republican, gold and silver Democrats, Populist and Prohibitionist.

Colorado elects a judge of the supreme court. Kentucky, a clerk of the court of appeals, though the contest is a hot one among the gold Democrats, silver Democrats and Republicans. Maryland elects a comptroller and court clerk. Massachusetts chooses a governor; Nebraska has two offices to fill—supreme judge and university regents. Pennsylvania elects an auditor general and state treasurer. Virginia will choose a governor, lieutenant governor and attorney general. As the Republicans made no nominations, the result is a cinch for the Democrats.

Legislatures in whole or in part will be chosen in the states of Delaware, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Nevada and Washington. The legislature of the state of Maryland will in January next elect a successor to Arthur Pue Gorman as United States Senator, and the legislature of Virginia will elect a Senator in place of John W. Daniel.

THE PER CAPITA.

One of the most extraordinary things with regard to the free silver crusade, as it has been carried on in the West for years, is the bold, unblushing falsehoods which are circulated there to deceive the people. Not less extraordinary is the fact that many put faith in them, though the truth is easily ascertained. Here is a sample statement, which we find in the columns of a Colorado newspaper:

> In 1865, the most prosperous business year the United States ever knew, the currency in the country amounted to $53.28 per capita. Secretary McCulloch began his contraction policy, and it was continued until 1873, when the currency amounted to $18.04 per capita. Then came a panic, which was only relieved by the Bland act, which increased the circulation by 1883 to $22.91 per capita. After a while came the Sherman act, which added about $4,500,000 per month to the currency, and which resulted in a high tide of prosperity in 1891 and 1892. When it was repealed in 1893, the panic followed.

This is a lie in every material statement. Here are the facts, taken from the official publications of the United States Treasury department:

The circulation per capita was $13.85 in 1860, $17.84 in 1863, and $20.57 in 1865. But in the latter year this $20.57 is calculated in greenbacks, which were depreciated. The average premium on gold during 1865 was 157.3. That is to say, the average value of the greenback during 1865 was but 68.9 cents, measured in gold. Consequently the gold value of the $20.57 was but $14.17 in gold.

In 1870, the circulation per capita was $17.50, in 1871 $18.10, in 1872 $18.19, and in 1873 it was $18.04. The decline was not progressive, by any means.

The panic of 1873, the inevitable result of greenback depreciation and the utter derangement of values which it caused, was cured by the resumption of specie payments, which took place on January 1, 1879, and brought our paper money all up to gold value.

The panic of 1893 came in June, 1893, and that panic impelled Grover Cleveland to convene Congress in extra session to consider the situation, as a result of which the purchasing clause of the Sherman act was repealed on November 1, 1893. That repeal was because of the panic, and the repeal was not the cause of the panic.

The official statement on September 1 shows that the actual circulation on that day was $22.89 per capita, and the total amount of money in the United States was $34.25 per capita.

Why believe silverite lies when the facts are at hand to ascertain the truth?

SOVEREIGN AND HANNA.

Mr. J. R. Sovereign, the head of the Knights of Labor, is making Democratic speeches in Ohio under the management of the Democratic state committee. His theme is Mark Hanna and his speeches are filled with abuse of Ohio's junior Senator. He talks to miners and laboring men and fills his harangues with statements that Hanna is a "labor crusher," "an enemy of organized labor," "a cruel oppressor," and "a bloated monopolist."

Down in the mining districts Mr. Hanna took occasion to notice Mr. Sovereign and he did so in this way:

> It is not necessary for me to say that all this is a lie, because Sovereign knows it is a lie, you know it is a lie, and everybody who knows Sovereign and everybody who knows me knows it is a lie; and, furthermore, Sovereign cannot get an intelligent man in the state of Ohio to believe it. If his charges are true I ought to be in the penitentiary instead of the United States Senate, and if he can prove them I am willing to go there. But I have never been able to get him to make any specifications or name any witnesses or any time or place or occurrence, while I am willing to rest upon the testimony of any and every man who was ever in my employ. I was born in Ohio and have spent all my life here, and have pulled as hard on my end of the rope as any of the men on my pay roll, and they know it. I am not willing to be tried by professional agitators from other states, but I offer my life as a man and my record as an employer of men to the judgment of every honest laboring man in Ohio.
>
> During the month of August last there were 4,800 men upon the pay rolls of the several industries with which I am connected, and they received $246,886 in wages, on an average of $60 a month each. That is the kind of a labor-crusher I am, and these wages have been maintained during the long years of financial depression, although several of our enterprises were run at a heavy loss. These companies pay in cash and have never missed a pay-day. They pay the highest rate of wages going in every line of work.

Bryan dodges the expression of an opinion on the New York mayoralty campaign. He dare make no enemies, in view of his candidacy for 1900.

The Cleveland World says that on Nov. 2 John R. McLean "will be Marked down." He would be dear at any price, no matter how low.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

Every standard to be applied in business shows a remarkably healthy condition in trade and commerce. For the last ten weeks merchants and manufacturers have had a demand for their varied products which has not been surpassed in years. That there should be shown a quieter tendency now is to be expected. Some falling off in trade is noted for last week, but it was only that natural to the season of the year. The fall and winter buying has already been done, and it is a little early for the holiday trade. Clearings make favorable comparison with those for the corresponding week a year ago, but they were not quite up to the standard of the previous week. Orders received by manufacturers steadily grow, and additions to the number of mills in operation continue to be made.

Railroad earnings continue to increase, trade conditions are favorable, bank clearings reflect the healthy state of trade, and there is no sort of adequate reason on which to base doubts as to the future. The gold reserve is well past $150,000,000, and is growing. There is money in abundance in the banks, and the future is promising.

The wheat market has been lifted out of the slough of despond and placed once more on the hard road where travel is easy. The forces that lifted it have been a long time in silent preparation. It had become a matter of grave doubt whether the early claims of European scarcity had not already been fully recognized, or perhaps unduly acknowledged by the prices recently current; but circumstances have arisen that make strongly for the contention advanced earlier in the season that the shortage of the world's grain crops have been of a character approaching at least the phenomenal. In support of that is the revival of activity in the demand for export at the end of four months of the heaviest shipments ever sent abroad in a similar period. There seems at the moment good ground for the expectation that $1 wheat in Chicago will soon be established on a more permanent basis than when that price was reached earlier in the season.

So far as the interests of the farmers are concerned, a rise in the price of corn is of much more consequence than an advance in wheat, on account of the much greater quantity they possess of the former. Its decline has been arrested and some gain effected because of a renewal of the shipping demand on a liberal scale, but perhaps more largely in sympathy with the rise in wheat. The stock in commercial hands is unprecedently large and still growing, so that any marked improvement in its price, so long as that shall continue, seems hardly possible. Provisions have been depressed by the effect upon speculative sentiment of the yellow fever epidemic in the south, although prices of lard and meats have been steadily rising in foreign markets depending heavily upon this country for supplies. The near approach of the season when cold weather will undoubtedly stop the progress of the disease has already led to some improvement in the spirit of the trade and to the beginning of an advance in the price of hog products.

Accounts received at the office of the Secretary of Agriculture convey intelligence of the withdrawal by the Swiss Federal Council, at the request of the United States government, of certain charges which have been calculated to greatly prejudice consumers against American meats. These charges were published early in the summer by one of the leading Swiss economic journals. The council has just communicated to that journal the protest made by the United States minister, together with the reply to the charges prepared by the chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry in the Agricultural department, and the journal has published the communication in full. In addition, the council has issued a request, which for all practical purposes may be regarded as a command, that all Swiss papers that have discussed the matter will follow the example of the journal in question. It is also learned from the United States minister at Rome that the discriminating exaction imposed on meats coming from the United States in accordance with which all certificates of inspection require the vise of Italian consuls in the United States, will shortly be removed. It seems likely at first, as had been suggested by the attitude taken by the Italian government at the time of the enactment of the tariff bill, that it intended to use this exaction as a means of leverage in securing tariff concessions, but the representations of the American minister have seemingly availed to bring about the removal of the exaction without involving any such concessions as it was thought the Rome government intended to demand.

So far as surface indications go no change of moment has taken place in the mayoralty situation in New York. The four principal candidates are making a vigorous campaign, three of them—General Tracy, Mr. Low and Mr. George—being engaged in an unremitting discussion of what they conceive to be the issues involved, while the fourth, Judge Van Wyck, has so far confined his electioneering efforts to the preparation of a letter of acceptance. To the ordinary observer no indications are apparent going to show whether any of them has made inroads upon the strength of the others. There has never been a time when the outcome of the situation was so difficult to forecast as is at present the case in the Greater New York. As is usual under similar circumstances, there is no lack of claims on the part of the managers of the individual candidates, but these may be dismissed with scant consideration. At present opinions as to the outcome are, to say the least, decidedly premature.

The formal reply of the British government to the proposals of the American bimetallic commissioners is couched in language that softens the harshness of rejection, but it is none the less conclusive. The Indian mints will not be opened, the American proposals will not be acceded to, and there will be, therefore, no international conference participated in by Great Britain.

India does not want free coinage. The government, without consulting banking and commercial interests, has decided that the reopening of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver would precipitate a disastrous panic. Banking and commercial interests are known to be opposed to opening the mints.

France does not want free coinage except upon terms which can never be acceded to. If England will reopen her mints to the free coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 15½ to 1, and buy outright an immense amount of silver annually, and if the United States and Germany will do likewise, France will resume free coinage.

The British ministry is a unit in opposition to free coinage. Having given the proposals of the American monetary commission careful and exhaustive consideration, the ministry respectfully and firmly declines to approve any one of them. The British government will not do anything for silver. No matter what may be the personal opinions of members of the cabinet, it is a unit in refusing "to do something for silver."

Germany has not expressed her views. It is known, however, that the action of England is the action of Germany. The Germans are satisfied with their present monetary system. It yields them all the coin they require to transact business with. It gives them a stable standard of value which neither appreciates nor depreciates, and whose purchasing power remains practically constant.

Not one of these powers has or will entertain the slightest objection to the making of an experiment in free coinage by any other nation or by one of their number. France is willing and even anxious that England will take the initiative. England is willing that France shall try it. Both are willing that the United States shall undertake to coin gold and silver at any ratio that may be established.

Not only are they willing that we should try to do what they look upon as the height of folly, but they will and us in any and every way except to take our coins at the value we stamp upon them. So it follows that the force of the monometallists' demand that we coin silver at the ratio of 16 o 1 without the aid or consent of any other nation on earth is destroyed. They not only consent to it, but they urge us to do it.

But every last one of them, and particularly France, asserts that independent bimetallism cannot be successful. France and the United States together cannot make a success of bimetallism. It is impossible for any government on earth to establish an arbitrary standard and compel other nations to buy and sell by it. We can have bimetallism for ourselves, we can cheat one another at home if we will, but we cannot go over to France and England to do it.

Unless, then, the loss of the gold standard is to be continually invited, there is more reason than ever for the early enactment by Congress of a currency reform measure.

Prominent among the items in the estimate for sea-coast defenses, submitted by the chief of engineers in his annual report, is an item of $500,000 for the purchase of land fortifications. It is pointed out that the great range of modern high-power guns compels the establishment of defensive lines at distances from the cities and harbors considerably greater than have heretofore been necessary. At many harbors the sites of the older type of works are at distances from the objects to be protected insufficient to permit of a proper defense under modern conditions, while at other harbors the areas of the older sites when otherwise suitable are too small to accommodate the modern defenses. The acquisition of desirable sites has, therefore, been a necessary feature of the construction of the modern system of sea-coast defenses. A number of sites of importance have been acquired during the year, but others are needed. The amount required for this purpose is but a tenth of that given in the estimates as requisite for providing guns and mortar batteries.

It is a remarkable coincidence that while the guns of the North Atlantic squadron were thundering a salute to the glorious old frigate Constitution in Boston harbor on last Thursday, Trafalgar day was being celebrated in England, and Nelson's flagship, the Victory, at Portsmouth, was decorated with laurels and evergreens. The 21st of October is a memorable day in the naval history of both nations.

The disagreement of the jury in the Luetgert case was a natural, if not inevitable, ending of the long and wearisome trial, with its sensational incidents and conflicting testimony. There is always a certain unwillingness to convict a man of murder on circumstantial evidence, when the penalty is such that the wrong cannot be undone in case subsequent developments prove that a mistake was made. In this particular case the evidence presented was far less strong than that which is often available in similar cases; it was less strong, for example, than that presented in the famous Dr. Parkman case, with which this Luetgert case had several points of similarity. Whatever one may think as to the probability of the sausage maker's guilt, it certainly cannot be said that the evidence presented was such that the jury should have unquestionably come to an unanimous verdict of conviction.

A number of farmers in Alabama have pledged themselves to sow from five to twenty bushels of wheat this fall. "This is a movement," says the Atlanta Constitution, "which if persisted in, will emancipate our pockets from the necessity of paying tribute to the West and our stomachs from the thousand and one brands of 'patent' flour, in which the essence of the wheat has either been wholly destroyed or substituted by kaolin or some other mixture of equal weight and fineness."

In a letter to Bishop Horstmann, Mgr. Schroeder, professor of dogmatic theology at the Catholic University at Washington, makes it clear that he is anxious to end his official relations with the university when he can with credit to himself, but that he cannot be driven away nor will he go while the object of attack.

Steady progress appears to be making with the new navy. The report of Chief Naval Constructor Hichborn records the advance towards completion of 23 vessels, which, when added to those already in the service, will raise the effective sea power of the United States within a year to imposing proportions among nations of the first rank and make it second, Mr. Hichborn says, to Great Britain and France in practical efficiency. During the first ten months of the present year no less than twelve new vessels have been added to the commissioned fleet. These have brought the number of war vessels completed in the last fourteen years up to 57, all of which are of the most modern type. It appears that the secretary of the navy has become concerned at what he regards the excessive expenditures made by the department in connection with repairs to ships, and he has issued a special circular intended to limit expenditures of this nature.

The change of administration in Cuba consequent upon the displacement of General Weyler by General Blanco is reported to involve the establishment of a considerable measure of reform in the treatment of the island by the Spanish government. The Spanish minister at Washington has just communicated to the officials of the state department some account of the measures of reform which are to be put in operation as the result of the accession to power of a liberal Spanish minister in the person of Senor Sagasta. The new captain-general, it appears, is charged with the duty of consulting prominent Cubans in Havana in reference to the best method for a more liberal civil government of the unhappy island. The details of the plan which the Madrid government has in contemplation have not been made known, but report has it in a general way that provision will be made for the establishment of a system of government similar to that enjoyed by Canada under the British crown, with the exception of the right to maintain militia organizations. The reason suggested for this exception is that the Cuban population is of too excitable nature to permit with safety the establishment of volunteer regiments for home service. So far as can be gathered from the accounts made public, the Spanish home government does not contemplate the concession of an autonomous legislative body, at least while conditions in the island remain as at present, though it is intimated that with the conclusion of peace even this may be allowed to the Cubans. How the proposals will be received by the Cubans themselves remains to be seen. So far as the expressed opinion of Cuban leaders of the revolutionary party go, the concessions reported as in contemplation stop short of what they hope to attain, and stand little chance of being accepted by them.

Charmingly complacent is Germany in offering to let us have Hawaii providing we give them Samoa. It is a snub to England scarcely less than that delivered by the bumptious William in the Transvaal. The lion's tail will give another switch of displeasure.

Important news comes from Honolulu of the acceptance by Japan of the arbitration proposed by the Hawaiian government of the questions at issue between the two countries. These are: "The questions of the bona fide possession of $50 by each of the rejected free laborers, and the applicability of the treaty of 1871 to Japan's subjects other than the merchant class."

Instead of accepting the King of the Belgians as arbitrator the Hawaiian government suggests that the arbitration should be by three eminent jurists, each government selecting one and those two uniting on the choice of a third. It is said that Japan is likely to agree to this.

Japan's seeming acquiescence to the proposals of the Dole government is said to arise from the belief of its statesmen that the annexation negotiations will fail, and in that event the interests of the mikado would quickly become paramount in the little Republic of the Pacific.

But the annexation to the United States is not likely to fail.

Pullman is dead, but the Pullman porter continues to do business.

NOVEL BICYCLE SKATE.

Bicycle skates will soon be familiar features of Chicago's boulevards. Charles S. Ellis of that city, has invented a wheel skate that is a decided novelty. It has at each end a seven-inch metal wheel with pneumatic tire. The foot rests upon a support between the wheels and is held in place by straps like an old-fashioned skate. The footrest is dropped below the center of gravity and is but two and one-half inches from the ground. The skate is twenty-seven inches long, and a pair will weigh about five pounds. Mr. Ellis says a person can travel as fast on his skates as on a bicycle and with less exertion. There is less weight to carry, and there is not as much strain on the muscles, after the ankles have become accustomed to the work. The skater can step over ruts and other uneven places in his road that the wheel rider may not be able to avoid, and the disagreeable sensation of coming down on the center post with a hard jolt is avoided in the skate. There are foreign bicycle skates in which the wheels are smaller, with rubber tires and are under the foot. That raises the foot high from the ground and compels a considerable inclination of the ankle in making turns. Mr. Ellis' device has the advantage of pneumatic tires, a low footrest and ball bearings. The tires are single tube and may be inflated and repaired like bicycle tires. Mr. Ellis says the sensation of rolling on his skate is like ice skating, and he finds there is little trouble in learning to use them. Mr. Ellis has a number of valuable inventions to his credit.

AN ODD FIGUREHEAD.

The figurehead of the frigate Constitution, representing Andrew Jackson holding a scroll in one hand and an old-fashioned plug hat in the other, adorns the lawn of Willow Dale, a summer resort near Lowell, Mass.

He stands upon a granite block and a wooden canopy protects his venerable form. The figurehead was put on the Constitution between 1812 and 1834.

Mr. Jonathan Bowers, proprietor of Willow Dale, bought it in 1861 in a carver's shop, where it was lying among other figureheads.

"General Jackson" has had a gay career at Willow Dale. For some time he stood un-

ANDREW JACKSON'S QUEER POSITION.

sheltered on the brow of a small hill. Later, with the advent of a merry-go-round, Jackson was taken from his lofty position and placed in the center of the ring, and the hobby horses circled around the erstwhile prow ornament of the Constitution.

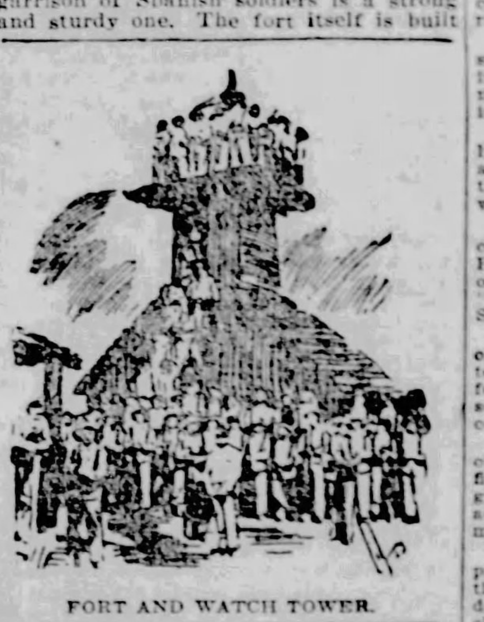
For ten years the figurehead remained on duty until the heavy snows of one winter demolished the merry-go-round, but Andrew Jackson braved it all.

The figure was then placed in the dance hall and for seven years frowned down upon the merrymakers. Last year it was again brought outside and placed where it now stands.

TROCHA "FORTS."

The famous trocha of Cuba, with its forts stationed at regular distances apart, has been heard of far and near.

Just what these forts are like is a matter upon which the public is not so well informed. The fort and watch tower in this instance are near Marianao and the garrison of Spanish soldiers is a strong and sturdy one. The fort itself is built



FORT AND WATCH TOWER.

simply of planks and has the appearance of a structure which would not offer much resistance to a determined body of men. The watch tower top resembles part of a Chinese pagoda and any sudden move on that part of the garrison stationed there is liable to be followed by a tumble to the ground as no railing protects the sentry. These forts are to be found all through Cuba.

FOR HIS MOTHER.

The little bag shown in the picture safely held a pound of gold on the journey from Dawson City to Pittsburg. It was sent by William G. Stoney to the woman he loved best and oftenest remembered in the far away gold country—his mother. It was first intrusted to

A BAG OF GOLD FOR HIS MOTHER.

Stoney's friend, S. D. Goff, and by him forwarded to Mrs. Stoney. The time was a little more than sixty days.

The bag is being preserved by the fond mother, who prizes it more for the assurance it brought her that her son was thinking of her amid the hardships and trials of that far-off country than for the gold it contained.

The condition at Dawson City is simply terrible, because of the shortage of food supplies. Famine will get in its ghastly work long before the winter is over, if means of relief are not devised. The story brought by the latest vessel gives a forecast of the horrors to come.

The thing to be done is to get out the vote. If this is accomplished, Republicans will sweep the state and have a safe majority in the legislature.

The death of Dana also retires from public life Hon. Abe Slupsky.

CURRENT EVENTS.

There are 5,000,000 lemon trees in Italy.

Agriculture in Italy employs 3,000,000 women.

Christmas cards first came into fashion in 1846.

In Holland men frequently wear their hats in church.

France, in an emergency, could muster an army of 1,300,000 men.

Fifty-six men were killed during the building of the Forth bridge.

There are three times as many telephones in Germany as in France.

One-seventh of the population of England are engaged in the building trade.

Krupp's gun-making establishment at Essen, Germany, employs 20,000 people.

Hamburg's new colossal docks measure 130 meters in length and 36 in breadth.

The legal expenses of a bankrupt are sometimes far greater than the amount of his debts.

About 100,000 tons of carbon are annually sent up London chimneys in the form of smoke.

Snails are collected on the Kentish pastures every year in large quantities and dispatched to Paris.

Native and foreign investors now are studying the oil wells of Japan. The field is considered promising.

The usual odds laid by an accident company are 1,000 to 4 that you do not die from an accident in a year.

The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand that, it is said, objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.

The California walnut crop probably will be short this season. It is estimated that it amounts to only 175 ten-ton carloads, or 3,500,000 pounds.

A determined Bath (Me.) woman in order to comply with the ordinance requiring a light, scorched down street one evening with a big lantern lashed to her handle bar.

Bottles now are being made of paper under a German patent. They are for use particularly on shipboard, where heavy weather works havoc among glass receptacles.

Cigarette smokers will be interested to learn that a criminal guillotined at Lisle the other day, contrived to keep his papelito going until his head rolled into the basket.

Chicago experts, after a few years' experience with vitrified brick pavement, say it is equal to granite and much better than asphalt or cedar block paving. It is cheaper, too.

In London the omnibus horse is worn out in five years, the tram horse in four, the postoffice horse in six and the brewers' in from six to seven, while the vestry horses last eight years.

Addison, Me., is famous for its dike marshes, which for many years have been a source of income to its people. The estimated crop of hay yielded by these lands this season is 450 tons.

Considerable indignation, it is said, is being aroused in the hunting districts of the English Midland counties, especially among agriculturalists, in consequence of the importation of foxes bred in Germany.

The allowance of the lord mayor of London, up to the mayoralty of Sir Sidney Waterlow in 1782, was $40,000 annually; but it was increased in that year to $50,000, at which sum it has ever since remained.

Eileen Rowena Victoria Diamond Jubilee Vagg and Queen Victoria Williams are the names to which two little English girls are condemned until marriage, on account of the recent celebration in England.

Los Angeles capital is interested in a scheme to buy 300,000 tons of Comstock tailings, which went through the Gould & Curry mill in the sixties. Including quicksilver, it is figured that the deposit is worth $2,000,000.

A Southern newspaper reports 97 cases of lynching in the United States since January 1, and the list is by no means complete. Of those 80 were negroes, and but 23 of them were lynched for crimes against women.

The only armless editor in the world, according to the Boston Transcript, lives at Mt. Pleasant, Tex., and presides over the destinies of the Times Review, published at that place. "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

There are over 1,000 islands under the flag of Japan, and in Georgian Bay, the north extension of Lake Huron, where we find very few islands on the map, there are in reality several thousand islands, most of them, of course, quite small.

Whenever Mr. Gladstone catches cold he at once goes to bed. This has been his rule for fifteen years. It is an interesting fact not generally known that he wrote his election address announcing the dissolution of Parliament in 1874 in bed.

Emperor William has begun at Berlin the practice of keeping the Lutheran churches of the city open throughout the day on week days. Until now only the Roman Catholic churches have been left thus open to stray worshipers on week days.

A French savant named Leveille, writing in Cosmos, assures his readers that the fakirs in India have independently discovered the art of making gold, the reported discovery of which by an American chemist recently attracted some attention.

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently. They objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to keep the run of travelers when they leave hotels and boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them on their arrival.

The oldest bank note in existence is in the British Museum. It was printed in China in the year 1368, 32 years before Johann Guttenberg, the reputed inventor of printing, was born. It was issued 300 years before bank notes were circulated in Europe.

Down in Texas little Miss Fite, of Moran, wants to pick cotton against little Miss Ward, of Meridian. Both are six years old, and they weigh 48 and 47 pounds respectively. The Lone Star state has her infant industries, and all they want is an open field and no favors.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with humble bees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover which has been introduced into the colony.

It is estimated that 22 acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on fresh meat. The same space of land if devoted to wheat culture would feed 42 people; if to oats, 88; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176, and if to the plantain or bread-fruit tree, over 6,000 people.

Many people eat altogether too much salt. The result is that the skin and kidneys are excessively taxed to get rid of the salt, and both are injured by it. Few people have healthy skins, and it is believed that many cases of derangement of the kidneys are due to the salt habit.

The forms of sea life in the upper portion of the ocean waters may descend to a depth of 1,200 feet or so from the surface; but there then succeeds a barren zone, which continues to within 300 feet to 200 feet from the bottom, where the deep sea animals begin to appear.

Vegetables are now being dried like apples and other fruit. Seven pounds of potatoes weigh one pound when dried, and other vegetables shrink in weight correspondingly. Onions, carrots and potatoes are the vegetables used most now, but the industry will, it is expected, develop greatly.

The growth of the nails on the left hand requires eight or ten days more than those on the right. The growth is more rapid in children than in adults, and goes on faster in summer than in winter. It requires an average of 120 days for the renewal of the nails in cold weather, and but 116 in warm weather.

The old proverbial purity of snow has been taken to task by a chemist. The clean snow on melting was fairly bright; it gave on analysis: Total solids, 24 grains per gallon; chlorine, trace; free ammonia, .016 part per million; albuminoid ammonia, .034 part per million. Iron also was present, giving a new black color with ammonium sulphide. This water would be totally unfit to drink.

Science and religion have indulged in numerous arguments upon the age of the earth. One of the best authorities and one whose testimony is admitted by almost all disputants, tells us that the earth became solid somewhere between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 years ago. This statement is based on the length of time that would be required to solidify all of the strata of which we have any knowledge.

Publishers' Column.

WATCHES BY MAIL.

The Blade offers its readers this season a new list of watches at less than ordinary retail prices, sent postpaid by mail on receipt of prices marked below. The list embraces two or three cheap but good watches, and three or four better grade of time keepers.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

A stem winder and stem-setter, having all the modern appliances known to watchmakers' art. The case is solid nickel. It is made on the celebrated thin model plan. Remember, this is not a small clock, commonly called a watch by unscrupulous advertisers, but a highly jeweled nickel movement, made by one of the most celebrated watch manufacturers in America. It is guaranteed by the manufacturer, and if not found exactly as represented, this guarantee is assumed by us. A watch like this a generation ago would have cost $20, if it could have been produced, but the fact is it contains appliances unknown at that time. Each watch has been thoroughly adjusted, and will be sent in perfect running order.

Price $2.00
Same in gold filled hunting case, guaranteed 5 years 6.00

THE SETH THOMAS WATCH.

A genuine American watch, jeweled, and guaranteed an accurate time piece. Nickel, open face, stem wind and stem set, made on the celebrated thin model plan. Price, $4.00.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.

Men's open face gold filled watch, either engraved or engine turned, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 15 years. This watch is open face only, stem winder, pendant set. Price by registered mail, $11.50.

WALTHAM HUNTING CASE.

This watch is the celebrated thin model watch—we mean by thin model that it does not bulge the pocket out of shape or give people the impression that you are carrying a clock movement. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, so thick that they will last fifteen years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watchmakers. The ring joints, thumb piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements. The movement is made by the celebrated Waltham Watch Co., and is perfect in construction and durability. This watch comes in hunting case only. Price, $15.00.

SOLID GOLD, LADIES' SIZE.

This watch is a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted 14k. U. S. assay. We use no foreign movements in this watch, but all are either Waltham or Elgin "American" movements according to the wish of the purchaser. The works are jeweled and have compensating balance and safety pinion. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship.

Each watch is a stem winder and setter, and has a tempered hair spring. Price, $20.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons $1.25
½ dozen teaspoons .... .85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks 2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks 1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks 2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks 1.15
½ dozen table knives 2.25
1 dozen table knives 4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Our latest picture is Sheridan at the Battle of Five Forks, size 10x15 inches, and executed in colors. Price 15 cents. This picture cannot be purchased at an art store for less than 75 cents.

Address with remittance in current funds,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

Splendid Offer to Lady Reader of THE BLADE.

NO. 7197—LADIES' AND MISSES' COSSACK BLOUSE.

Medium weight rough surface cloth in the popular Yale-blue is here shown made into a Russian blouse wrap trimmed with astrakhan and black braid. With it is worn a hat of mottled cloth edged and banded with velvet and showing a bunch of quills at the left side. The blouse consists of fronts, backs, under-arm gores and separate basque portions seamed to the fronts at the waist line. The

7197—Ladies' and Misses' Cossack Blouse.

sleeves are in coat shape, finished with epaulettes at the shoulders and with astrakhan binding and braid at the wrists. At the neck is a high, flaring collar, and at the waist is worn a belt of handsome leather. The garment is lined throughout with plaid taffeta, the silk being cut precisely as is the cloth.

To make this blouse for a lady in the medium size will require two yards of 54-inch material. The pattern, No. 7197, is cut in sizes for a 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7193, MISSES' BLOUSE WAIST—NO. 7047, MISSES' SKIRT.

The large showing of bordered woolen fabrics exhibited in the shops this season induces us to give this simple design by which they can be developed. The material employed is matted cheviot on a gray-blue ground, the woven rep stripes in rich dark blue that form the border looking almost like heavy ottoman ribbon in different widths. The skirt, straight on the lower edge, is simply hemmed or faced and hangs in graceful fullness from two rows of tucked shirring that droop in the center-front. Gathers adjust the fullness to the belt, the back being gathered into narrow space on each side of the placket, and falls in flute-like folds to the foot.

The waist is arranged over fitted linings; the border at the top forming the modish trimming. A tiny vest of creamy cloth shows, between the open fronts of the stylish blouse, round cream-pearl buttons decorating the edges. The wide belt and close standing collar are cut from the border.

The fashionable sleeves fit the arm closely to near the top, where the fullness is stylishly caught up at the shoulder, the border trimming being applied as shown. When plain, plaid or mixed woolens are used, braid, ribbon or velvet can be applied in place of the border as here delineated. This makes a very

7193—Misses' Waist. 7047—Misses' Skirt.

stylish costume for young girls and is adapted to either silk, wool or cotton fabrics.

To make this blouse for a miss of fourteen will require 2¼ yards of 44-inch material, and the skirt will require 2¾ yards of the same width goods. The waist pattern, No. 7193, is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years. The skirt pattern, No. 7047, is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years.

DO NOT FAIL to give the NUMBER of pattern, and MEASUREMENTS. It will save trouble and delay.

NO. 7201—BOYS' HIGHWAYMAN COAT.

No model yet found is more stylish or generally serviceable than the one here shown. As illustrated, the material is tan-colored kersey cloth with stitched edges and buttons of smoked pearl, but rough cloth is equally correct. The coat, tasteful as it is, is simplicity itself. The fitting is effected by shoulder and under-arm seams only, the left front laps well over the right, where the closing is ef-

7201—Boys' Highwayman Coat.

fected by buttons and button-holes. The upper portions are turned back to meet the roll-over collar in uneven notches, but in severe weather can be turned up high about the throat. The sleeves are in the regulation coat style, finished with turn-over cuffs. The three capes are circular in shape and fit across the shoulders with a slight ripple effect. The entire garment is lined with striped silk.

To make this coat for a boy of six years will require two yards of fifty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7201, is cut in sizes for boys of four, six and eight years.

NO. 7190, LADIES' WAIST—NO. 7102, LADIES' FIVE GORED SKIRT WITHOUT DARTS.

The striking and stylish gown shown in the illustration is made of soft wool material, the design of which includes green, a bright shade of tan and lines of black. The square yoke is of tan-colored silk and the trimming consists of fine black mohair braid and ornamental buttons. The blouse bodice is made over a fitted lining which includes the usual pieces and seams, but shows single darts in place of double, and which closes at the centre-front. The blouse is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams only. The yoke portion is faced onto the plaid at the line of perforations, the joining being concealed by the trimming.

The closing is effected invisibly at the left shoulder and down the left side beneath the widest band of braid. The narrower bands and the fancy strip are sewed to the left section of the blouse, so continuing the trimming in harmony with the yoke edges and epaulettes. The sleeves are two-seamed and snug-fitting close to the shoulder where they

7190—Ladies' Waist.
7102—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt without Darts.

are finished by the small puffs that are a marked feature of the season. The oblong epaulettes give breadth to the figure and add to the general stylish effect. The neck is finished by a straight, standing collar above which rises a frill of lace. At the waist is worn a belt of tan-colored ribbon clasped with an ornamental buckle.

The skirt is five gored and fitted smoothly about the hips. The back is arranged in deep underlying plaits. The trimming is carried down from the blouse in a continuous line, so producing the princess effect.

Cashmere, drap-d'ete, camel's-hair and all the new poplin weaves as well as taffetas are eminently suitable. The trimming can be carried out in silk passementerie, in fancy braid, in jet or in velvet ribbon, all of which are in vogue. The yoke can be of contrasting material, as shown, or one of jet or applique, such as are sold ready for use, can be applied.

To make this blouse for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch material, and for the skirt five and five-eighths yards of same width goods. The waist pattern, No. 7190, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. The skirt pattern, No. 7102, is cut in sizes for a 22, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

FREE !! FREE !! READ AND SEE !

We mail a lot of Rolled Gold and Gold Plated Jewelry to sell among friends. When sold, you send money and we mail a stem-winding Gold Plated, Watch and Chain, or you keep half the money instead of a watch. By sending, you agree to pay for or return jewelry on demand. No goods sent minors. Write your name, Mr., Miss or Mrs., or we cannot send. Address, Dept. 21, N.Y.T.CO., 543 E. 116th St. New York.

NO. 7204—LADIES' AND MISSES' RUSSIAN SHIRT WAIST.

The latest variation of the short waist combines the blouse front with the familiar yoke back. The model shown is of plaid taffeta silk, collar and necktie being all made of the material. The fronts pouch over the belt and the right side, which laps over the left, is finished with a frill beneath which the closing is invisibly affected. The back shows the double pointed yoke and plaited

7204—Ladies' and Misses' Russian Shirt Waist.

body which is separated from the fronts by under-arm gores. The sleeves are of moderate size and one-seamed, the fulness at the wrists being gathered into the straight cuffs. The collar is made in the narrow turn-over or stock style, but one of linen can be substituted with equally good effect. At the waist is worn a plain belt of the silk.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require four and one-half yards of twenty-two-inch maerial. The pattern, No. 7204, is cut in sizes for a 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7189—LADIES' WORK OR ARTISTS' APRON.

An apron that can be trusted to completely cover the gown and to protect it from soil, and that can be readily removed, is a necessity felt by the artist and the housekeeper alike. The model shown in the illustration is well adapted to both uses. It is loose without being clumsy and it includes pockets, which add greatly to its convenience. As given, the material is gingham in stripes of blue, the only finish being a narrow quilling around the collar with stitched hems and bands. Percale, calico, and lawn are all suitable, however, the one and only requisite being a material that can be laundered with ease.

The apron proper has shoulder and under-arm seams only. It is left open for its entire length at the back and is buttoned over from the neck to a point below the waist line. As illustrated, the neck is high and finished with a roll-over collar; but perforations provide for square, round or pointed neck as may be preferred. The sleeves are one seamed and fit loosely over those of the gown. The fulness at the shoulder is gathered and seamed at the arm's-eye; that at the wrists is stitched firm-

7189—Ladies' Work or Artists' Apron.

ly to straight bands of the material. The pattern, No. 7189, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

WHEN TO KEEP QUIET.

When you feel that ideas are crowding your brain
And struggling for ardent expression;
When impulses come that you scarce can restrain
To arise with some charge or confession;
When your inmost emotion persuades you to speak
Opinions which fairly run riot;
When the thoughts come so fast that your soul yearns to shriek—
It's a mighty good time to keep quiet.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Told by an Eye-Witness.

When Hamlin Garland was gathering material for the "Life of Grant" he spent a day or two in Atlanta, where he met an old Virginia negro who said that he had witnessed Lee's surrender. Garland was interested and questioned him closely.

"You say you were present when Lee surrendered?"

"Dat I wuz, sah!"

"Did you see Lee give up his sword?"

"No suh, I didn't. Gin'rul Lee give up his sword? Not him! Dey tried ter take it fum him, but he made a pass at one er two of dem en dey left' off—I tell you!"

And where was Grant all that time?"

"Oh, he wuz right dar, suh! En he tol' em, he did: 'Well, boys, let him keep the weepon. He can't do much damage, kase he done whipped anyhow.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

HALLOWEEN OBSERVANCES

FESTIVAL ANXIOUSLY LOOKED FOR IN THE OLD COUNTRIES.

Many Tests by Which You Can Decipher What True Love Has for You—Origin and Observance.

Halloween is a relic of the roistering days of paganism. But just when the exact established observance commenced it is impossible to say. It is known that the ancient Druids performed certain rites on what is now known as Hallowmas eve. We are told that on this night fires were lit deep in remote forests, upon the hilltops and great plains and mystic rites performed. It was the belief that on this night the powers of darkness held a sort of annual mustering within the domain of mortals, and that therefore care must be taken that the living were not brought under the evil influence. Within more recent times the superstition has more or less died out, giving way to the much more pleasant nut-cracking apple-ducking, etc.

It has nothing to do with the church observance of the following day of All Saints, and there is nothing in All Saints to have originated such extraordinary and absurd tricks as have from ancient times attached themselves to this evening.

Halloween is a delightful combination of mystery and mirth; the night most eagerly anticipated of the whole year among children. Small boys go nutting weeks beforehand, to gather their harvest for this occasion, and in the north of England Halloween is still known as nut-cracking night. In Scotland Halloween is a great holiday, and Burns in his poem on Halloween refers to its love-making properties thus:

The auld gudewife's weel hoordit nits
Are round and round divided,
And mony lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided.
Some kindle couthie side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' wi saucy pride
And jump out ower the chimly,
Fu' high that night.

Halloween, as we know it, is confined to tricks, all of which have for their denouement the discovery of one's own true love, or the unravelment of a love affair. Notwithstanding the fact that Halloween is the night of true love, it is not considered a propitious thing to receive a proposal on this night. If your lover proposes on Halloween, let him bind you by tying a blue ribbon on your wedding ring finger. It is well in dressing for the evening to have somewhere about your person the requisite bit of blue ribbon, lest if you should receive a proposal and accept it, the ribbon might be lacking, the spell would be broken, and your lover would surely leave you within a twelvemonth.

A favorite Halloween divination is the apple trick. You suspend an apple in the doorway so that it hangs five feet above the floor, and as many persons as pass under it, so many months will elapse before you marry. This trick should not be told to the rest of the family, or they may attempt to thwart you by dodging under the apple. If the tenth person hit the apple you will marry ten months from this date, or next August.

If on Halloween you shake hands with a very blonde man you will have a proposal before the bells shall have rung in the new year of '98. If, on the other hand, you shake hands with a very dark man, you will not have a proposal within a year. If with a medium man, you will receive one next June.

You must by no means retire before midnight on Halloween, but must be awake to listen for the sound of bells from the church steeples. There will always be a midnight toll of bells, and it is these that hold your fate. If they reach your ears in bold, distinct notes, you may get ready your wedding trousseau; but if they come to you dull and faint, you must pass your while in patience for another year.

Halloween is the night for deciding if you have two lovers, and are not clear in your mind which you prefer. Think of both just before you go to sleep, and you will dream of the one that you should marry.

The nerviest Halloween test is the best. It is to descend into the cellar at midnight, just as the bells are tolling. In one hand you carry a candle, in the other a looking-glass. On the way down the shadows throw their fantastic shapes into the glass to scare you, but you must walk on and on until you shall have reached the cellar bottom. You grope your way on to the furthest corner, and there you stand looking into the depths of the glass. A shape will creep over it until it lies there before you distinctly. This is the face of your future husband. A little imagination is needed to bring out the features, but of course imagination is in keeping with Halloween.

If you have an outdoor place there is an excellent test. On one side of the house build a bonfire, so as to make the blackness around more intense. Take a ball of cord in your hand and tie the end of the string around your finger. Throw the ball as far as you can. Now wind the cord around your finger, chanting in a solemn tune:

"Slowly I wind, I wind,
My true love to find."

Before you have finished and drawn the ball to you, with its slow creepings, you will see your true love in the fire. Either it will die down, leaving his face in the embers, or its shadows will show him to you.

The apple games are many. The apple seed trick of sticking an apple seed on each eyelid is ever new and true. Name each seed, and the seed that sticks longest will stick to you through life.

Bobbing for apples takes on a fascinating aspect if the bobber knows that she will take as many husbands as she catches apples in her teeth. There are many other Halloween tests, but none better than these.

BRILLIANTS.

Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and as we pass through them they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus.—Emerson.

Religion cannot pass away. Be not disturbed by infidelity. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars, but the stars are there and will reappear.—Thomas Carlyle.

I do believe the common man's work is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony.—Phillips Brooks.

Think not the sorrow that is deep to gauge
With the light plummet idle hands employ;
Think not the fires of anguish to assuage,
Nor feel the flames thou goest to destroy.
Who would come to others' aid,
Must the price of grief have paid;
Who would play the pilot's part,
Must the way have got by heart;
Who would be another's guide,
Must by pain be qualified.

Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,
A good man's name is his best monument.
—Peter Pindar's Epitaph.

Cometary.

As the leading lady entered and swept across the stage with a train that was the most conspicuous part of her, the manager turned to the critic and asked:

"What do you think of my new star?"

To which the critic replied: "Seems to me more like a comet."—Boston Courier.

Just a Guess.

"What kind of costumes are 'spectacular ones?'" asked Mrs. Potts, who was reading the dramatic column.

"Costumes you can see through, I suppose," answered Mr. Potts, after a moment's hesitation.—Indianapolis Journal.

Hood's Pills

Are gaining favor rapidly. Business men and travelers carry them in vest pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine closets, all recommend them. Price 25 cents.

NOT ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD

A fact often overlooked, or not always understood, is that women suffer as much from distressing kidney and bladder troubles as the men. The womb is situated back of and very close to the bladder, and for that reason any distress, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort.

The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided by setting urine aside for 24 hours; a sediment or settling is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need doctoring. If you have pain or dull aching in the back, pass water too frequently, or scanty supply, with smarting or burning—these are also convincing proofs of kidney trouble. If you have doctored without benefit, try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. The mild and the extraordinary effect will surprise you. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures. If you take a medicine you should take the best. At druggists 50 cents and $1. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention Weekly Blade and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

IMPECUNIOUS, BUT HOPEFUL

He was impecunious but hopeful, as office-seekers usually are, and the consciousness that a wealthy brother in his western home could be appealed to in time of need made his hope the stronger, says the Washington Post. For some time preceding the following incident, however, he had not heard from his brother, and his finances were at a low ebb. So, hearing that the congressman from his district, who had been in the city for a short time, was about to return home, he thought it advisable to send back a hint. He met the congressman in front of an uptown hotel, and during the conversation, said:

"When you reach home you'll see my brother, won't you?"

The congressman said he would.

"Well," continued the office-seeker, "I want you to tell him that I'm pretty hard up

"IF HE WANTS ANYTHING JUST DRAW ON ME."

back here, and if he wants to give me a little help now is his time."

The legislator was giving the office-seeker every assurance that he would deliver the message when a mutual acquaintance joined the party and suggested that they adjourn to the bar. The trio seated themselves at a table, and the newcomer ordered a round of drinks, which was followed by another from the congressman. Under the mellowing influences of the rye essence the office-seeker began to see things in a more rosate light. He turned to the congressman and said:

"When you get back home just tell my brother that you saw me and that I'm getting along all right. Tell him, though, that I'd like to hear from him."

The congressman promised to deliver the message as it had been revised, and the waiter was set to work again. Two more rounds were disposed of, and the office-seeker leaned over confidently to the congressman and said:

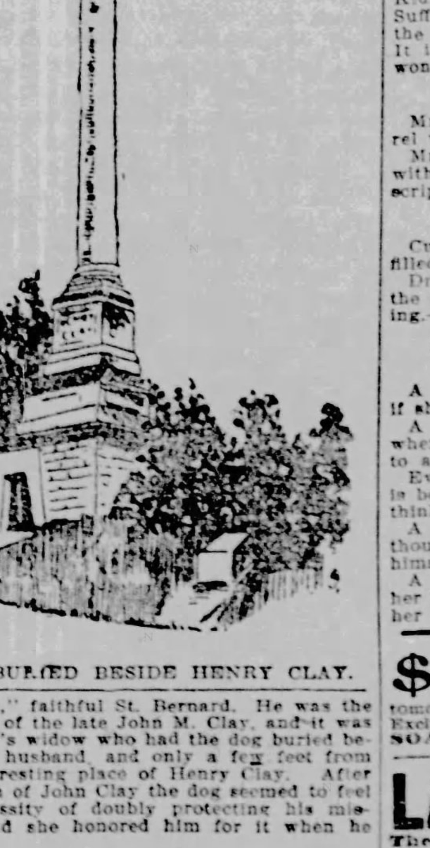
"Shay, jus' tell that —— brother o' mine when you shee him th's anything he wants he can draw on me."

A $1,000.00 Cat Story.

There is a room with four corners in it. There is a cat in each corner. There is a cat opposite each cat. There is a cat on each cat's tail. How many cats are there in this room? The Cremoline Soap Company will give $20 each to the first 10 correct answers to this problem, $15 each to the second 10 correct answers received, and a magnificent silver tea service, value $10, to each one of the next 25 correct answers, and a special prize worth $1 to every other correct answer received. The Cremoline Soap company is taking this way to advertise Cremoline, the finest medicated toilet soap ever made. To compete send with your answer 25 cents silver for a box of Cremoline. Persons winning capital prizes are expected to purchase one dozen Cremoline soap. Try it; you may win $20. Address all replies to Cremoline Soap Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LIES BESIDE HENRY CLAY

Occasionally a dog receives the honor that is due him for his faithful love and devotion. But is is very rare that a canine friend is appreciated by man. The grave of Henry Clay, the great man who said he would rather be right than President, has an odd companion stone. Right beside the monument lies bur-



DOG BURIED BESIDE HENRY CLAY.

ied "Doc," faithful St. Bernard. He was the property of the late John M. Clay, and it was Mr. Clay's widow who had the dog buried beside her husband, and only a few feet from the last resting place of Henry Clay. After the death of John Clay the dog seemed to feel the necessity of doubly protecting his mistress, and she honored him for it when he died.

Scored One On Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson called one morning on Benjamin West to converse with him on American affairs. After some time Mr. West said that he had a young American (Gilbert Stuart) living with him, from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. The conversation continued (Stuart being thus invited to take a part in it), when the doctor observed to Mr. West that the young man spoke very good English, and, turning to Stuart, rudely asked him where he had learned it. Stuart very promptly replied: "Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from your dictionary."

A Side Interest.

"Where is your son, Robert?"

"He's the left halfback of the Cornyale football team."

"Then he's attending college?"

"Yes, incidentally."—Cleve and Plain Dealer.

WANTS TO BE PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, who, if she were elected to the Presidency of the United States, would stand for the remonetization of silver, for prohibition, for universal suffrage and agnosticism, is a Kentucky woman, who has already been mentioned as a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1900. Mrs. Henry for many years has been prominent in Kentucky as a reformer, and she is one of the leading women of that state. She is a native of Newport, Ky. Her father was Captain Euclid Williamson a steamboat man in the days of the floating palaces of the Ohio and Mississippi. Her father died when she was very young, but her mother looked after the child and was careful that she was given a liberal and a good education. The child evinced

MRS. JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

a genuine talent for music, and she is today in no mean way a capable musician. As a poet Mrs. Henry has made a good success. Her verses have the true ring and have been widely copied in the newspapers of the country. "Prisoners of Fate" is especially well known. Her husband, Capt. William Henry, was an officer in the Confederate army, and served with distinction on the side of the South. Six years ago Mrs. Henry lost her only son. This event cast a gloom upon her life which she has tried to lighten by her work for womankind. She does not dream even of being elected President, but her ideas of what should be are just as vigorous as if she had some hope at some time in the future of being the nation's chief magistrate.

—After serious illness, like typhoid fever, pneumonia, or the grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good.

ANTIQUE DRESS.

This strange costume would create a great sensation in an American city and the wearer would probably be the object of many jeers from the irreverent Yankee tongue. But in England such regalia is very impressive, the people regarding it with almost as much awe as they do the royal family. The city of Exeter has among its civic regalia the sword and cap of maintenance presented by Henry

EXETER'S SWORD BEARER.

VII. in recognition of the loyalty shown by its citizens when they opposed the advance of the rebel Perkin Warbeck, in 1497. There was some slight variation in the form of the cap made in the reign of James I. and the picture shows the whole costume as it is to-day. The cap is by no means a gossamer, as it weighs seven pounds. On occasions of state at Exeter, this sword is carried before the mayor and corporation by their sword bearer, who also wears the cap of maintenance. The effect, however, is usually detracted from by the very commonplace boots and trousers of everyday life, worn by this official under his robes.

Strange New Shrub That Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc. Free.

We have previously described the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, which proves a specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disorder of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is now stated that Alkavis is a product of the well-known Kava-Kava Shrub, and is a specific cure for these diseases just as quinine is for malaria. Hon. R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks Alkavis cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of ten years' standing, and Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., gives similar testimony. Many ladies also testify to its wonderful curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. The only importers of Alkavis so far are the Church Kidney Cure Co., of 418 Fourth avenue, New York, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of Weekly Blade who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative power.

The Quarrelsome Fellow.

Mrs. Prye—Tell me, dear, do you ever quarrel with your husband?

Mrs. Lamb—Never! But he often quarrels with me, the hateful thing!—Boston Transcript.

Beyond Him.

Customer—You know that prescription you filled for me yesterday. I want a copy of it.

Druggist—I guess you'll have to get it from the doctor. I never could read his handwriting.—Life.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

A woman can always get what she wants if she doesn't make enough fuss about it.

A girl's education is said to be completed when she begins to hint to her mother how to act before company.

Every girl believes in her heart that she is better looking than other people think she thinks she is.

A woman would never be as happy if she thought her husband took as good care of himself when she was away.

A woman is so contrary that, if you tell her to dry up, she will squeeze water out of her eyes.

$7.00 DAILY AGENTS selling our Specialty SOAPS and give customers double their value in Handsome Presents. Exclusive territory. Sample Outfit Free. MODOC SOAP CO., Cincinnati, O.

LADIES A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address The Women's Medical Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

$10,000 in Prizes for Correct Answers. You may obtain free transportation to Southern California and return, a $50.00 stock award and an interest in a profitable business. Several thousand competitive awards aggregating over $10,000. Every correct paper wins. Send two stamps for prospectus. Russell R. Dorr & Co., 438 D., Globe Building, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRIED LADIES! Egyptian Female Tablets are nature's only true remedy for the prompt and safe removal of all irregularities peculiar to ladies and the correction of painful and suppressed periods—don't worry; they are Mrs. Dr. A. Dale's certain and safe remedy for women; cannot fail. 10,000 testimonials. $1.00; milder, $1.00. By mail. DALE MEDICAL CO., 42, St. Louis, Mo.

987 Tricks, Games, Puzzles, Laughing Camera,

MODES

GRAND EDUCATIONAL CONTEST

$1,000 Worth of PRIZES Will Be Honestly Awarded and Actually Paid. **FIRST PRIZE, $250**

Read carefully the terms of our Great Missing Letter Contest. It will certainly interest you. We have already paid over $2,500.00 in cash prizes to those competing in our various contests this year. This, we think, will be the most interesting of the series.

The following words, when the omitted letters are filled in, are the names of cities of importance in Europe and America:

1	V-E--A	A city in Austria.
2	C-P-N-A-EN	A city in Denmark.
3	P-R-S	A city in France.
4	--RS-I-LES	A city in France.
5	B-R-IN	A city in Germany.
6	-O--ON	A city in England.
7	B-R-O-	A city in England.
8	A--E-S	A city in Greece.
9	---T-R-AM	A city in Holland.
10	D-B--N	A city in Ireland.
11	R--E	A city in Italy.
12	L-S-O-	A city in Portugal.
13	-OS-O-	A city in Russia.
14	-E-TH	A city in Scotland.
15	M--R-D	A city in Spain.
16	-O-O--O	A city in Canada.
17	ME-I-O	A city in Mexico.
18	N---O-K	A city in the U. S.
19	CA---N	A city in the U. S.
20	TO-E--	A city in the U. S.

We give the names of twenty important cities in Europe and America, omitting certain letters in each word. These letters we want you to supply. In other words, we want you to make a list, correctly spelling the twenty cities in their order. To the person sending us the entire list, with all the missing letters correctly supplied, we will give $250 in cash. Should more than one person send us a correct list we will pay $250 to the first correct list received, and we will send to the next one hundred a complete set of Wood's Natural History. (This is a work in 3 large volumes. It contains 4,000 pages and 3,000 beautiful illustrations. Each volume measures 9½x7 inches, and the entire set weighs 15 pounds. It is the greatest work on natural history ever published. The Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A. F. L. S., who is recognized as the greatest authority on matters pertaining to the animal kingdom, spent over thirty years in writing this book, which is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the animal kingdom. No library is complete without this work. It is a library in itself. Any one winning this valuable library of Natural History may, if they prefer cash, sell it to us at the regular retail price.) Should we receive more than one hundred correct lists we will send to each of the next five hundred received a year's subscription to MODES, by May Manton.

We require each one competing for these prizes to send us 25 cents for a three months' trial subscription to MODES, by May Manton, the most valuable Fashion publication in America.

The object of these educational contests is to attract attention to MODES, and, by so doing, to add to our subscription list. The prizes are given entirely free and without other consideration. Full value is given to each one entering the contest in the three months' subscription, but as an extra inducement, we give to every one contesting, whether they are successful in filling in correctly all the missing letters or not, a pattern of the elegant gown No. 7138 (here illustrated), in any size from 32 to 42 in. bust measure.

MAKE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT. The names of all the above cities are to be found in the Gazetteer of the World incorporated in the New Webster Dictionary and Pocket Library, the latest and by far the best condensation of Webster published. It is actually five books in one volume. In these contests you should be thorough, not trusting to memory. Misspelled word, as for instance Madred for Madrid, would bar you out. By reason of a large contract made with the publisher we are able to supply you with the New Webster Dictionary for only 25 cents. Better send for a copy. We will pay the postage.

The full names of the twenty cities noted above have been written out and the document, dated and signed by the president and treasurer has been sealed in an envelope, and deposited for safe keeping in the vaults of the Equitable Safe Deposit Co. For our responsibility we refer you to any of the Mercantile Agencies.

ADDRESS MODES PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Dept. 434 123 White St., New York.

Blade Porcelain China

A NEW THING.

Tea Sets and Dinner Sets

Still Another Reduction in Prices, and New Ware With Later Designs.

Briefly described, Porcelain, or Semi-Vitreous China, is a very high grade ware, being superior in color and finish to Iron Stone China, and VERY MUCH LIGHTER IN WEIGHT, nearly equal to china.

Our design is the VIOLET PATTERN, being very handsome and entirely new, and a marvel of beauty in shape and color.

Eighty, Fifty-Six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight pieces handsomely decorated in four colors and gold bands. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration is reproduced from a photograph of our new offerings.

No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over Five Thousand Sets. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher, and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, $4.75 (former price $7) or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of seven subscribers and $7. The club of seven names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

The No. 2 Tea Set, 56 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $3.60 (former price $5.50); or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of six subscribers and $6, the club of six names to be sent all at one time.

No. 3.—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 8-piece Tea Set and adding the following: 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug, making a total of 108 pieces.

The No. 3 Blade Dinner Set, 108 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $7.55; or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of 15 subscribers and $15.00. The club of 15 names to be sent all at one time.

No. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, consisting of 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We also offer this to those who may first purchase a No. 1 Standard Tea Set, and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 4 Blade China Sorts, 28 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $4.25; or we will present one of these assortments to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names all to be sent at one time.

NOTE.—These sets are decorated with a later pattern than those we formerly sold, and consequently will not match with former purchases. We recommend our readers to buy, first, our No. 1 Blade Standard Set. Afterwards, if pleased with the goods, you may order our No. 4 set, the two combined making you a complete dinner set.

General Directions and Information.

ORDER BY NUMBER.—The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1, according to distance, will cover freight east of the Missouri River, while it may cost somewhere near $2 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford such goods as we offer here. We guarantee these goods the best Porcelain China in the world, superior in enamel, color, style and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want, and will have, as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the house of every reader of The Blade, no matter whether rich or poor. Any person who will try it can raise a club of six to fifteen for The Blade in one day. Get about it before some one else canvasses the field. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

ARE YOU A MAN?

IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD?

Are You Bearing a Secret Burden Because of Sexual Weakness.

IF YOU ARE, THEN ACCEPT THIS

Honest Offer to Suffering Men

A COURSE OF MEDICINE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE BY MAIL

Every man suffering from the effects of youthful folly or later excesses restored to PERFECT HEALTH AND VIGOR. Premature Decline, Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhoea, Emissions, and all Diseases and Weaknesses of Man, from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured.

Send the famous PHYSICIANS' INSTITUTE, of Chicago, a description of your trouble, with 6 cents for postage and packing, and our eminent physicians will prepare for you a course of medicine of such strength as your case may require. We send it FREE to introduce our remarkable method of treatment for Lost Manhood. No Quackery or C. O. D. Fraud. We have thousands of thankful letters that praise our honorable, liberal business methods, as well as our remarkable quick cures. We have cured cases that have baffled others. Failure impossible by our method.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT!

Thousands of weak men who have become discouraged after trying all other treatments, have been restored to Health and Perfect Manhood within a very short time after placing themselves in our hands. Procrastination is dangerous. Do not neglect your case. Write us today in strict confidence.

PHYSICIANS' INSTITUTE, 1933 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE COZY CORNER

A LITTLE WORD.

Ah, me, those terrible tongues of ours,
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?
Do we ever think of the sorrow and pain
Some poor tortured heart has to live o'er again,
When some light-spoken word—though forgotten to-morrow—
Brings back to a life some past shame or sorrow?
What names have been blasted and broken,
What pestilent sinks have been stirred,
By a word in lightness spoken,
By only a little word.

A sneer, a shrug, a whisper low,
They're poisoned shafts of an ambushed bow
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave—
They pierce the mail of the great and brave.
Vain is the buckler of wisdom and pride
To turn the pitiless point aside.
The lips may curl with a careless smile.
But the heart drips blood, drips blood the while.
Ah, me, what hearts have been broken,
What rivers of blood have been stirred,
By a word in malice spoken,
By only a little word.

A kindly word and a tender tone,
Only to God are their virtues known;
They can bring the proud, with abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead,
The heart close-barred with passion and pride,
Will fling, at their knock, its portals wide;
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears
Will meet in a fountain of childlike tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love have been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a little word.
—New Orleans Picayune.

For some reason—bashfulness perhaps, the "men folks" of the Cozy Corner seldom visit us, but when they do come, they make their conversation very interesting. The following letter from Willard Emmet Weller will be read with interest and profit by all:

"Speaking of the little piece of ground given to the children to plant flowers in, brings back many remembrances of that time which the silver-haired fathers most love to dwell upon in their conversation about "when I was a boy."

Among these remembrances are many that do not call up a feeling of pleasure, while others do. They remind me of the dead, dry briars of last year's growth with the soft, green grass growing between.

And among them is one that brings to me a feeling of happiness, and I almost wish I was "a boy, a little boy" just for one more bright, springtime evening which I might spend in setting "fruit" sprouts, that I had gathered of every variety from all over the farm, even going so far as swapping plums for pears, and peaches for quinces with the neighbor children.

I remember that I had a great number of trees planted in a very small portion of ground, which, however, constituted my giant fruit farm.

Not long ago fortune came my way and gave me the opportunity to revisit the place of my boyish adventures, and I went to see if my orchard (?) was still thriving, and to my delight it had been spared. The trees had grown large and being so closely planted there were every variety of branches intermingling, with the exception of one little pear, which, to my astonishment, had not grown a particle, but was exactly as I planted it.

The playmate whom I gave in exchange a plum sprout for this tree, is gone, but there is the little pear to remind me of the happy time so long ago.

Hundreds of things I had forgotten rushed back to my memory while I silently gazed at my childish work and most of them, I am glad to say, make me happy.

So, its sweet in the midst of the hurry of this busy world, in the lapse of time in which cherished hopes have been buried, bright expectations blighted, when dear friendships have been broken and fond loves have been severed, to view the scenes of our childhood which call up remembrances that have so long slept in our memory.

Now to those who have little children in their homes, the relating of my story speaks the good that may be accomplished by interesting the children in the planting of trees and flowers. By the toil of your own hands you can give them money and property, but by kindly encouraging this childish pursuit you can give them more happiness in their manhood and womanhood.

They may have enough to bear, so leave not undone the little things that may grow to make the hearts well overflow with happy memories.

Here is a letter from one of the brave women of whom the world knows very little perhaps, but who has taken the burdens of a hard life, patiently and uncomplainingly, bringing up her family of little children in the best possible way, by teaching them to help themselves, and making it their pleasure to help her.

When the roll call of the heroes and heroines of this world is heard, such women will be recognized in the foremost ranks.

"This "Mother" echoes the sentiments of the correspondent whose letter we have given, in regard to the benefit of encouraging the children's love of farming for themselves:

Dear Cozy Corner friends, I thought that perhaps if I wrote to you, my experience might help some one who feel as if she had more than her share of life's burdens to bear. I was left a widow with six fatherless children out here on a Kansas farm. My baby was eight months old and my oldest child 13 years when their father died. I had a great many hard times, but my children are all good to work and all willing to help Mother, even the baby, now almost five years old, will dry the dishes for me and do lots of little things that save me steps.

In the spring I give each child a piece of ground where they can plant whatever they choose to, and each one strives to keep his "garden" looking nice. The children all love to read books and papers and it would do you good to see them all around the table in the evening reading or talking about their books, or their work. We are a busy, but a very happy family.

I wish I could tell you how much I have been helped by the letters in the Cozy Corner. It seems to me that they are worth the price of the Blade.

Mothers who find the children so noisy and troublesome that it seems as if they would "bother the life" out from the mother, will please read carefully this letter from Mrs. J. H. T.:

I read and re-read Mrs. M. C.'s letter with tear-blinded eyes. The description she gave of her little family was so like my own a few months ago, but oh, so different now, for there is now no little boy to "untie my apron-strings," bring in the wood, drive up the cows, or accompany the little girls to school, but instead there hangs in the wardrobe upstairs an unused pair of little boy's pants, in the pockets of which may be found a half-whittled spool, a home-made wooden whistle, and other things which we mothers find in our little boys' pockets; while in the cemetery there is a little grave which each week this summer has received a fresh bouquet of flowers. In our hearts and in our home there is, oh, such a vacancy.

Be patient, weary, tired, discouraged mothers. The noise and the worry are a great deal easier to bear than the loneliness and the heartache.

I enclose a beautiful little poem that was sent to me and which may comfort other mothers whose hearts ache as mine does.

I give an extract from the poem referred to, regretting that a lack of space prevents me from giving the whole:

How fares it with thee, in that Heavenly land, my boy,
How strange it seems that thou shouldst know
The Heavenly secrets, while I wait and know them not.
My little lad (who learned of me life's love) and now
He knows what Heaven is and face to face has seen
The loving Christ. Through all the weight of lonliness
That sometimes threatens this frail, mortal clay to crush,
My heart is glad, with all a mother's depth of love
To know that close within His sheltering arms, the tender Christ
Enfolds thee, and thou art now content without my arms.
But sometime when the evening shadows fall, I too
Shall hear the welcome summons to that better land,
And I shall know that I am standing close to thee

Upon the earth-side, while upon the heavenly side
My boy, in Thy safe keeping, waits my coming home.

"Curiosity," asks, "what is a bee line?" It is the shortest distance between two points, and is thus named from the fact that when bees are absent from their hive, they go up in the air till they see their home, and then fly toward it in a straight line. Their eyes are made to see great distances, so no matter how far away the home hive may be, they will discover it and return to it by the shortest route; hence the expression—"taking a bee line" for any place.

Sam and Joe are curious to know why "both sides of a fish are not of the same color." This proves that these boys are very observing, and I will give them an answer to their question, that I found in a scientific journal some years ago. It was this: The fish's belly is white and his back green, because in swimming about in the water the white belly is the color of the light shining through the water, hence protects him from his enemy below. His back being green makes him on the other hand appear from above as part of the green water, and is his safeguard from hawks and other enemies.

Julia, if you are called away while conversing with a person, you should ask to be excused. It is not good form to monopolize the conversation of the hostess, or of a distinguished guest, at a reception. You should allow others the pleasure of speaking with them. If you are invited to a reception for certain hours, say from 4 till 6 o'clock, you are expected to call during those hours, but not to remain the whole of the time.

If self-control has come to be the possession of a man, or a woman—for what is true of one is true of the other in this respect—life is a success even if money and fame are both lacking. A self-controlled mind is a free mind, and freedom is power.—Life's Gateways.

About Washing Day.

Of all the work of the Household, none seems to be so universally disliked as the washing. Washing day has always been a synonym for dirt, steamed rooms, confusion hasty breakfasts, picked-up dinners, tired women and cross men.

Many of the readers of the Cozy Corner can testify to the truth of this statement, and to the early rising on Monday, so that the washing might be well under way before breakfast, in order that it might be out of the way before dinner; the aching back and generally-used-up feeling, which was the result of the day's labor.

Now, however, washing machines and easy methods of washing have taken away much of the unpleasantness of this dreaded work.

The first requirements for success in washing, no matter what method is used, are clean water and good soap; without these, satisfactory results can not be had.

Liebig, the great chemist, says: "Soap is a measure of the prosperity and civilization of a people." And it is certainly indispensable to the requirements of civilization and has had a great influence upon the health and happiness of the world. Therefore, it is necessary that we should take care to use the best soap we can obtain, as the first necessity in our laundry work.

Besides soap, as "a combination of grease and alkali," there are various vegetable and earthy substances used for cleansing purposes. The roots of the Cassaiva tree, from which tapioca is made, produces a poisonous milk which is pressed out of them before their conversion into food, and this milk possesses the property of a powerful washing fluid. At the proper season, the natives of Brazil avail themselves of this, and use the rivers and streams through which this milky fluid passes during the purification of the fibre, for giving themselves a thorough cleansing of their bodies.

Pipe clay and other earthy substances have been used for ages in cleaning woolen fabrics, and all modern housekeepers are familiar with the value of benzine, gazoline and alcohol for cleaning articles that can not be put into the regular wash.

Of the many "easy" methods of washing, I will give one or two that have been especially recommended. The first is said to be a saving of labor and fuel, therefore desirable in summer time.

Two pounds of soap are melted with as little warm water as possible; this added to ten gallons of water; ½ tablespoonful of turpentine and 2 tablespoonfuls of ammonia. This is thoroughly stirred together and made as warm as the hand will easily bear. Into it the white clothes are let to lie for two hours before washing them, keeping the tubs closely covered meantime. When washed through this preparation the clothes are put into hot water where the bluing has been dissolved, rinsed through this and hung out to dry. The prepared water can be reheated and used for the other clothes, if another spoonful of ammonia is used.

To wash clothes without fading them, peel Irish potatoes and grate them into cold water. Saturate the articles with this water and they may then be washed without soap and without the colors running. If such clothing is greasy, grate the potato and rub on the spots with a flannel rag before washing; this will remove the grease and not shrink or discolor the article as soap will.

Potato water will remove oil from carpets when soapy water would ruin it, and it will be found excellent for washing black cotton dress goods, merino, ribbons, etc.

With this excellent recipe for home-made bluing I will close this washing-day paper. Put into a bottle 1 oz. of Chinese or Prussian blue, 1 oz. of oxalic acid and 1 oz. of soft water. Occasionally shake the mixture, for two or three days, and then let it settle. If the water does not absorb all of the blue, add more. This quantity will probably cost you 20 cents, and, for an ordinary family washing will last a year.—Frances Howard.

BLADE COOK.

In reference to the suggestions given of the value of macaroni as a food, Jack's Wife writes that she would use it if it were not that she cannot bring herself to "eat anything made by the Italians."

Her ideas of Italian cleanliness, and cooking have probably been formed from the "bannanna" men and women one sees in America, and these are hardly fair specimens of the race.

This need no longer trouble her, as all of the macaroni sold in the market is not made in Italy by a considerable.

For the benefit of this and other correspondents who prefer the home-made article the cook gives this recipe:

Home-Made Macaroni.

Heap two pounds of flour on your moulding-board, make a hollow in the center and into this break eight eggs, without separating or beating. Stir these into the flour slowly and steadily until you have a hard but very smooth mass. Divide it into six or eight pieces; roll each piece as thin as it can possibly be handled, then fold it over and over into folds about three inches wide and slice into very thin slices. Shake a dust of flour over them and then lift the slices, letting them fall so they will separate, but not break; put them where they will dry, but not in the sun, nor near a fire, and when they are dried your macaroni is ready for use. This will keep for a week, but it is at its best in three days.

The cook would like to ask if the correspondent above mentioned is the same lady who, several years ago sent us some excellent recipes? If so, will she not favor us again?

Thanksgiving is some weeks off, but it is well to prepare for it even now, so I give the following recipe for turkey stuffing that was sent and highly recommended by a "Southern Housekeeper:"

Turkey Stuffing.

With one quart of milk and four eggs stir enough flour to make a fritter batter, season with pepper and salt, and, if liked, one-half of a small onion chopped very fine. Into a smooth frying-pan put one tablespoonful each of butter and lard, or beef drippings, and when this is hot pour in your batter. As fast as this browns turn it with a knife, as in scrambled eggs and when it is all brown, stuff your turkey or chicken with it and you will find that every one who tastes it will be an "Oliver Twist" and call for more.

Tomato Hash.

Pour boiling water over three green tomatoes and remove the skins. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, fry one onion till soft, but not brown, put in the sliced tomatoes, cover close and cook 15 minutes. Season with salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of finely chopped mint and sprinkle over it one tablespoonful of flour, add one teacupful of milk or gravy; let this boil for five minutes and pour over any cold meat, cut into small pieces. Let stand till the meat is heated through and serve hot.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

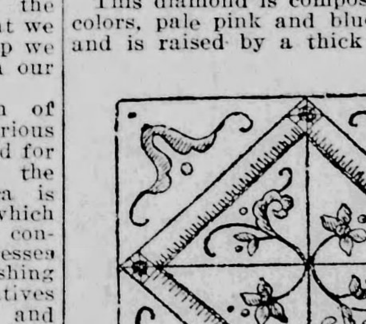
A Key Basket.

All young housekeepers now must have a daintily trimmed key basket, if they mean to keep up with the times. A strong basket with lid should be selected, as heavy keys soon make havoc of the more fragile ones. It does not matter how plain the basket work is, as it will be entirely hidden from sight. An oblong or oval shape is best. Cover it first with muslin, over this lay cream brocade, powdered with sprays of blue flowers. Round the top and bottom of the basket put a gathered border of flame-colored velvet; a narrow heading should be left

on each side of the borders. The firm handle is to be covered with gathered velvet, a full heading being left on each side, and on the top of the handle, but somewhat towards the right, an upstanding bow of flame velvet is placed. The lining will be of paler flame surrah. Another might be covered with deep brown plush, the trimmings being of bright orange satin, and lining of the same.

A novelty in the pincushion line is given in illustration No. 2. The cushion can be made of any size, or material. It is composed of triangles joined as shown, and, if made of plain material, each piece is embroidered. The triangles are of the same size, the buttonhole edging shown, being made on the inside of the inner square, giving the effect of smaller triangles.

This diamond is composed of alternate colors, pale pink and blue, for instance, and is raised by a thick layer of wad-



ding placed underneath, the center of the diamond being drawn down and fastened with a fancy stitch; the wadding is well sprinkled with sachet powder.

This design can be repeated so as to form any shape or sized cushion, and the idea can be developed on linen for bolster-cases or pillow-shams, omitting of course the wadding.

Our illustration No. 3 will need no description. It is certainly a most delightful change from the old-fashioned draped

flower-pots, and will be an ornament to any room.

The drapery should be arranged with reference to the color design of the room in which the plant is to be placed.

If a handsome jardinere is used the pedestal could be arranged so that the drapery would come just below the top where the jardinere would rest. In this case the color of the drapery should correspond, or contrast prettily with that of the vase.

Mary Ettie sends the following hint for making pillows: Dear Sisters of the Fancy Work Club:—I come to tell you it is "milkweed time" and "what of that" do you say? Well, my country sisters the down of the milkweed makes the nicest, most refreshing and soft filling for pillows and cushions, but they ought to be gathered very soon now as the frost will have so opened the pods that it will be a great deal of work to take care of them. Last year I gathered enough for a pillow, and I think it fairly rivals the eider-down.

THE HOUSEHOLD

"Ah, friend, life is not so dreary
After all!
'Tis the way we do our duties
Makes them small.
Grand and glorious could the humblest
Life-work be,
If we only try to do it
Worthily."

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

A STRONG STORY.

SHOWING HOW, STEP BY STEP, TRUTH HAS ITS WAY.

Dr. Macdonald Tells a Tale of Struggle With the Lower Impulses—Its Inner Meaning.

I think no one can read George Macdonald's last work, Salted With Fire—if he read it with an effort to understand the author—without being stirred to the depths of his being by what he finds gathered there of the eternal truths which govern life—those eternal verities which one has always glimpsed in Dr. Macdonald's writings, to whose perception they seem to grow constantly clearer and clearer. Artist as he is now as always, there is something far beyond the merely artistic in his every presentation of character, for he goes to the heart of the human beings with whom he deals. He paints their struggles as if they were his very own; he pictures their joys and their sorrows so vividly that it is hard to believe that he is not himself pleasuring or grieving as he writes of theirs.

In this story of a minister he shows how impossible it is for one who is false to a high ideal, whose love is given to self alone, to do any real work for humanity's betterment, even though, as in this case, he has been dedicated to such service. James Blatherwick, who was "salted with fire," entered into the ministry intent only upon his own advancement. He had no conception of the spirit of self-sacrifice which was necessary to vitalize his calling. Devotion was to him only another name for an effort to win his own elevation.

In the very beginning of his career he betrayed a trust and then fled away leaving another to bear alone the consequences of his own failure and lack of strength. In dealing with a theme which, in the hands of one less true, might have suggested impurity, Dr. Macdonald's touch is firm, yet so delicate that only the vicious nature could perceive aught save the lesson he wishes to teach.

I have read nothing for a long time so moving as this wonderful description of a soul warring with its lower nature, endeavoring to obtain a victory, and then again and again overcome by its power. Hiding from his father and mother the canker that was eating into his heart, James Blatherwick constantly shocked their love for him by his failure to respond to the tenderness that was mingled with their pride in his attainment of so holy an office. They felt the lack of truth in him, though at a loss to account for its absence. It is a phase of the same old story. He who is persistently untrue to the best that is within him, who is endeavoring to appear what he is not, who hushes the inner voice that is ever striving to make itself heard, must inevitably fail in any attempt to impress great truths upon others.

His was ad reary failure. Like many another criminal, something was constantly dragging him to seek the companionship of the very man most likely to look into his guilty heart, and discover what was passing there. The "soutar," or shoemaker, is a character which, perhaps, no other living writer could draw so perfectly. Pure in heart as those who "walk with God," this plain, homely, unlettered man reasoned out the soul problems of life as they who were far beyond him in intellectual power could not do. He was a mystic by nature, and saw intuitively what would not appear to others. Thus he read James Blatherwick like an open book. And the latter felt that it was so. He felt, too, with regard to the soutar, "that part of him which he called his religious sense appeared to know something of what he himself knew nothing." And yet he was an educated man called to minister unto the people.

The description of the slow process by which the young man was "salted with fire" is masterly. "Blatherwick's hour was on its way, slow in coming, but not to be avoided. His soul was ripening to self-declaration. The ugly flower must blossom, must show itself as the flower of that evil thing he counted himself. What a hold has not God upon us, in this inevitable ripening of the unseen into the visible and present! The flower is there and must appear. In the meantime he suffered and walked on in silence, walking like a servant of the Ancient of Days, but knowing himself a whited sepulchre." And so it goes on and on until at last repentance comes, he gives up his pulpit, makes before the world reparation for his wrong doing, and begins a new life in which the real and true triumphs over the false in his nature.

This final triumph of the man's better self would not be nearly so impressive had it been less wonderfully worked out step by step, so that the inner processes of this soul in travail are laid bare to our sight. And they seem absolutely real, as if we were living through them ourselves. In this, it seems to me, lies the strength of the book. It is a perfect picture of the struggle which every human being must go through who sets his feet in the wrong path and persistently walks therein, as did James Blatherwick.

I think Mr. Macdonald was also trying to show how a constant effort to recognize the divine within oneself will, by and by, transmute the whole nature, as in the case of the soutar, and, through his teaching, of his daughter Maggie. The quaintly beautiful description of the young girl's imaginings on the night when, walking in the darkness, she found by the roadside the wee baby which its mother had lost, shows how her father's beliefs had been reflected to her, and also her thought of his trust in the ever presence of his Lord.

"I dinna think," she said aloud to herself as she trudged along, "that my father would be the least astonished—only filled wi' an awfu' glaidness—if at ony moment, waulkin at his side, the Lord were to call him by his name and appear to him. He would but feel as gien he had just steppit oot upon him frae some secret door! I fancy my father sayin', 'I thoucht, Lord, I would see you some day! Eh, ye are good to me Son o' my Father! Jist tak' the life o' me gien ye like. I was aye greedy efter a sicht o' ye Lord, and here ye are.' That's what I think my father would say."

The love of the soutar for his daughter is very prettily told. "He rejoiced in

DR. MACDONALD.

her delight with the wind, holding that it indicated sympathy with the Spirit whose symbol it was. He loved to think of that Spirit as folding her about, closer and more lovingly than his own cherishing soul, to which never an action of hers, and seldom even a word, caused a throb of anxiety."

Another thought which is carried throughout is that of the doing of the work for others as it comes, and always in some way it is at hand. "There's a haill warl o' bonny wark aboot me," the soutar would say. "I hae but to lay my han' to what's neist me, and its sure to be something that wants deein'! I'm clean ashamt when I wauk up to fin' mysel' deein' naething!"

It seems to me that always this author teaches lessons from life, not taken from the surface of things, but drawn from the deeps of the human heart which he has so thoroughly measured. And he has done this in Salted With Fire, which to some will be dreary, but to those who can see the beauty of its thought, and the strength of its purpose, it will bring both help and pleasure.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE MERRY GO ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.
Object: Improvement, Mental, Moral and Social.

Miss Prudence is going to break a rule this morning, and give you a part of a letter that is written with a lead pencil and on both sides of the paper, but she feels quite certain that her girls and boys will not be sorry that she does so, when they read it, and are told that it was a private letter to her, and was written while our Cow Boy was suffering from the accident he speaks of, and he complimented the M. G. R. friends by feeling it a pleasure to write to them even under such circumstances.

His description of a "round-up" of cattle on a territory ranch, is of great interest, and will be given next week. Meanwhile we shall hope that he is recovering his health, and will make this fit of sickness satisfy him for a long time to come:

Cow Boy:—Now, Miss Prudence, do not frown at these pencil marks, for this letter is not for publication, and, besides, I do not wish to risk spilling ink on the immaculate pillow with which I am propped up in bed while writing. For thirteen weeks I have been here and my "lonesomeness" has so accumulated in that time that I must write to you, for a safety valve, and thank you for the help and comfort the M. G. R. department has given me.

I will tell you how I came to be writing this in bed. Last July, the fifth day, we had a "round-up" in the Territory. My horse fell with me, put my ankle out of joint, mashed my foot, broke both bones of my leg above the ankle and sprained my knee—that was all.

I was carried six miles in an open wagon, to a place where I could receive care, and by that time my limb was so swollen that they could do nothing except make me as comfortable as they could. The fourteenth day after they set the ankle, broke the bones again, and re-set them properly, and since then I have had the best of care from the best sister in the world (no exceptions made) her husband, who is worthy of her—I can't say more for him—the Odd Fellows, and every one, and my only trouble just now is how I am ever to repay so much kindness.

I have thought a great deal in these weeks of the M. G. R.'s, and I am going to send them a description of a "round-up" of cattle on a Territory ranch, which may be interesting to those who have never heard about it. I am not as young as some of our members, but I dearly love young people, and especially those who belong to the M. G. R. I lost my wife and two boys some years ago, and, perhaps, it is for their sakes that I am anxious to do what I can to please our Merry-Go-Rounds.

Miss Prudence thanks Cow Boy for the kind things he said about her work, and thinks he has a very good excuse for his absence. In answer to a question he asks at the close of his letter, she will say that the two names he mentions belong to two different persons.

Now you must prepare for a very pleasant surprise for our Raven has returned, and I am certain you will agree with me that he has lost none of his power to interest us:

Raven, Ind.—One year since last I left your door and strode across autumnal fields to remingle with the cares of farm and home. A year brief to me, and yet, as mother rocks by the kitchen fire I see her temples are a little whiter than before, and the furrows deeper and wider in her face; and then I think the years are long.

As I have listened from afar some voices are still that but one year ago greeted us with their silvery sounds. The flowers they loved last year now fleck their hallowed mounds, for they are dead; and when I reach to clasp a hand not here, I say withal the years are long.

One absent face I remember which always touched me with its plea for right and truth—a face which showed so much of pity and very love; and whose faith in God was immutable—a faith which blossomed into beauteous and submissive love and satiated her soul in the last days. So humble and beautiful was her spirit, which borrowed so much of heaven, the angels came for her that she might sit in the gates and beckon us from there.

Above her grave I weep and cry
As though my heart would break;
There is no answer, not a sigh,
As I my leaving take.
Save through the silence solemnly
I only hear with spirit ear,
The minstrelsy on high;
And the songs seem very nigh.
'Tis thus I know where my love has gone,
Who awaits me as I wander on;
Who from her purple gate above
Hangs her beacon light of love.

One more year ended. What have we gained or lost? What done? Some hands go up that plead their gain; some pendant, speak their loss. My friends, no sun should set but that its dying beam disclosed something gained; some little vantage over self; some little sacrifice; some pebble turned in search of pearls; some little fire built where the cold may warm; some little crumbs saved for the sparrows; some little tempering of our proud hearts; some little faggots placed on our fire of faith; some little care given to the plant of love; some little prayer offered for our foes; some little thanks for very life.

If there was not another letter in our department to-day there is sufficient material for helpful thought in the closing paragraph of Raven's letter, to keep us busy for a long time, and it is most gratifying to Miss Prudence that her young people are so fully appreciating those things that are necessary for a nobler and more spiritual life.

Felix Flint, a new member from Kansas, makes his bow this morning and as legible writing, correct spelling and "something to say," are the requisites to membership, after accepting our motto, he has nothing to fear from the "waste-backet:"

"Having been a reader of The Blade for the past three years, I have become very much interested in the M. G. R. letters, and if old bachelors are not ruled out I should like very much indeed to become one of your merry band.

"I will surely try to live up to your motto and hope the object of the circle may be discernible in me in the future.

"It was with extreme sadness that I read of Vivian's death. From the time his first letter appeared in the M. G. R. column, I seemed to recognize in him a kindred spirit and I have henceforth looked upon him not only as a true friend, but also as a brother, and I believe that all members of the M. G. R. circle and readers of The Blade can say with me that his letters have inspired to higher aims, purer motives and nobleness of character, and I suggest that each member of the circle wear mourning ribbon with his badge for ninety days at least as a mark of respect to him whose example and precept have helped us so much.

"As I am a country school teacher, I am in favor of a teacher's circle where we can exchange ideas and discuss educational subjects."

All might wear the mourning ribbon, but, alas! very few have the M. G. R. badge to wear it with, and it is a great pity, too, for it is a very pretty badge and we are such a great society now that the badge would enable us to recognize friends very many times, whereas without it, we pass each other, never knowing what we have lost.

And still another old friend is waiting to speak with you—Em. T. Head, who always has something especially kind to say to some of us:

"I move that we elect 'Saloonkeeper's Son,' who recently appeared in our columns a member of our circle, and while we are about it let's make the election unanimous. We may be able to do some good by showing him that there are at least a few people in the world who are willing to let a man stand on his own merits. And I have rather more than a faint suspicion that he might do us good by teaching us to be more charitable in our judgments."

"By the way, fellow M. G. R.'s, there is a verse in the Book of Books beginning with the words "Judge not," etc. Who can recall the continuation?

"My kindest sympathy to Flo and Vivian's bereaved ones. It seems there is no immunity from the grim destroyer else our happy circle would not be invaded."

For brevity and conciseness in giving a full account of himself "Cumtux" deserves the prize; hear him: "Having read the request of our president in regard to our occupation, etc., I reply: I am a farmer, age, no matter; single? yes; residence, Washington; full particulars upon application."

A Hoosieroon thus tells how he found his way into the M. G. R.:

While I was up at the Cozy Corner this morning I determined to march straight up to the throne of Miss Prudence and say "Let me come in," and then tell her I was in a hurry, but would get a ticket straight for the M. G. R. depot in the near future. So now I have introduced myself I will go, and promise that before many moons the circle shall hear from me.

Laska writes to note a mistake in the publication of her last letter. A whole page of her manuscript was omitted, which, naturally, interfered very much with its meaning. Miss Prudence is very sorry that this occurred and can think of no reason unless it was that the missing page was carried away from her desk by the wind that was blowing very hard that day, and which caused her quite a little inconvenience. Laska was very sweet indeed in her mention of this, and Miss Prudence thinks such a thing will not again occur, for she has a great, big paper weight now that will hold down even the bright and airy letters sent from the M. G. R.'s.

How many remember "Bessie," Iowa? No doubt you have wondered why she did not come again, but I think you will cease to wonder when you have read her letter, or you will only wonder how she finds time to do so much:

As you desire to know the occupation of the M. G. R.'s, I keep house for my papa; was left at the age of thirteen, the oldest of six children, without any assistance only papa. We have a nice home and are all living here since mamma died.

I am at present an active member of the Epworth League, being president of the Mercy and Help department, and have held that position for six years. I am also a teacher in the Sunday school and secretary.

I guess you will call me a past member, as I have taken no active part lately but my time is so occupied that there isn't one minute I can call my own, but there is not one of your "Merry Circle" who tries to live nearer our motto than I do. I want you to know that I take an interest in all things that leads to doing good.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away;
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here;
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."
—Edith M. Thomas.

JACK FROST AND HIS CROWBAR.

By Jennie Harris.

He was a pinched little fellow in a frosty jacket, and from his pointed little chin ran down a long, pointed icicle, like a fashionably trained whisker.

Under his arm he bore a quaint little painting outfit, while his right hand grasped a tiny crowbar.

It was his first visit of the season, and in his little wallet tucked in his frozen jacket he carried his visiting cards. I took a peep at one where he stopped to leave it and it read:

The little fellow's sharp eyes twinkled with fun, as he left his card on the win-

dow, for it was at a wood-colored house, where he had just played one of his pranks on the inmates.

Peeping in at the window and finding them all asleep, he made several frosty faces at them, and then flying upon the clapboards of the house he pried at them with his crowbar till they flew back with such a crack that the fat, drowsy man within stopped in the middle of a snore to say: "Huh, what's that?" Then Jack Frost made off, I tell you, after leaving, as I have said, his visiting card on the window.

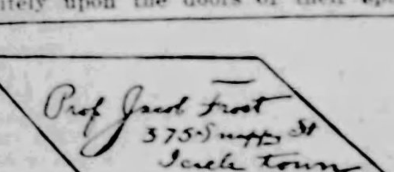
Half way down the street he stopped to breathe, and take a peep at his business memorandum. It was a thin tablet of ice, and in tree-shaped letters I saw the words undescored, "Pumpkins and Chestnuts," which no sooner caught our eye, than he shut the tablet with a snap, and made haste to the pumpkin lot. The

pumpkins lay mottled and dissatisfied in the pale, clear moonlight; but when he flew upon them, and began to beat them with his crowbar, they glowed as if a fire had been stirred up inside of them, and their meat grew rich for pumpkin butter.

Jack Frost made some queer, wry faces, and kicked upon them with his sharp-pointed shoes.

"I never tasted pumpkin butter," said he, "yet I must always pave the way—I mean paint the way—for others; but I must look after the chestnuts; they had better not resist me—I'll," and he gave the air an expressive dig with his crowbar.

But Jack's mood seemed to soften upon reaching the trees, and he only rapped politely upon the doors of their spiney



houses. My, how tightly they were closed, but not a loophole could we find.

"Locked, and the latch-string pulled in!" grumbled the sprite. "We'll see! We'll see!" and he gave a burr such a thwack with his crowbar that the nuts arose in great haste to open the door and all tumbled out.

Then it was morning. The sun came up suddenly, and looked Jack Frost full

in the face. I saw him shrink and grow deathly pale and then blush with the sun's radience till he became a spirit mist. His little body and crowbar faded away in thin, rosy air; but as his paint box melted its cover the paints spilled out, and spattered all over the maples in a red and yellow shower—I saw them there in the morning!

AUNT JERUSHA'S MEDITATIONS.

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" sighed Aunt Jerusha, folding her Paisley shawl with great care.

"Now there is poor Mis' Brown!" she added, as she pinned her Sunday bonnet into her green berege veil. "How encouraged she'd have been if she could have heard what the minister said today! I wouldn't wonder one mite if she'd have got well.

"And Deacon Brown a-wiping his eyes, and all of them a-taking on so! Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much by her!

"Mis' Brown got discouraged. Yer see Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything onto her. I don't suppose the Deacon meant it—'twas just his way—but it's awful wearing. When things wore out, or broke, he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it herself on purpose. And they all caught it, like the measles or the whooping cough.

"And the minister a-telling how the Deacon brought his young wife here when 'twan't nothing but a wilderness, and how patiently she bore hardness, and what a good wife she'd been! Now, the minister wouldn't have known anything about that if the Deacon hadn't told him. Dear! dear! If he'd only told Mis' Brown herself what he thought, I do believe he might have saved her funeral.

"And when the minister said how the children would miss their mother, they seemed as though they couldn't stand it, poor things.

"Well, I guess it is true enough; Mis' Brown was always doing for some of them. When they were singing about sweet rest in heaven, I couldn't help thinking that that was something Mis' Brown would have to get used to, for she never had none of it here.

"She'd have been awful pleased with the flowers. They was pretty, and no mistake. Yer see the Deacon wa'n't never willing for her to have a flower bed. He said 'twas enough prettier sight to see good cabbages a-growing; but Mis' Brown always kind of hankered after sweet-smelling things, like sweet peas and such.

"What did you say, Levi? Most time for supper? Well, land's sake! so it is. I must have got to meditating. I've been a'thinking, Levi, you needn't tell the minister anything about me. If the pancakes and the pumpkin pies are good, you just say so as we go along. It ain't best to keep things laid up for funerals."—Zion's Herald.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

1.—WHO WAS SHE?

She was born in Bristol, England, in 1821; her family emigrated to America in 1838 and settled in Cincinnati. Her father died soon after, leaving a widow and nine children with very scanty means of support. Our heroine, at this time in her eighteenth year, opened a boarding school, which soon gained a reputation which insured a large attendance.

In 1844 the school was given up in order that this woman might give her time to the enlargement of the opportunities for women's work. She taught school for three years to procure the means of pursuing a medical education, devoting her spare time to the study of medical works. Refused admission to the medical college in Philadelphia, she took a course of private instruction from such men as Prof. Allen and Dr. Warrington. After great efforts she obtained admission to the Geneva university, New York, and graduated with high honors in 1849.

From here she visited Paris and London, meeting and overcoming the great obstacles that were everywhere placed in the way of recognition of women's ability to honor the profession.

Upon her return to New York, in 1851, she established herself in an extensive practice, being the first woman to obtain a medical diploma. She devoted her life to the health and development of her sex, published some excellent books on this subject, established a dispensary for women and children, and in 1857 opened a hospital for women in New York city.

W. P. E.

2.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 1 2 3 is to deface.
My 1 2 3 4 is a planet.
My 5 6 7 is a weight.
My 8 9 10 11 is a native of northern Africa.
My whole is a locality in England.

J. H. N.

3.—HALF SQUARE.

X X X X X
X X X X
X X X
X X
X

1.—To demand as due.
2.—To elevate anything.
3.—The rear end of a vessel.
4.—An impersonal pronoun.
5.—One thousand.

B. VAN NORMAN.

4.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Three boys start from the same point to travel around an island 84 miles in circumference. One boy travels 7 miles, another travels 21 miles a day in the same direction. The third boy travels 14 miles a day in the opposite direction. In how many days will they all meet?

THE KANSAS BOY.

5.—QUERY.

Who can give the names of the United States Senators here represented, and the date of their terms of office?

1.—A receptacle for water.
2.—Something to be guessed.
3.—Not many.
4.—Not weak.
5.—Streams of water.
6.—Wounds.
7.—A bird.
8.—An elevation.
9.—A nut.
10.—Not slow.

N. E. GIRL.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:

"I was born an American! I live an American; I shall die an American."

C. M. B.

Answers to Puzzles of September 30.

1.—Boston; Pittsburg; Nashville; Athens, Greece; Dayton, O.; Worcester, Mass.; New Haven, Conn.; Paris, France; New Orleans; Philadelphia; Toledo, O.
2.—Rail, liar, lair, air.
3.—C, Ahn, Acres, Acritan, Christmas, Nettler, Samen, Nar, S.
4.—4 [illegible] inches.
5.—Nelson, Brewer, Waite, Story, Field, Baldwin, Joy, Clifford, Strong, Woods.
6.—Sarah Bolton wrote:
"Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost.
Every good deed nobly done
Will repay the cost."

Chat.

Correct answers have been received this week from Marley Cranford and N. H[illegible].

New work sent by the same persons.

This week we give A. Paul's solution of the algebraic problem by Marley Cranford:

Let x equal the width; then 2x equals the length of the field; 3x equals the sum of the sides; 3x squared equals 9x. The difference of the sides is x. This squared gives x squared. The sum of the squares gives 10x squared, and we have the equation: 10x squared equals 4,000; x squared equals 400; x equals 20; 2x equals 40; 40x20 equals 800, divided by 160, equals 5 acres, answer.

Imagine the apostle to the Gentiles assisting the Corinthian Christians to make clowns of themselves for a consideration. Churches called Christian now sell rolls and charms and conduct lotteries in the name of him "who gave himself." Others who would not adopt these devices, prepare bazaars and arrange bicycle weddings in the name of him who "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." The appeals strike notes ranging from superstition to plain modern selfishness and love of pleasure; but they are all devices to lure coin from unwilling pockets.—E. W. Hunt, in Baptist Young People.

Before a Girl Marries

She ought, if possible, to learn to play the piano. Music is a great factor in a home. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will send a girl, free of all expense, to any musical conservatory she likes; pay her board and give her a piano in her own room. 300 girls have already been so educated, free.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every edu-

FEARFUL RAILWAY WRECK.

Train On the New York Central Slides Into the Hudson.

New York, Oct. 25.—From 17 to 25 persons, according to the latest information received, are the victims of one of the most appalling railroad accidents which have occurred near this city in a long time.

The catastrophe occurred on the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, a short distance below Garrison's Station. The train was the Chicago express, due in this city at half past 7 o'clock yesterday morning. It was made up of engine No. 872, a combination baggage and express car, a smoker, two ordinary passenger coaches, and four sleepers. These made up an unusually heavy train, the weight probably conducing to the accident. It was in charge of Conductor Parrish.

The train had reached Albany and left there at a quarter past 3 o'clock yesterday morning on time. It was going at a good rate of speed when it passed Garrison's. It was a mile and a half below there when the accident occurred. The only idea of how it occurred comes from Conductor Parrish. The tracks, he says, seemed to fall out from under the train. It seemed to shoot into the air, and the next minute it appeared to shoot into the river—a mass of wrecked and submerged cars. Two cars only were left on the track. Two persons only are capable, so far as known, of telling exactly the cause. These are the engineer, J. Foyle, and the fireman, J. Thompson. The engineer, it is said, jumped from the engine as it went into the river, and was last seen walking up the track as though dazed.

The engine, as it left the track, plunged riverward and did not stop until it lay submerged 50 feet below the surface. The two forward cars followed and were piled upon the engine. The smoker and the two following ordinary cars broke from the train and ran some distance along the bank and then into the water. Two of the sleeping cars ran into the river, but fortunately were left only partly under water, the windows toward the shore being left above the surface. The other sleepers, as stated, were left on the tracks.

Attracted by the noise of the accident and the screams of the imperiled passengers, persons living in the neighborhood hurried to the scene and immediately started in to help rescue those who were still living. In this work the crew of the yacht Trophy, belonging to E. Bennett, which lay opposite Morgan's Landing, contributed no little help.

Score Perished Outright.

The chief loss of life appears to have been in the smoker and the two ordinary passenger coaches which followed it in its mad plunge into the water. There is little information yet as to the names of those who died there. The number of victims, as before stated, is now placed at 25.

Those who had gathered about the scene did everything in their power to rescue the living, wounded and dead. From the sleeping cars Hermes and Niobe, which were partly under water, they helped drag the escaping passengers. The few who had managed to get out of the submerged cars were helpless ashore. Word was sent along the line, and while a train was being dispatched from this city surgeons were summoned from the hospitals of Poughkeepsie and Fishkill.

Twenty-six persons, overcome by shock or their struggles to save their lives, were taken to hospitals in the nearby towns of Fishkill and Poughkeepsie. Others, as soon as a relief train reached the scene, were brought to this city.

All those in the sleeping cars were finally got ashore. The exact number of those imprisoned in the smoker and the two ordinary passenger coaches, and who lost heir lives, is still uncertain.

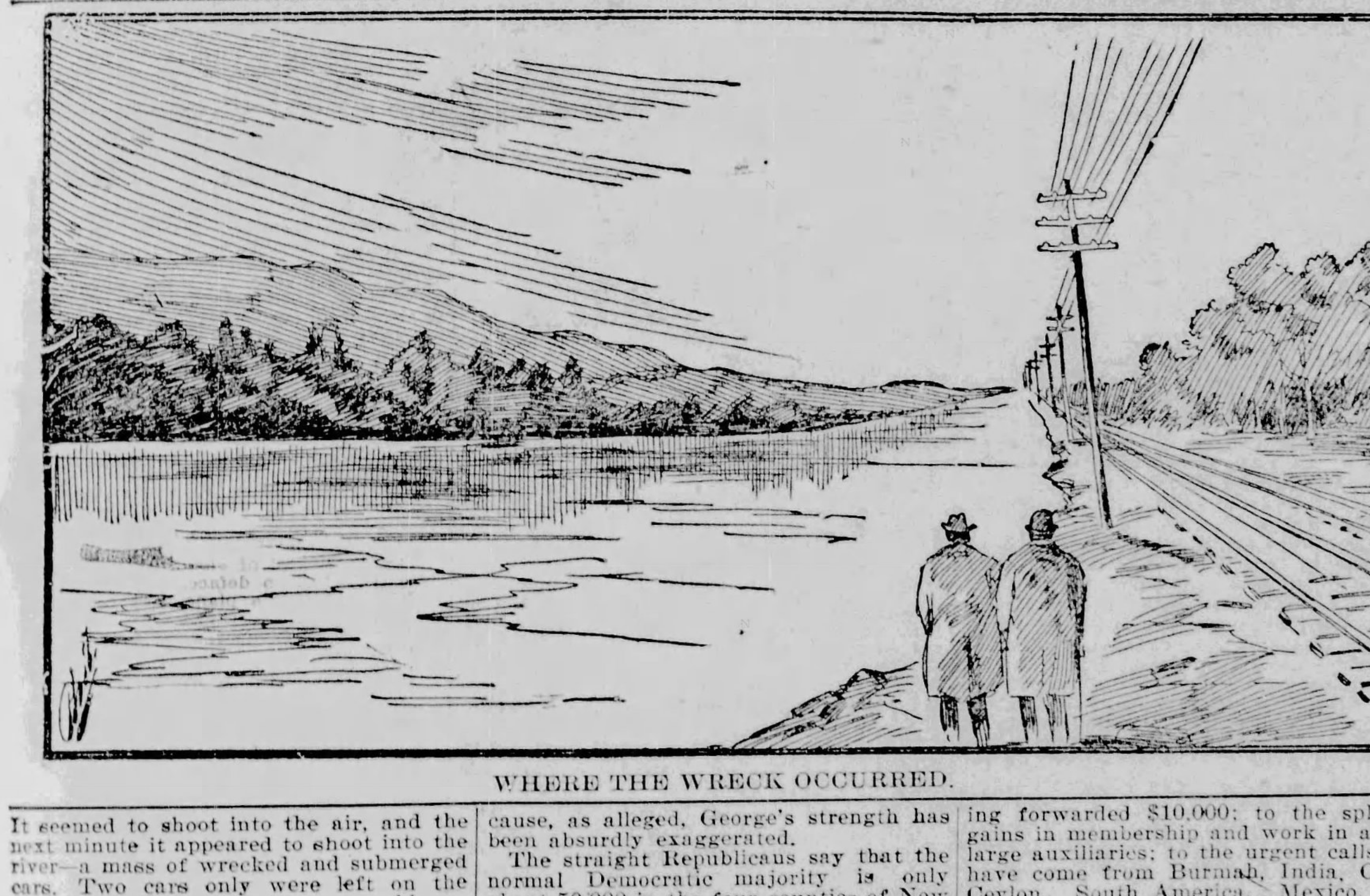
When the train swung through Garrisons at 5:37, 50 miles out of New York, the gray of the dawn was just showing through the trees and a damp mist from the river covered the track. Two miles below Garrisons the train ran out of a low cut into a straight stretch of track about half a mile in length. Half way down the straight stretch of track the engine struck an undermined spot in the roadbed. There was no indication from the top that a hollow lurked underneath the rails.

Sudden Plunge.

With a sudden twist the engine was and sizzling, into the waters of the river. Following the line of the least resistance, the washed-out embankment slid into the water as soon as it was struck by the ponderous locomotive. The track became a chute down which the train rolled.

The engine went far out into the stream, leaving one of the trucks from the tender upon the bank, and became twisted up itself, rolled over and over, and the long train stopped. The impact broke the patent vestibules between the heavy sleeping cars, telescoped the day coach, and doubled up the combination coach as though it were a car of paper. The three rear sleepers remained on the track because there was no room for them in the river.

All passengers were thrown about or from their berths. Out of the wreck arose the screams of men and women, awakened from sleep with water lapping around them and climbing steadily up the sides of the cars. The heavy trucks were dragging the wooden bodies of the coaches under the surface, and the train was steadily slipping out to where the water was 50 feet deep. Couplings broke, and two cars floated out in the stream—a day coach and the express car. Through broken windows men swarmed out into the water, attired in their sleeping clothes, and waded to the bank. A bridge of ties was made by which the rescued were carried to the bank from the cars.



WHERE THE WRECK OCCURRED.

NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

Claims Made by the Managers of the Different Candidates.

New York, Oct. 23.—Each day's developments accentuate the fact that in the municipal campaign a leading issue, if not the foremost one, is whether the government of Greater New York shall be partisan or non-partisan. Day by day the gall and bitterness of the contest enters more and more into the relations of regular toward independent and of independent toward regular.

As to the basis of the claims of the managers of the respective factions that their tickets will win at the polls; Tammany believes Van Wyck will win, because Greater New York is normally Democratic by a large majority; because the public has wearied of what some style "alleged reform;" because the Raines law is unpopular; because the tax rate has been increased; because of division in the Republican ranks, and because, as alleged, George's strength has been absurdly exaggerated.

The straight Republicans say that the normal Democratic majority is only about 50,000 in the four counties of New York, Kings, Queens and Richmond, and George will get at least 80,000—probably 100,000—votes which will come almost entirely from the Tammany forces, while Low's vote will be much less than is claimed, and, of its total, fully half will come from Democrats who fear Tammany's ascendancy, but do not want George. Much is also hoped for from the support of Democrats who fear the effect of Van Wyck's or George's election would have on the currency issue in national politics.

Low's supporters profess confidence because of reported defections from Tammany; because of objections to what is called "boss rule" and machine politics"; because of careful canvasses before and since Low's acceptance, and because of the record, personal and political, of Columbia's president.

The George men base their hopes on the showing of their candidate in 1886; on the support of the Bryan forces and on the discontent with Tammany methods.

PRINCETON INN.

Presbyterian Synod Denounces Liquor and Saloons.

New York, Oct. 23.—The signature of Rev. Charles Woodruff Shields of Princeton to an application for a liquor license for Princeton Inn threatened completely to disrupt the Presbyterian synod of New Jersey, which has been in session at Plainfield. The following resolution was adopted:

"The synod finds occasion to reiterate the judgment that the renting of property for saloon purposes and signing of liquor licenses is not consistent with Christianity, and that the attention of all presbyteries, sessions, pastors and teachers be brought to bear upon this matter."

The New York synod of the United Presbyterian church in session at Jersey City adopted similar resolutions.

OUR LATEST CONTEST

A New Idea. $100.00 For Correct Lists.

1—OYEKWRN	21—THULDU
2—OKBYRONL	22—ATSAUUG
3—AAIILLHHPPED	23—YNLN
4—STOSILU	24—SHIPMME
5—MELTIOABR	25—ATLPSU
6—BOONTS	26—EONINPSLIMA
7—TINNNICIAC	27—VENEDCALL
8—AGERESNLWN	28—RENNOTT
9—BUTTISHPGR	29—OATNDY
10—IMKUAELWE	30—REFGILNSPID
11—NFACSOICSANR	31—LOPRATDN
12—RDTIOTE	32—TTAAANL
13—SILVELLIUO	33—OFATHDRR
14—THERERCOS	34—MSSENEIOD
15—BLUMSCUO	35—ERWKAN
16—TROCWREES	36—OAHAM
17—GOICCHA	37—NRDVEE
18—ATUIC	38—DASNNIIILOPA
19—MEALS	39—NBAALY
20—MIAREL	40—DOVERPECIN

Here is something new, read very carefully, you may get **$100. in cash,** or a **Parlor Organ,** or a **Bicycle,** or a **Gold Watch,** or a **Garnet and Diamond Ring.** We print here a lot of "words." These are **sets of letters,** jumbled, from which can be made the names of **40 Cities in the United States.** For example, **OYEKWRN** can be transposed into **NEW YORK** and so on down through the list. It will be found a hard study but if you stick to it you may get 20, or even 30, or perhaps all of the words correctly. We offer the following **GRAND PRIZES** **To the person who** sends **a complete correct list,** we will give **$100.** in money. To the person sending the **next largest** list, we will give a **$100 Bicycle** (ladies' or gent's), for the **next largest** correct list, we will give a beautiful **Parlor Organ,** for the fifth largest list we will give a fine **Gold Watch.** If more than one person succeeds in making a complete correct list of words, the first prize of **$100.** will be divided between those who send the neatest lists. Also to each and every person who succeeds in making out at least 20 correct names of cities, we will give absolutely free as a Prize, **one Elegant 3 stone solid gold plated ring,** set with "2 Garnets and a **Diamond."** **Ring is superb in its beauty.** It is equal in appearance and every other respect to a Genuine **$90.00 Ring,** except intrinsically. **The Ring is of gold plate,** the settings are three carefully selected stones of exquisite brilliancy. They are made in such exact imitation that they **defy experts.** We have heard of rings similar this being pawned for big sums, we have seen rings just like this, for sale in New York, Boston & Chicago stores, as a "big bargain" at $2.50. Therefore, when you get this ring as a **Prize** for making out the names of **20 cities correctly,** you will secure a most desirable and costly present. It doesn't matter where you live, you may enter this contest. **With your** list of names you **must send us a silver quarter** or 26 cents in stamps to pay for **Home Treasury** one full year. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription will be extended a year from date of present expiration, or you may have **HOME TREASURY** sent to a frieng. **It is a handsome illustrated monthly magazine,** every issue replete with charming stories, sketches, free contests open to subscribers only, & numerous other entertaining features. **When you subscribe, your life will be insured by us for 1 year,** you will also be entitled to the benefits of **Accident Insurance.** These features alone are worth many times the price of subscription. Don't send a list of words unless you send your subscription with 25 cents silver or 26 cents stamps. **Prizes sent same week** that your list is received. Money promptly returned if you are not delighted. **Address: HOME TREASURY CO., 249 Water St., Augusta, Maine.**

NO WASTE OF WORDS.

Evidence Which is Right to the Point and Reliable.

Judge Frank Ives of the District court of Crookston, Minn., says: "For some time I have used Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets with seeming great benefit, with few exceptions, I have not been so free from indigestion in twenty-five years.

George W. Roosevelt, U. S. consul to Brussels, Belgium: Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, safe, pleasant to take, convenient to carry, give keen appetite, perfect digestion.

Mr. W. D. Tomlin, mechanical engineer, Duluth, Minn.: One box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets has done its work, and I am again gaining flesh and strength.

O. E. Ransom, Hustonville, Ky.: I was distressed and annoyed for two years with throwing up food, often two or three times a day; had no certainty of retaining a meal if I ate one. Four boxes of the tablets from my druggist have fully cured me. I find them pleasant to take, convenient to carry.

Rev. G. D. Brown, Mondovi, Wis.: The effect of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is simply marvelous; a quite hearty dinner of broiled beef steak causes no distress since I began their use.

Over six thousand people in the state of Michigan alone in 1894 were cured of stomach troubles by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Full sized package may be found at all druggists at 50 cents.

Send for little book on stomach diseases, mailed free by Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

MISS WILLARD

Re-Elected President of the World's W. C. T. U.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 23.—The World's W. C. T. U. convention was formally opened last night with a banquet. The occasion is being made use of by the active members of the Union to strengthen throughout their organization that fervor and enthusiasm which has been the constant characteristic of their work, to organize the work upon a thoroughly systematic basis in that progress may be greater and more decisive.

The banquet was held in pavillion. Miss Frances E. Willard, the world's president, presided.

At the meeting of the executive board of the World's W. C. T. U., last evening the officers were all re-elected as follows:

President, Miss Frances E. Willard, Evanston, Ill.

Vice president-at-large, Lady Henry Somerset, East Nor Castle, Ledbury, Eng.

Honorary vice presidents, Mrs. Mary Clement Leavett, Boston; Miss Jessie A. Ackermann, Chicago; Rev. Alice R. Palmer, Waysata, Minn.; "Mother" Stewart, Springfield, O.

Secretary, Miss Agnes E. Slack, Ripley, Derbyshire, Eng.

Assistant secretary, Miss Anna A. Gordon, Evanston, Ill.

Treasurer, Mrs. Mary E. Sanderson, Danville, Que.

Round-the-world missionaries, Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, Miss Jessie A. Ackermann, Rev. Alice R. Palmer, Miss Clara Parrish, Paris, Ill.; and Mrs. J. K. Barney, Providence, R. I.

The president of the W. C. T. U., Miss Frances E. Willard, delivered her annual address, in the course of which she said: "Canada leads the world to-day in the great prohibition struggle, and it leads with cheering prospects of success." Miss Willard's address covered in its comprehensive scope, reference to the queen's jubilee, to the India famine; to the aid given the Armenians through the efforts of the W. C. T. U. national society having forwarded $10,000; to the splendid gains in membership and work in all the large auxiliaries; to the urgent calls that have come from Burmah, India, China, Ceylon, South America, Mexico, and other countries, for resident white ribbon missionaries and lecturers; to the need for inebriate industrial homes; to food reform; to substitutes for saloons.

Regarding the purity question, Miss Willard said: "No good can come of legalizing the violation of two laws of God—first, thou shalt not commit adultery; second, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Whatever degrades the women of India puts the stamp of deterioration upon all women. To this it will be replied that they have degraded themselves

FRANCES WILLARD.

and the means proposed are only to mitigate the consequences, but it makes all the difference in the world to us whether their degradation came about through any forces that we have set in motion. By parity of reasoning, we may say the saloon is here, and here it will remain; let us do all we can to make it less dangerous to the people. But this is not the point; our attitude toward the saloon, first, last and all the time, is an attitude of utter hostility, and it makes all the difference in the world to us whether we have taken measures that render its continuance probable. The foundation and the keystone in the arch of heathenism is the sacrifice of woman's purity on the altar of man's sensuality, and if there is one monstrous thing which above another represents the anti-Christ, it is that fact. In Oriental countries women are helpless in the hands of men, as they have been through the dark centuries, and the depths of degradation to which this utter dependence has reduced them are beyond all power of western comprehension."

White Squadron in Port.

New York, Oct. 25.—The White Squadron, consisting of the cruisers New York and Brooklyn and the battleships Massachusetts, Texas and Iowa, arrived here yesterday from an extended visit in Eastern waters.

They Won't Strike.

Brazil, Ind., Oct. 25.—Much gratification is felt over the miners deciding at their meeting Saturday not to strike. They did not ask for a four-cent increase but insist upon the check system being adopted.

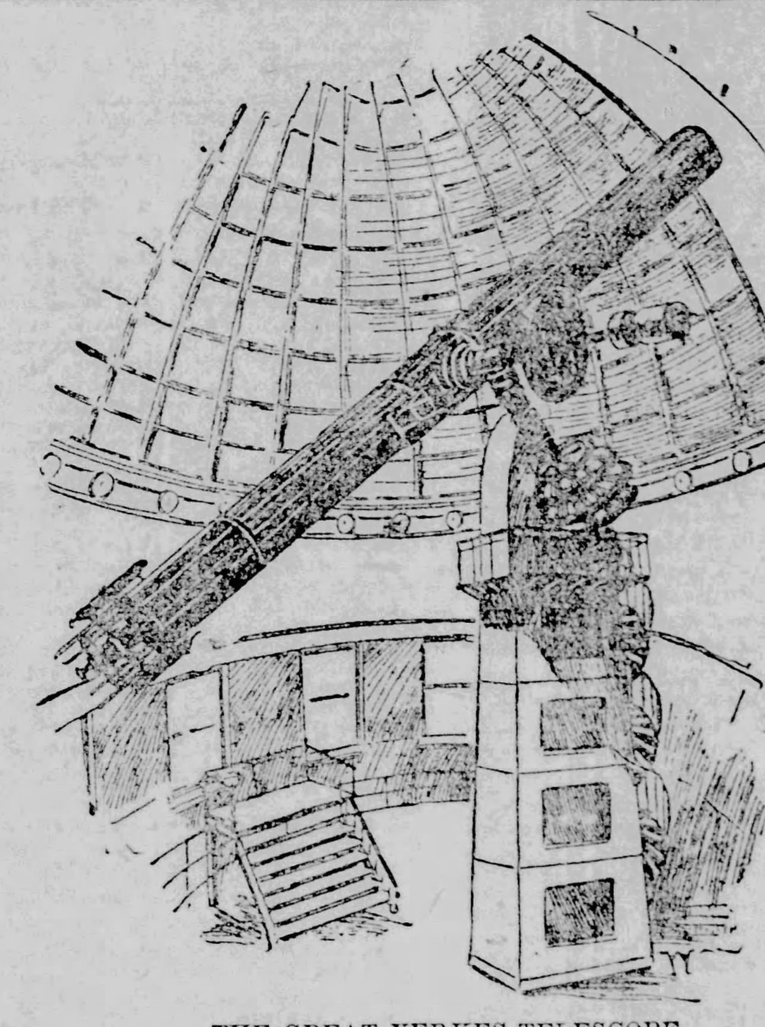
GREAT YERKES TELESCOPE

Formally Dedicated to Study of the Heavens.

Lake Geneva Wis., Oct. 21.—The greatest telescope in the world was dedicated here to-day. It is the gift to the University of Chicago of Charles T. Yerkes, the much maligned street railway baron, but who, notwithstanding the trials and tribulations to which he has been subject of late years, has given to two-thirds of Chicago's area the greatest street car system on the face of the earth, and in doing so has contributed to the city's development to an extent that will warrant future generations in regarding him as a public benefactor. Five years ago the street car magnate founded the Yerkes observatory at this place, which at once took rank among the similar institutions already in existence, and to-day he capped his benefaction by handing to the representatives of the university the deeds to a telescope that has a diameter one-ninth larger and a light-gathering power nearly one-fourth greater than that of the famous Lick telescope at Mt. Hamilton in California, until to-day the most powerful glass in the world.

The Great Lens.

The object glass of forty inches clear aperture is placed in a tube which, with its accessories, has a total length of not less than 75 feet. The instrument complete possesses the enormous weight of 60 tons. The tube alone weighs six tons. The polar axis, which carries the entire weight of the tube and its attachments, weighs five tons. The driving clock, which is to move automatically this immense tube with a motion corresponding to the exact apparent motion of the star being observed, weighs one ton. The weight of the column supporting the mechanism of the telescope is not less than 30 tons. It is seven by ten feet in dimensions, and the height from the floor to the center of motion is over forty feet. The dome of the observatory is 85 feet in diameter.



THE GREAT YERKES TELESCOPE.

The instrument is provided with all the complicated motions which are necessary in such a large telescope. The machinery affording this variety of movement can be operated by the hand of the astronomer, or by electric motors, at the will of the observer. The electric motors are governed by a small switch board, which can be placed on the operator's table or in any other convenient position. The magnifying power of the new instrument ranges from 250 to 3,000 diameters and is 25 per cent. greater than that of the Lick telescope. The outlay involved in the building and equipping of the observatory and its minor and main telescopes is a secret with the donor, but it must have been enormous.

Other Instruments.

The Yerkes telescope will be the principal instrument of the observatory, but not the only one. In fact, it will be but the chief among a number of instruments and appliances designed to cover as completely as possible work along the principal lines of astro-physical research. In the words of Professor Hale, the advantages of this instrument are: (1) High resolving power, adapting it for observation of double stars and minute detail in the surface markings of the sun, moon, planets and satellites. (2) Great light-gathering power, making possible spectroscopic studies of faint stars, micrometric and photometric observations of faint satellites, stars and nebulae, variable stars at times of minimum brightness, and comets long after perihelion passage. (3) Great focal length (it is nineteen times the aperture, instead of the fifteen ratio used on the Dearborn refractor), giving large images in the principal focal plane of the sun, planets and planetary nebulae, admirably suited for spectroscopic work. This renders it desirable to provide the observatory with laboratories equipped for the numerous researches of a physical nature required for the full interpretation of the phenomena studied, and these, in turn, can be profitably used to develop the work done with other telescopes. Reflectors will be prominent among these. Professor Hale having long recognized the superiority of the reflector for stellar spectroscopic work.

Dedication Exercises.

The dedication exercises took place this morning. At 9 o'clock the final session of the International Astronomical Congress was held. One hour later two special trains arrived from Chicago bringing visitors from other states, prominent men and women of the city, the board of trustees, students and guests of the University of Chicago. A procession was formed and march taken up to the observatory grounds. After prayer had been offered and a musical selection rendered, the oration of the day was delivered by Prof. J. A. Keeler, L. L. D., director of the Allegheny observatory.

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Charles T. Yerkes formally presented the deeds to the institution to Dr. W. L. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, and the latter made an eloquent and impressive address of acceptance. This concluded the simple exercises, and after luncheon had been served to the guests an hour was devoted to inspecting the observatory. This afternoon the visitors departed for Chicago. October 21, 1897, will hereafter be a red letter day in the calendar of astronomers throughout the globe.

One thousand styles and sizes.
For cooking and heating.
Price from $10 to $70.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

Often imitated. Never equalled.

MICHIGAN STOVES AND RANGES —next in quality to "Garlands."

JURY DISAGREED.

Outcome of the Luetgert Wife Murder Case.

Chicago, Oct. 21.—The autumn light straggled through the big windows of Judge Tuthill's court to-day as Adolph L. Luetgert, the man who has been on trial on the charge of murdering his wife and boiling her body in a vat, heard from the foreman of the twelve men who have been considering his case for the past 66 hours, the words, "We are unable to agree upon a verdict." Imperturbable as ever, evincing no joy at the words, the wonderful nerve of the North Sider was with him to the end.

He stood up, and with only a good-natured smile on his swarthy face, shook hands with his son, Arnold, his counsel and business partner, William Charles, in less than five minutes was led back to jail, the jury was dismissed, and the great trial was over.

The twelve men were divided as follows:

For conviction and the death penalty—Heickhold, Boyd, Bibby, Mahoney, Behmiller, Hosmer, Shaw, Franzen and Fowler.

For acquittal—Harley, Holabird and Barber.

The Luetgert trial has been one of the most noted cases in criminal history. Adolph Louis Luetgert, who had been a wealthy manufacturer of sausage, and had recently failed in business, losing much of his fortune, was arrested May 17, charged with the murder of his wife, Louise. Mrs. Luetgert disappeared from her North Side home May 1st, but the fact was not reported to the police until her brother started an investigation a week later. According to the theory of the police prosecution, the murder of Mrs. Luetgert by her husband was a horrible one. It was asserted by the state that the sausage maker, having tired of his wife, and desiring to marry Mrs. Christene Feldt, a wealthy widow, had enticed the missing woman to the basement of his factory on the night of May 1, and then, after a terrible struggle, killed her with a club. After the murder, according to the prosecution, Luetgert placed the body of his wife in one of the huge sausage vats, and with a quantity of caustic potash, boiled the body until it had almost entirely disappeared, sitting by the vat throughout the night, alone and on guard. Soon after the police took charge of the case, the sausage vat was drained, and several bones, two rings and some corset steels were found. Upon this evidence the state based its case. Over the identification of the bones a desperate battle of expert opinion was waged, the identification ranging all the way from the statement that the bones were those of a woman of about Mrs. Luetgert's size, to the assertion that they were plainly all that was left of a pet dog of the Luetgert family. The expert testimony alone cost the state $5,000, and the entire cost of the trial to the prosecution is estimated between $15,000 and $20,000. Luetgert's defense was that his wife had left home while temporarily insane. The use of the caustic potash in the sausage was explained as an experiment in soap making, and much testimony was introduced to show that the rings found had never been worn by Mrs. Luetgert, and that the bones were not human.

Creeks Reject Treaty.

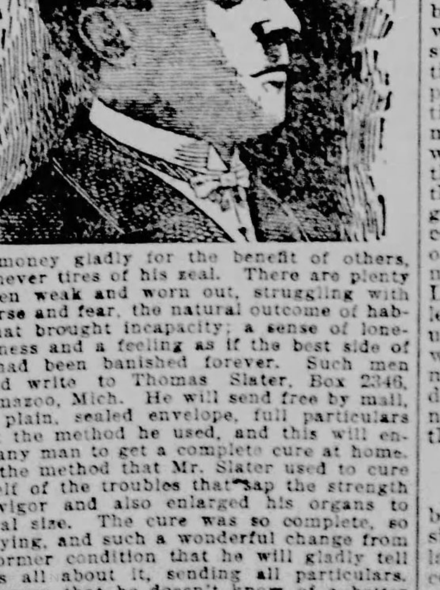
Muskogee, I. T., Oct. 20.—The treaty between the Dawes and Creek commissions which was concluded at this place last month, was rejected by the Creek council, in session at Okmulge. The vote in the house of warriors, which is the lower house of the Creek, was unanimous against the treaty, and only eight members of the house of kings voted in favor of it.

GIVES STRENGTH TO MEN

FREE TO ALL WHO ARE WEAK AND WORN.

A Method to Cure and Increase the Power.

It is a remarkable fact that a man never appreciates the sufferings of others until he himself has passed through the fire of pain or remorse. Then it is that he looks around for those who are suffering; he wants them to profit by his experience; he gives his time



and money gladly for the benefit of others, and never tires of his zeal. There are plenty of men weak and worn out, struggling with remorse and fear, the natural outcome of habits that brought incapacity; a sense of lonesomeness and a feeling as if the best side of life had been banished forever. Such men should write to Thomas Slater, Box 2346, Kalamazoo, Mich. He will send free by mail, in a plain, sealed envelope, full particulars about the method he used, and this will enable any man to get a complete cure at home. It is the method that Mr. Slater used to cure himself of the troubles that sap the strength and vigor and also enlarged his organs to natural size. The cure was so complete, so satisfying, and such a wonderful change from his former condition that he will gladly tell others all about it, sending all particulars. He figures that he doesn't know of a better way to show his appreciation of his own cure and the sufferings of others. There must be generous men in this world to offset the tide of avarice. Write to Mr. Slater—it will cost nothing for his description and method.

HEAVY RAINS

Cause Loss of $1,000,000 to California Fruit.

San Francisco, Oct. 25.—Reports from the interior show that the heavy rains which fell all over the northern part of the state have caused immense loss to farmers and vineyards, and will, in all probability, put an end to the shipment of grapes to the East. The total loss exceeds $1,000,000. In Fresno county alone it is estimated that the storms caused a loss of at least $600,000 to raisin men. At least one-quarter of the entire crop is lost.

CLOSING WEEK AT NASHVILLE,

And the Great Exposition Will Be a Thing of the Past.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 25.—Last week's attendance broke all previous records at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition—127,927 were the registered admissions. The total attendance to date is 1,456,029. This, the closing week, is expected from all indications to far exceed in attendance last week's.

SNUG FORTUNE

Awarded an Illinois Widow for Breach of Promise.

Danville, Ill., Oct. 23.—Mrs. Carrie Corbett, a widow 32 years old, was last night awarded $54,333.33 damages for breach of promise, John Gernard, 71 years old, retired capitalist, being defendant.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND WON'T JOIN.

Lord Salisbury Makes Reply to the American Proposition.

Lord Salisbury Makes Reply to the

London, Oct. 21.—Lord Salisburg has sent to Embassador Hay the reply of the British government to the proposals of the American-bi-metallic special commission headed by Senator Wolcott. It is a diplomatically worded note.

His lordship says the government of Great Britain is not able to open the India mints at present. He regrets the inability to accede to the proposals of the American commissioners, Great Britain having as great an interest as the United States and France in securing a stable par exchange for gold and silver and an enlarged use of silver.

Under these circumstances, continues Lord Salisbury, the British government does not see the desirability of an international monetary conference, but will be pleased to consider any other practical suggestions from the United States.

Lord Salisbury encloses with the note a copy of the statement of Sir J. Westland, head of the financial department of India which was under discussion at the meeting of the cabinet council last Saturday and which takes strong grounds against the reopening of the India mints.

Ambassador Andrew White came from Berlin last Saturday. He has avoided publicity, but has had several conferences with Senator Wolcott. In the course of an interview with the correspondent of the Associated Press, Mr. White said that Germany's action as to bi-metallism will depend upon England. Discussing the possibility of a tariff war, Mr. White said:

"I do not believe that Germany will inaugurate a tariff war with the United States. The German press and many German statesmen have been very bitter against the Dingley law, but I think they are now beginning to realize that an increased prosperity will enable the United States to buy as much as under the lower tariff."

BRITISH VICTORIES

Have Greatly Improved the Situation in India.

Simla, Oct. 22.—Despatches received to-day from Kharappa announce that the plan of campaign against the insurgents has been so far successfully carried out that a junction has been effected near Kharappa between the British forces under Gen. Sir Teatman Biggs, and Gen. Sir William Lockhart. After the storming and capture of Dargai Ridge, on the Samana range by the troops of General Biggs on Wednesday afternoon the plan was for the latter to push on so as to hold the frontal hills and then continue his advance to Kharappa, where he was to join forces with the column under Sir William Lockhart. This has been done and the two columns are now camped about two miles from Kharappa. The British troops met with only slight resistance; but the enemy is massed on the hills around Kharappa and desultory firing is proceeding.

Captain Arnold of the Dorsetshire regiment, Lieutenant Dingwall, of the Gordon highlanders and Lieutenant White, of the Sikhs are amoung the British officers wounded, in addition to those whose names have already been cabled.

REBELLION IN CHINA.

Many Thousands Killed at Kuang Yang City.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 20.—The city of Kuang Yang, in Hunan province, has been captured and its inhabitants massacred by a band of rebels forming part of a rebel army which is devastating Hunan and Kuang provinces, in Southern China.

On August 27 the bandits scaled the walls of Kuang Yang, with the intention of capturing the profincial prison and releasing three of their members there imprisoned. One band tore down the prison, setting free several hundred murderers, thieves and imprisoned debtors.

Another gang attacked the central part of the city, first murdering the magistrate who had sent the three bandits to prison. His entire family, numbering 32, including servants, was killed.

The entire night was spent in slaying and plundering. All mandarins and every civil and military officer in the city were beaten.

The number killed and injured exceeded 14,000. The insurgents numbered 15,000 men, half of them armed. Their avowed object is to destroy existing government in Southern China.

The government is greatly alarmed, but has no adequate means of suppressing the insurrection.

MARSHAL BLANCO

Thinks He Can Soon Settle the Cuban War.

Madrid, Oct. 21.—A dispatch from Corunna says that Marshal Blanco, prior to embarking for Havana to assume his new responsibilities as governor general of Cuba, made the following statement: "I go to Cuba with full confidence in the efficacy of the new programme to insure immediate and certain success. My military and political actions I shall develop simultaneously. I have not been instructed to maintain any reserve regarding the intentions to bestow the full autonomy offered by the Liberal party when I was in the opposition.

"I cannot fix a date for the termination of the war. One of my generals has expressed himself as confident of returning victorious in seven months. Matters might take a turn to confirm this surmise, but if all ends well it will make no difference even if we do take a little longer to reach peace."

It is understood in political circles that there is a sharp difference of opinion between Senor Gullon, the foreign minister, and General Correa, minister of war, on the one hand, and Senor Sagasta and Senor Moret, minister of colonies, on the other as to the attitude the government should take towards the United States.

PEPPERY SPAIN.

Threatens United States on Account of Filibusters.

London, Oct. 22.—The Madrid correspondent of the Daily Mail says:

Senor De Lome has been instructed to notify the American government that henceforth filibustering expeditions will be regarded as breaches of international law. Such, at any rate, is the substance of his instructions, thought it just possible that the form in which they will be carried into effect may modify their import.

A DEAD MAN AT THE HELM

The Schooner Gen. Siglin Adrift With a Corpse at the Wheel.

It was a ghastly story of tragedy at sea.

An inbound ship to San Francisco during a high gale sighted the schooner Gen. Siglin adrift in the North Pacific, abandoned by all survivors of her crew, with a

dead man lashed to her helm. The Gen. Siglin was one of the vessels of the North American Commercial Company. She was bound for San Francisco with a crew of eleven and a considerable cargo of merchandise. At the time she was sighted she was about one hundred miles west of Queen Chalotte Islands and was adrift with the gale. The figure of a dead man lashed to her wheel and hanging limply over it was plainly distinguished without the aid of a glass. Upon receipt of this news the government ordered two revenue cutters to go in search of the derelict.

It is not only upon the high seas that great commercial ventures are found adrift with a dead man lashed to the helm. There are gales on shore as well as at sea. Men who would succeed in life, in whatever occupation, have to encounter them. Thousands of business enterprises are wrecked because they are adrift in the gale of modern business competition with a dead man or one half-dead lashed to the wheel.

The man who suffers from ill-health of any description is unfitted to succeed, either as a laborer, mechanic, business man or professional man in the turmoil of modern competition.

Men make the mistake of thinking that they are not sick until they are flat on their backs. Anything short of actual confinement to a bed is referred to lightly as being "A little out of sorts." As a matter of fact, the man who is "a little out of sorts," whose appetite is a "little off," who does not have a naturally urgent call shortly after breakfast every morning, who feels an inexplicable inability to work during the day, who goes home at night tired and fagged out and is cross and crabbed all the evening, and passes restless, sleepless nights, and gets up unrefreshed in the morning, is a candidate for a general breakdown. If he works with his hands and muscles the sickness is likely to be a purely physical one. If he is a brain worker it is likely to be nervous exhaustion or prostration. If he leads a sedentary life and "humps over a desk" it will probably be dread consumption.

These disease are one and all traceable to insufficient and improper nutrition. There is a sure, speedy and permanent cure for them. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts promptly upon the important organs whose function it is to nourish and build up the whole body. It strengthens the stomach and invigorates the liver. It gives zest to the appetite. It assists in the production and flow of the digestive juices. It aids assimilation and fills the blood with the vital elements that build healthy tissues throughout the body. It is the great blood maker and flesh-builder. It cures all nervous troubles. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption in all its earlier states. It purifies the blood and cures all skin diseases. It cures by curing the cause. It makes new men out of fagged out, shattered wrecks. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is for sale by all good medicine dealers. The dealer who offers a substitute for the sake of a few pennies added profit cares more for his pocket than for your health. Avoid him. Thousands have testified to the merits of this great medicine.

Mr. Willis R. Tower, of Hop Bottom, Susquehanna Co., Pa., writes: "In July last I had an attack of stomach and liver trouble in connection with nasal catarrh, and a severe heart trouble, which kept me in bed and under the doctor's care. I was very weak; appetite poor, food distressed me, and on the whole, did not get any better. About the first of November I got a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and began taking it, and the effect seemed almost magical. In two weeks I had gained eight pounds. My appetite rapidly improved and the distress after eating gradually disappeared. I took only two bottles of the 'Discovery' but derived great benefit from it, and can heartily recommend it to all who are in need of a medicine of this kind."

Mrs. Sue Cate, of Weiser, Washington Co., Idaho, writes: "Your medicine has been of great benefit to me. I think it effected a cure. I can not praise it too highly. For several years before I took the medicine I would have to go to bed from one to three days out of every week. I haven't been sick in bed for eighteen months, not half a day. I can not help giving 'Golden Medical Discovery' the praise. I took three bottles. I began to mend from the time I commenced taking it. I am now forty years old and my neighbors all notice how stout I am. I can do my work, washing, scrubbing or anything, and it does not hurt me. I did not take any other medicine and I know it was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that cured me."

In case of Bright's Disease the "Golden Medical Discovery" stops the waste of vital elements. In bladder troubles it rebuilds the tissues and carries off and eliminates the old diseased and inflamed tissues. Here are two testimonials that tell the story of what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do in cases of kidney and bladder troubles.

"Through your skilful treatment, I am once more a well man," writes J. N. Arnold, esq., of Gandy, Logan Co., Neb. "I suffered for years and could not find relief until I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I suffered for years with constipation and torpidity of the liver, which resulted in irritation of the prostate and inflammation of the bladder. I had only taken one bottle when I found great relief. The medicine has effected a permanent cure. It has been two months since I stopped taking the medicine, and I have no symptoms of the disease returning. You have been the means of saving my life."

"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the finest remedy ever compounded for bladder trouble," writes Prof. C. Chreiner, of Carthage, Jasper Co., Mo. "My case was a desperate one. I was alarmed, and had about given up all hopes. Dr. Anderson told me mine was the worst case of catarrh of the bladder he ever saw. He told me there was only one remedy in the world that he knew of that would reach my case, and that was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In less than one-half hour after my first dose I felt relief. Three bottles have cured me, sound and well. Now where can I find words to express my gratitude?"

A good home medical book, written in plain English that anyone can understand, is cheap at almost any price. The very best home medical book is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, and it doesn't cost a cent. Send twenty one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for paper-covered copy; cloth bound ten cents extra, or thirty-one stamps in all.

JAPAN AND HAWAII

Will Submit Questions at Issue to Arbitration.

Honolulu Oct. 12, via San Francisco, Oct. 23.—The contention between the government of Hawaii, growing out of the immigration question, is now in a fair way for settlement by arbitration.

It is arbitration proposed by Hawaii, and not as dictated by Japan.

This is the latest news brought from Japan by the Belgic yesterday, and just transmitted to Mr. Cooper, the minister of foreign affairs, by Mr. Shimmamura, the minister for Japan.

The Japanese government is now ready to submit to arbitration all the points at issue, without any reservation.

Heretofore Japan declined to arbitrate the two chief points at issue, both of which are of vital importance to Hawaii. These are quoted from Count Okuma's letter of August 4: "The questions of the bona fide possession of $50 by each of the rejected free laborers, and the applicability of the treaty of 1871 to Japan's subjects other than the merchant class."

This would place Japan's treaty rights above the Hawaiian and involve the sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands.

The communication from the Japanese government, however, shows a complete change in its attitude toward Hawaii. Japan makes no reservation, but desires to submit every point at issue to arbitration without reservation or delay.

This practically opens the whole question and is just what the Hawaiian government desired and has contended for.

Accepting the action of Japan in good faith, the Hawaiian government promptly has made its reply, suggesting that the arbitration shall be by three eminent jurists, each government selecting one and uniting on the choice of the third.

BRAZIL AT PEACE.

One Result of the Death of Conselheiro.

New York, Oct. 22.—From Brazil comes the announcement that Antonio Conselheiro has been killed by government troops. Simple in itself, this announcement means much to Brazil. It means that the revolutionary troubles in that republic are undoubtedly at an end, at least for the time being. It means that the man through whom thousands of lives have been lost is no more; that the one person who has done more than any other to drive Brazil to the verge of bankruptcy has been removed, and that a promise of peace hangs over the big South American republic. And it means, too, that one of the most remarkable figures in the history of that country has laid down his life, a sacrifice to his convictions.

Conselheiro was the leader of the so-called fanatical movement in Brazil, a strange combination of man of God, warrior and diplomat, a "man who would be king." Millions of dollars had been spent to crush him and thousands of lives paid the forfeit at the point of his sword. This "fanatic," this "crazy man," this self-styled "good Jesus," who fought for "God and the King," as he expressed it, has been matched against the greatest military genius of Brazil and had not been found wanting. He called women as well as men into his army, women, who, if anything, fought more savagely than did the men and died to win the favor of their chief.

AGAINST ANNEXATION.

Opposition at Honolulu Will Send Committee to Washington.

Honolulu, Oct. 14.—via San Francisco, Oct. 22.—It was definitely decided yesterday among the Hawaiians opposing annexation that a commission of five men should be sent to Washington to make a determined fight against the ratification of the annexation treaty.

A prominent citizen who has recently returned from Germany, states that the Hawaiian annexation question is receiving some consideration among the German people. A number of prominent Germans have expressed themselves in favor of amalgamation of the two republics. In that event they think that Germany should be allowed to take Samoa without interference on the part of the United States. This they deem a simple matter of fairness and justice.

AMERICAN STEEL

Competing With British in Their Home Market.

London, Oct. 20.—The Pall Mall Gazette, this afternoon, during the course of a long article on American competition in the iron and steel industries, says:

"To-day we find the United States not only challenging our supremacy in neutral markets, but even obtaining a foothold in England.

"The causes which are giving the United States such a favorable position are permanent, and everything points to the United States remaining the cheapest steel producing country in the world."

Tidings From the Sea.

St. Johns, N. F., Oct. 22.—A boat with the name Hallamshire, of Hertlepool, and beds, deck gear and other wreckage have been driven ashore near Twillingate, on the north coast of New Foundland. It is feared that the British steamer Hallamshire has become a wreck and sank with all hands on board.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE POSTOFFICE REPORT.

Some Valuable Recommendations for Economy and Improvement.

Washington, Oct. 22.—The report of First Assistant Postmaster General Perry S. Heath for the fiscal year ended June 30, was made public to-day. The following is an abstract:

Special attention is called to the necessity of additional facilities for the division of salaries and allowances but above all other recommendations is placed one making provision for a small corps of special agents—about ten—who are expert accountants familiar with real estate values, to inquire in the field into postmaster's requisitions and demands and to reach a just ascertainment of merit in such purely business matters as cannot be obtained by correspondence. There should also be fixed a more severe penalty for the punishment of postmasters who peddle postage stamps with a view to increasing their own salaries, resulting in the diminution of the net receipts of the government. Authority should be given to secure leases of postoffice stations for a period of ten instead of five years.

So much is gained by our recent policy of consolidation of postoffices and the establishment or extension of the free delivery that I urge such action by Congress as will give greater latitude of discretion in the use of specific appropriations. Two assistant superintendents of free delivery system have been appointed, one to be located at New York and the other at Chicago, with proper plenary power and primary jurisdiction.

Business and Estimates.

On July 1, there were 3,723 presidential postoffices; embracing 169 first class; 750 second class, and 2,184 third class. The net increase for the year in the salaries of the postmasters at these offices is $97,600. Their aggregate salaries are $230,800. With the consolidation of the present independent postoffices within the limits of the new city of New York a saving of at least $62,723 in salaries and commissions of postmasters will be effected. Another considerable reduction in expenses may be made by the merging, or the abolishment in many cases of the several heads of divisions and other officials receiving the highest salaries.

Congress should not only repeal the law providing that no postoffice established at any county seat shall be abolished or discontinued by reason of any consolidation of postoffices under the existing law but should also authorize the postmaster general to extend consolidation wherever, in his belief the service may be thereby benefited.

The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, embrace $16,250,000 for compensation of postmasters; for clerk hire, $11,300,000; rental and purchase of cancelling machines, $125,000; rent, fuel and light, $1,750,000; miscellaneous items and furniture, $200,000; and advertising, $20,000.

A plea is made for the purchase of the postal stations in the larger cities and that for the reclassification of postoffice clerks renewed. The estimate for the free delivery service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, is $13,810,400. Since the close of the fiscal year 1897 the service has been established in more than 4 Offices and before the close of the current year all offices entitled to the service will receive the same.

OUR PAPER MONEY

Likely to Be Changed at Suggestion of Secretary Gage.

Washington, Oct. 22.—The cabinet session to-day was very brief and was devoted to department matters. Neither foreign affairs nor the Union Pacific foreclosure sale were discussed. Secretary Gage presented the question of the advisability of a reform in the designs of United States paper money. There are at present in current use three classes of government paper money; silver certificates, treasury notes of 1890, and United States notes or greenbacks. In each of these classes there are nine denominations, making twenty-seven in all, each being represented by a special design entirely dissimilar from the others. Secretary Gage's plan is to have practically one design for the three dollar notes, another for the twos and so on up to $1,000, the highest. The reading necessarily would be different on each denomination. In order that the three classes of paper money may be readily distinguished the seals and the numbers in each class will be printed in distinctive colors. The numerals on each note will be made very prominent. The secretary argued that the new designs would in a great measure prevent the raising of notes as the design would at once identify the denomination independent of the numerals. The secretary had with him at the cabinet meeting samples of the new designs, and all of the members present expressed themselves as highly pleased with the scheme. Without something unforseen occurs to prevent this plan will be carried out as soon as the plates can be prepared. Before the meeting of the cabinet Secretary Sherman and the charge d'affairs of the diet of the Greater Republic of Central America called at the white house but did not see the President. Ex-Secretary Carlisle saw the President but would say nothing concerning the object of his visit.

GEN. LEE WILL REMAIN.

No Consular Shifts Will Be Made During Present Trouble.

Washington, Oct. 21.—General Fitzhugh Lee, consul general in Cuba, has announced to his friends that he expects to return to Cuba about December 5, and remain until the conclusion of the Cuban war.

Mr. McKinley has decided to make no changes of consular officers on the island until the rebellion in one way or another is brought to an end. The interests of this country and its citizens in Cuba will, the President believes, be better subserved by officers who have had experience on the island.

In the belief that congress, when it convenes, will desire information as to the attitude of the administration upon Cuban affairs, the President is keeping himself thoroughly posted, and is seeking information from all reliable sources in order that he may formulate his policy in accordance with the developments from time to time.

BLAINE'S IDEA WINS.

Reciprocity Treaties Will Soon Be Concluded With South America.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 21.—"Within six months," said Director Smith, of the bureau of American republics, "reciprocity treaties will probably be negotiated with the countries of Latin America, as well as with France and Germany. The negotiations are still pending, and it would be improper to speak of details further than to say the prospects are excellent for an immediate application of the reciprocity features of the Dingley bill. For the last four years almost no efforts have been made to build up our trade with the countries on the American continent to the south of us. Now we are preparing to inaugurate movements to take advantage of the revival of trade relations which are evident all over the continent.

Coal is being mined to-day in the Indian Territory and shipped to Mexico. We can extend this trade indefinitely, and our commerce within America can be made to include agricultural products just as well as manufactured products. Iowa is to-day putting up butter in cans and shipping it to Venezuela and Brazil by way of Liverpool. When we take advantage of the natural ways down the Mississippi and across the gulf there is no reason why we should not control the commerce of the continent. The countries to the south of us are ready to enter into closer commercial relations with the United States, while the reciprocity features of the new tariff law are peculiarly inviting to Germany and France."

COMES HOME TO VOTE.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinley Start for Ohio on Friday.

Washington, Oct. 25.—President McKinley will receive returns from the elections at the home of his mother, in Canton. Special telegraph wires will be run into the house and the President will be enabled to communicate instantly with all parts of Ohio, New York, and Maryland—the states in which his principal interest centers. His deepest interest will, naturally be in the returns from Ohio. Next he will think of the great mayoralty contest in Greater New York, and then of the contest in Maryland. It is not unlikely that Senator Hanna may be with the President during the reception of the returns.

Mrs. McKinley will be the recipient of honors on the trip with the President.

At Cincinnati next Saturday afternoon she will be honored with a musicale at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schmidtlapp, where the President and Mrs. McKinley will stop. The musicale will take place while the President is being entertained by the Commercial Club. In Pittsburg a luncheon will be given to Mrs. McKinley by Mrs. Robert Pitcairn.

The presidential party will leave here next Friday afternoon in the Pullman car "Hazelmere," in which they have made numerous trips this summer.

ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

Question to Be Settled During the Next Congress.

Washington, Oct. 25.—It is believed here that in view of the great prominence Alaska has achieved owing to the recent gold discoveries and the importance of definitely fixing the boundary line between our territory and that of the dominion of Canada that the Senate, when it assembles in December, will take early action upon the treaty pending between Great Britain and the United States for the survey and marking of the 141st meridian. This treaty was sent to the Senate almost two years ago.

The 141st meridian marks the eastern boundary of Alsaka down to within ten marine leagues of the southern coast, where the line trends to the southeast, keeping that distance from the coast. Concerning the 141st meridian there is, of course, no controversy between the United States and Great Britain, but no basis of settlement of the southeastern line has yet been reached by the two countries.

INCREASE OF ARMY

Recommended by Gen. Miles in His Annual Report.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Gen. Miles, commanding general of the army, has made his annual report to the Secretary of war. He commends the efficiency of the army and speaks of the progress that has been made on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts in the matter of fortifications. He asks that Congress authorize two more regiments of artillery to garrison the new fortifications, and also five additional regiments of infantry.

He devotes considerable attention to Alaska and says that the waters of Alaska should be thoroughly examined by the naval forces and there should be at least three military posts established in the territory to support the civil authorities.

He refers to the improved condition of the Indians and recommends, that the policy of employing army officers as Indian agents be continued. He makes recommendations in detail for the protection of coast points and says that the maximum peace footing of the army should be one enlisted man to every 1,000 population and the minimum one to every 2,000.

APPOINTMENTS.

Several Oriental Consulships Filled by Good Men.

Washington, Oct. 22.—The President made the following appointments to-day:

Consuls—John Howell Carroll, of Maryland, at Dadiz, Spain; Charles B. Harris, of Indiana, at Nagasaki, Japan; Willim Wallace Mills, of Texas, at Chihuahua, Mexico; Oscar F. William, of New York, at Manila, Phillippine Islands; William Martin, of New York, at Ching Kiany, China.

Indian agents—John H. Sutherland, at White Earth Agency, Minn.; John W. Harding, at Yankton Agency, South Dakota.

Col. Peter C. Hains, corps of engineers, U. S. A., to be member of the Nicaragua canal commission. Robert C. Schenck, to be assistant paymaster in the navy.

SEALING CONFERENCE

Opened at Washington by a Formal Organization.

Washington, Oct. 23.—The international fur seal conference convened at 11 a. m. in the diplomatic room of the state department and organized by the selection of Hon. John W. Foster as chairman and Mr. G. A. Clarke as secretary.

The conference adjourned to meet on Monday at 10 a. m. After the adjournment the delegates were accompanied by Secretary Sherman to the Executive Mansion and presented to the President.

The delegates to the international fur seal conference are: Russia, Hon. Pierre Botkine, M. De Boutkowsky, M. De Wollaut, Charge d' Affaires, Russian legation. Japan, Hon. Shiro Fujita, Prof. Kakichi Mitsukuri. United States, Hon. John W. Foster, Hon. Charles Hamlin, President David Star Jordan.

To Control Alaska.

Washington, Oct. 20.—The secretary of war will issue an order to-day creating a military reservation in that part of Alaska lying within a radius of 50 miles of St. Michaels. The purpose is to confer upon Lieut. Col. Randall the necessary legal authority to preserve order and protect property in this section of the county both of which are believed to be jeopardized by the large number of lawless characters gathered near the mouth of the Yukon.

Survey of Seal Islands.

Washintgon, Oct. 22.—Gen. Duffield of the coast and Geodetic survey has received word from the Pribyloff islands under date of September 6 which indicates that the pary now engaged in the survey of the seal islands, under the direction of his son, will complete their labors this season. The information was that the survey of St. Pauls, Walrus, and Otter islands and their rookeries had been finished leaving St. George the only island at that date unsurveyed.

Mines of British Columbia.

Washington, Oct. 23.—Consul Smith at Victoria, B. C., reports to the state department that the business in that consular district is considerably larger than the preceding year, owing to the Klondike gold excitement. Owing to the tariff the exports to the United States have been smaller since August. During the year 1896 the mines of British Columbia produced as follows: Gold, $1,244,180; silver, $2,100,689; lead, $721,384; copper, $190,926; total, 1896, $4,257,179.

Revenue Statement.

Washington, Oct. 23.—The monthly statement of the condition of internal revenue shows that the total receipts during September last amounted to $12,854,506, a gain as compared with September 1896, of $845,375.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A MAN APPARENTLY ENDOWED WITH MORE THAN HUMAN POWER.

WORKS SEEMING MIRACLES IN KANSAS CITY, WHERE HE LIVES.

HIS HOME A MECCA OF HEALTH AND REFUGE FOR THE AFFLICTED.

WHY IT IS SO.

A Banker and Broker Tells What He Saw in Kansas City During Carnival Week.

Special Toledo Weekly Blade.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 26.—Charles B. Pearce, the well-known banker and successful business man of Maysville, Ky., spent a week in Kansas City during the Carnival, it being the second visit he has made during the past few months. Mr. Pearce is not only known in financial and business circles as a man of profound experience and ability, but his opinion on any subject is regarded as most conservative and reliable. There are hundreds of men needing relief from the same affliction from which he suffered, who will no doubt gladly profit by his experience. He said to your correspondent:

"My only object in visiting Kansas City was to see what the wonderful vital doctor could do for me, for during the past two years, from some cause, perhaps over-work, I have found myself gradually failing in health, until I became so bad I was compelled to seek relief. It was more than a year ago I was induced to place myself under the treatment of some eminent physicians in the city of New York. They exhausted their skill. I grew worse daily. I was advised by physicians to not attempt any business, and at all times be under the care and observation of a skilled nurse, as I was liable to become helpless at any moment from paralysis or heart failure, for which nothing could be done by treatment. While in this condition my attention was called to reports of wonderful cures being performed by a doctor in Kansas City who gave no medicine, but used his own vital power to heal all manner of diseases. I lost no time in getting ready to visit Kansas City. I made by first visit here last August, was accompanied by a professional nurse, who had to lead me, as I was so dizzy at times I could scarcely stand. I met Dr. Carson, the Vital Healer, took a few treatments, was greatly benefited, and returned to my home in Maysville, Kentucky, in about ten days. Was then able to attend to my usual business duties. In a month I returned to Kansas City again, unattended by any one and have enjoyed myself and managed to look out for myself without the least assistance, took in all the parades and Carnival exercises, visited the doctor at his Temple of Health once a day during the past week, and here I am to-night just ready to return to my home again, feeling like I was qualified to do any work that may be required of me. I came to Dr. Carson helpless, both mentally and physically. I go away in full possession of all my faculties. This to me is the most wonderful thing in the world, how a man can do what this doctor can, as he gave me no medicine. His office is full of people daily and they all seem to share the same good fortune as myself at the hands of this wonderful man."

Where, in all this wide world, is there one man or one woman suffering with a painful and life-destroying disease, who would not welcome relief did they but know where it could be found. There is not one. Thousands of these have come in the past, and are coming now to this great healer, and thousands of others who have yet to hear of his power, will come in the future.

Persons wishing to learn more about this wonderful treatment can write to Dr. C. H. Carson, Temple of Health, 12th and Washington streets, Kansas City, Mo. All letters promptly answered when stamp is enclosed for reply.

FAMINE ON THE KLONDIKE.

Miners Trying to Get Away From Dawson.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 25.—Miners who came down on the steamer Farallon from Dyea and who left Dawson City about forty days ago, say five days before they left, Hansen, one of the managers of the Alaska Commercial Company arrived in a canoe and told of the abandonment of efforts to get food up the river. Fully 400 miners at once made preparations to start out over the trails, but the citizen's committee refused to allow them sufficient provisions for the journey, so to save those who had already started all will have to remain and share in the privations at Dawson.

Charles Fries, of Tacoma, who came out, with Butt Woods and Archie Burns, says that besides the famine a mysterious disease has broken out and is carrying off an average of five men daily. Twenty-four hours after the victim is attacked he turns black from the waist to the throat and two days later in a majority of cases is dead.

On his way down over the Dalton trail which in many places runs along the Yukon's banks, the party met many boats bound down. About 300 boats are now going down the river with from four to seven men in each boat.

The Fries party was the last to leave Dawson. At Five Finger Rapids they fell in with the party headed by Kay Stuart, of New York, which left six days before and reaching Dalton's boat they caught up with the party made up of John Fry and J. Trippe and C. Holden, of New York, with an Indian guide. This party ran short of food and for four days none had any food save an owl which they shot and some soup made from a rawhide strap which they were using in packing their goods.

The Farallon brought down about $20,000 in gold.

PROSPERITY IN KANSAS.

Increase of Deposits in Banks Amounts to 45 Per Cent.

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 25.—Three hundred and seventy-four out of the 382 private and state banks of Kansas have made their report to Bank Commissioner John W. Breidenthal, and they have verified his prophecy that the increase in deposits would amount to $7,000,000. This is an increase over last year of 45 per cent. Mr. Briendenthal attributes it to the wonderful cleaning up of private indebtedness under the squeeze of money lenders during the past five years, thus leaving the people with a surplus when their stupendous wheat crop was marketed. The national bank reports have not yet been made, but it is estimated they show an increase of $2,000,000, making the entire increase in deposits nearly $10,000,000. The entire deposits of the state are estimated at $42,000,000, which means $30 per capita in available cash, a condition unprecedented.

STAND UP FOR MARK.

Hanna's Employes Indignant at His Treatment.

Cleveland, Oct. 23.—About fifty of the employes of the "Little Consolidated," Senator Hanna's street railroad, in the Superior street cable power house, are out with the following signed letter:

"We, the undersigned employes of the Cleveland City railway at the Superior street cable house, regardless of politics, wish to emphatically denounce the rumors sent out by the professional agitators and others, without a particle of interest in the welfare of this city, that the Hon. M. A. Hanna is unfriendly to labor. We are highly appreciative of our treatment and the wages paid us are as good as is being paid by any concern in this city."

SPAIN ANSWERS.

But the Reply Will Be Kept Secret for a Time.

Madrid, Oct. 26.—The Spanish government refuses to furnish for publication the text of the note of Spain which has been handed to the United States minister here, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, as an answer to the communication which the general placed in the hands of the Duke of Tetuan, early in September last, when the latter was minister for foreign affairs, on the subject of the insurrection in the island of Cuba.

The United States minister admits having received Spain's reply to the note, but he also refuses to discuss the matter beyond saying that the text of the Spanish answer will be immediately transmitted to Washington. From other sources it was learned that the officials of the United States legation were engaged to-day in translating Spain's answer, and it was reported that the United States minister would cable to Washington to-day the full text of the Spanish note.

Although the government of Spain will not give out the text of its reply to the United States on the subject of Cuba, it was officially announced that the reply of the Spanish minister for foreign affairs, Senor Gullon, is on the following lines: It expresses regret at the fact that the insurrection in Cuba "receives support from frequent American filibustering expeditions," and that otherwise the rebellion in Cuba would possibly not exist. It is hoped by the Spanish government and by granting autonomy to Cuba and the withdrawing of American support of the insurgents the insurrection will shortly be ended.

It is further officially announced that the Spanish note is marked throughout by an energetic tone.

It is not expected that the text of the answer of Spain will be published here before the Senate has had the opportunity of deliberating upon it and therefore, it is understood that the text of the document may not be published in the United States until after the reassembling of Congress.

HIRSCHFELDER'S CURE.

Formula for Making Oxytuberculine to Cure Consumption.

San Francisco, Oct. 26.—Official notice has been received by the Belgian consul, Leon Guaslain, the minister of foreign affairs, had transmitted documents concerning Dr. Joseph O. Hirschfelder's consumptive cure to the Royal Academy of Medicine of Belgium and that the Academy had commissioned Dr. Van Lair, one of its titular members, to make an examination, the formula for making oxytuberculine, which, it is claimed, makes consumption curable, is briefly stated as follows:

Veal is soaked in water and its juice is then boiled and filtered. Glycerine, peptone and salt are put in the liquid which is made slightly akaline with carbonate of soda.

In this liquid the germs of tuberculosis are grown. When they are fully developed the liquid with the germs is boiled and filtered. The resultant liquid is tuberculine.

This tuberculine is the basis of Dr. Hirschfelder's preparation. Peroxide of hydrogen is added to it and the mixture is heated for 130 hours, at the end of which time it is oxytuberculine. This is clarified by a caustic soda solution and a portion of boraxao acid is put in to keep it from decomposing.

PULLMAN'S WILL.

Greater Part of the Immense Estate Goes to the Widow.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 25.—The will of the late George M. Pullman, the palace car magnate, will be probated to-morrow or Wednesday. It was read to the Pullman family Saturday night after their return from the funeral and was placed in the hands of Robert T. Lincoln. It is locked up in a private vault in Mr. Lincoln's home on the Lake Shore drive. The will covers five sheets of foolscap paper, distributes $25,000,000 in money, real estate, bonds, mortgages and notes, and names Robert T. Lincoln and Norman B. Ream as executors.

Mr. Lincoln says the document is very simple considering the extensive interests involved. He will not give out the details until it is probated. It is understood, however, that the bulk of the estate will devolve upon Mrs. Pullman, the widow. This will be held by her until her death, when it will revert to the children, under certain conditions for the sons. Mrs. Florence Lowden, one of the daughters, and regarded as the late money king's favorite child, will be made one of the wealthiest women in Chicago. A considerable portion of the estate will likewise be inherited by her on the death of her mother. Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, the other daughter, will come in for nearly $1,000,000 but is not so liberally endowed as her hister.

George M. and Walter Sanger Pullman, the twin brothers and only sons, will have to undergo a period of probation before they will be entrusted with any portion of the late millionaire's fortune. It is learned through a close friend of the family who has seen the will that neither of the sons will lack pocket money. A number of shares in the Pullman Palace Car Company and other business corporations in which their father was interested will be turned over to trustees, who will provide them with the funds from time to time.

NO FROST YET.

And Yellow Jack Continues Its Dreadful Work of Death.

New Orleans, Oct. 25.—Five new cases and one death has been reported to the board of health at 10 o'clock this morning. Otherwise there is little change in the fever situation and no present promise of frost or a drop in the temperature. The state authorities are at present without a detention camp across the lake, and are making efforts to have Rigolets re-opened, the government camp at Fontainbleau being practically closed. There are still some people on the lake coast who want to come to New Orleans, but who must go to some point of detention before the authorities will permit them to enter the city. The camp in Jefferson parish from which labor is going into the sugar district, will receive some 500 men during the present week.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 25.—Up to noon no new cases since last report; deaths since midnight, two.

The death of Marcus Cohen was reported in the night depatches. The Cohan's visited McFerrant the first patient before Mr. McFerran's case was diagnosed as yellow fever.

FLOODS IN THE ORIENT.

Untold Damage Done by High Water in Japan.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 26.—Oriental advices per steamer Olympia: September 30 a heavy rain storm spread all over Japan and up to the time the steamer Olympia left Yokohama reports were coming in of terrible havoc done. The government railway was washed away in several places between Hodogaya and Kambars. A part of the tunnel between Hodogaya and Totsuka collapsed, and fell on five trucks of a train which was passing through at the time.

A Koge dispatch says that numerous floods have occurred in that vicinity, Akashi being under water with seven houses swept away and traffic has been stopped on the San Yo railway. Many bridges and embankments have been swept away, and enormous damage done. Many people were killed in this district. At Musias, 22 houses collapsed. At Akashi 20 houses were destroyed and 22 badly damaged. The Mainichi states that 35,000 houses are flooded at Nagoya.

According to an official report from Aichi prefecture, there are 42 villages, altogether containing 10,000 houses, still submerged in the Kaito, Kaisai, Nakashima and Haguri districts, while 66,100 peasants are at present dependent on the rations of food issued by the government. The damage to the rice crops is estimated to be not less than one and a half million yen.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Radway's Ready Relief is Absolutely Indispensable to every well regulated household. It instantly relieves and quickly cures all Colds, Sore Throats, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
Frostbites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

and all Pains. Internally for Malaria and all Bowel Pains. Sold by all Druggists.

UNION PACIFIC SALE.

The Government Guaranteed the Full Amount of Its Claim.

New York, Oct. 26.—The reorganization committee of the Union Pacific railroad to-day received an acceptance from the attorney general of their bid of an amount equalling the full claim of the government against the main line of the Union Pacific railroad, which was some $58,000,000. Therefore the sale of the road will proceed without interference, it is assumed.

Washington, Oct. 26.—There is no longer any doubt that the reorganization committee has increased its guarantee offer for the Union Pacific railroad property to the full amount of the government claim against that road, and that the government has formally accepted it. The government under these circumstances will not oppose the sale of the road on the date originally fixed. The reorganization committee has agreed to a postponement of the sale of the Kansas Pacific.

GRAIN SPECULATION.

Iowa Decision Affecting the Legality of Contracts.

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 23.—The Iowa supreme court yesterday rendered an important decision affecting the legality of contracts between grain speculators. In the case of Counselman & Co. vs. Manuel Reichart, brought up from the Cass district court, the court declared that "contracts for grain where the intention is merely a speculation on the chances of the rise or fall of the market and no delivery is intended, are gambling contracts and void. It is not enough to render the contract void that the buyer intends it as a gambling contract unless the seller participates in that intention. That is, if in the case at the bar the defendant, in ordering the purchase of oats, only intended to speculate upon margins without the delivery of grain, and the plaintiff purchased the grain for actual delivery it would not be a gambling contract. To make the contract void as between these parties the intention to make a gambling contract must be mutual." It was held by the court that the suit under discussion was one in which no delivery was intended.

BRIDE AT FOURTEEN.

Sandusky Girl Gives Friends a Surprise.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 23.—Mrs. Matilda Reed, of 29 Warden street, on the South Side, reported to the police several days ag othat her niece, Miss Alice Shoop, 14 years old, left her home late in August to visit relatives on the West Side for a few days and then go to her home in Sandusky.

That was the last seen of her. It developed that she never visited the relatives nor went near them.

In the last mail Thursday afternoon Mrs. Reed received a letter from Chatham, Ont. It was from Alice. She said: "I write you a few lines to let you know I am well, happy and married. I am married to George Wedge; you know him." Then she went on about some family matters. When Mrs. Reed read it she nearly fainted.

"That child married!" she exclaimed. "It can not be true."

But there it was right in her own handwriting. She said they were living with a brother of her husband, and that they treated her well.

A reporter called on Mrs. Reed Friday morning to learn the facts.

"The girl is only 14 years old," she said: "She weights about 110 pounds and has dark eyes and light hair, and I count her pretty. Wedge is 21 years old. He is a mechanic and he comes from Vermillion, where Alice used to live. They have been acquainted for several yars.

"Her father is one of the officers of the excursion steamer American Eagle. Her mother died two years ago. Her home lately has been in Sandusky. To say it was a surprise would be putting it mild.

"Where or when the marriage took place I do not know. She left here one day while I was away and that was the last I saw of her."

ON THE ATLANTIC.

The Worst Storm for Years Raging Along the Coast.

Cape May, N. J., Oct. 25.—The northeast storm which has prevailed along the the coast for five days, developed in the night into the worst storm which has struck Cape May in 19 years. The tides cover over a third of the territory of the town and surrounds the mammoth Stockton Hotel, and all the section northeast of it. The wind reached a velocity of 45 miles an hour and is still blowing a gale. The board walk is slightly damaged. Four miles of trolley on the beach is entirely broken. An unknown two-masted schooner, sailless, is at the mercy of the elements two miles off shore.

Sightseers say that one vessel went down off shore about 6:30 this morning. This statement can not be verified. Trains over the South Jersey railroad can not get across the meadow.

South Cape May is also badly flooded, many cottage porches and fences being washed away. The train service to all beach resorts is suspended. Telephone service between the life saving stations is interrupted.

Half a Dozen Wrecks.

Delaware Breakwater, Del., Oct. 25.—The northeast gale which reached a velocity of nearly 50 miles an hour last night is still blowing 40 miles an hour with no signs of abating. The schooner H. W. Laws, which went ashore near the fish factory yesterday is still pounding on the beach.

The schooners Lizzie Falkanburg, and Sarah J. Vaughan came ashore last night at West Maull's pier and barge No. 11 and a dredge are aground near the life saving station. The schooner Anna L. Ponder for New York, is ashore three miles north of Maull's Pier. No word has been received from down the coast on account of interruption to the life saving service wires.

River Yields a $1,000 Pearl.

Indianapolis, Oct. 21.—While fishing at Broad Ripple yesterday Mrs. C. E. Burns, of 204 Bright street, found a mussel shell, which she broke open and found to contain a pearl as large as an ordinary pea. Several jewelers examined it to-day, and place its value at $1,000.

Markets and Crops.

QUIET AFTER RUSH.

Such the Trade Situation for the Week.

New York, Oct. 23.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

After the heaviest buying ever known in many branches during September and the first half of October it was both natural and desirable that a more quiet period should give time for testing the size and temper of retail trade and for distributing part of the enormous quantities bought. In textile goods the rush of orders went far beyond all distributive demand in August, and represented great replenishment of stocks and the similar rush for goods has been correspondingly great in other lines during the past two months. In iron and steel and in boots and shoes there was actual danger of a speculative inflation of prices such as was seen in 1895, but it has been avoided apparently for this season by the solid sense of leading men who regard a time of comparative quiet as essential to the coming and permanence of prosperity in their lines. As the buying for replenishment is partly satisfied and diminishes, there is some decrease in the volume of transactions, though at the same time the working force has further increased the wages of labor have been in numerous cases advanced and the foundation laid more broadly every week for larger buying and business hereafter. The iron industry waits because possible production for the year has been practically ordered. New business in finished products is almost of necessity smaller, since manufacturing works are nearly all full for months ahead.

Some large offerings of wool was made at Boston to realize profits before prices fell, but quotations remained unchanged because even at a half cent decline buyers were not disposed to take hold.

The product market acted with as little apparent reason as usual. Although Atlantic exports of wheat were 3,576,607 bushels, flour included, and for three weeks of October, 10,309,908 bushels, against 7,742,214 last year, with Western receipts not half a million bushels larger, the price advanced 2½ cents.

Corn with smaller receipts and exports barely a quarter of last year, declined a small fraction.

Failures for the week were 224 in the United States against 274 last year, and 36 in Canada against 60 last year.

THE POTATO CROP

Is Very Near a Failure in the United States.

New York, Oct. 21.—Not since 1892 has the potato crop of the United States proved so nearly a failure, says the American Agriculturist in its final report of the yield of 1897. Compared with the liberal crop of last year there is an apparent falling off of nearly 30 per cent in tonnage and the quality of the whole is greatly deficient. County and township returns from all the leading potato growing states show the yield to be 174,000,000 bushels, against 245,000,000 in 1896. The average rate of yield per acre is placed at 64 bushels, taking the country at large, against 86 bushels in 1896. The principal reasons for disaster to the crop are blight and rot, as a result of extremes of weather conditions.

THE CLOVER SEED CENTRE.

Receipts in Toledo Amount to Over 175,000 Bags.

Toledo Daily Blade, October 23.

It looks as though Toledo clover seed dealers would break the record this year in the matter of receipts.

That Toledo is the greatest clover seed market in the world is well known, both in this country and Europe. It is here that the best quality of seed is found, and it is in this market that buyers in the Eastern states and the Old World seek large supplies.

Considering the foreign trade, Germany is the best customer. England and France buy liberally at times, but not so extensively as Germany.

The clover seed that is received here comes from Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, states which produce the great bulk of the product.

All seed arriving here undergoes a rigid inspection under the eye of the chief inspector of the Toledo Produce Exchange, Mr. E. H. Culver. The seed is inspected as follows:

Choice clover seed—To be bright in color, dry, sound, plump, well cleaned and containing very few foreign seeds, and of uniform quality.

Prime clover seed—To be dry, sound, reasonably clean, and only slightly mixed with foreign seed.

No. 2 clover seed—To be merchantable clover seed, but too badly mixed with dirt, brown or foreign seeds, and in other respects not good enough for prime.

Rejected clover seed—To include all seed damp or damaged, very dirty or so badly mixed with foreign seed as to render it unmerchantable.

Mammoth, alsike and timothy graded by above rules.

The great volume of clover seed dealt in here is known as the trifolium pretense, or common red clover. It is a native of Europe and Asia. It was introduced into this country at an early date, and in England its cultivation was begun more than 250 years ago. It is a great improver of the soil, and one of the most important of the cultivated crops. Either plowed under or cut for hay it leaves the ground better than before grown. The top acts as a mulch and the

To-day there are fully 175,000 bushels of clover seed in this city in store and great as the figures look, it requires about $600,000 to carry it. There are more bushels of clover seed here than of contract wheat.

The trade here has undergone a revolution within the past ten years. Previous to that time local clover seed dealers sold to Baltimore and New York parties, who exported the seed, but now our dealers make direct exportations which does away with middlemen.

That which is known as prime medium seed is the second growth of red clover, the first cut being used for hay. There is a seed sold on the market called buckhorn or ripple. Buckhorn or ripple is the seed of a weed, which, when found in clover seed to any extent, causes a deterioration in price. A very small percentage of ripple may be found in clover and, yet it will go as contract seed.

There is a clover seed sold on the market called mammoth clover seed. It is known in some places as sapling or peavine clover. It has a large and greater growth than the ordinary red clover. When grown for seed it is usually pastured until the first of June and then allowed to grow up and mature. It grows too rank and coarse for best hay. The seed sells for about the price of prime medium. It is believed by many to be a variety of the red clover.

Alsike clover is sold in the Toledo market. This differs from common red clover and is given the botanical name of trifolium hybridum. The flower heads are upon long peduncles, and an intermediate in size between those of white and red clover. It is found native over a large part of Europe, and was first cultivated in Sweden, deriving its name from the village of Syke. It is an excellent forage plant and the seed commands a high price, selling in this market for prime at $5.50. It does not attain its development for two years. It is instead of a hybrid a distinct species. Alsike sprouts but little after cutting, and therefore produces but one crop and one pasturage. There are in all about 15 different kinds of clovers.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Oct. 26, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 26.	Oct. 19.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons	128	127
U. S. 4's (new) registered	127	126
U. S. 5's coupons	115¾	115¾
U. S. 5's registered	114¾	115
U. S. 4's coupons	113¾	113¾
U. S. 4's registered	112¾	112¾
U. S. 2's registered	99	98¼
Pacific 6's of '98	102¾	102¾

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

There was a tame opening in wheat to-day, with about yesterday's prices ruling. Liverpool was weak at ¼@⅜d decline, while Paris was steady for wheat but lower for flour. But bull news came in quickly. Northwestern receipts were light—497 cars as compared with 1,676 last year. Cars at Chicago were under estimates and Prime's report showed unfavorably for crops. Rain is very much needed. All there conditions aided the markets as against cables. Prices firmed a little, then eased, and at noon they were firm.

This afternoon the report that 500,000 bushels had been taken at Duluth for export, and Gallagher's report were strengthening factors, and the markets closed firm at about the highest point of the day, and ⅜@½c advance.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	96¾	97¼	96¾	97
Chicago	93⅞	94⅜	93	94⅝
New York	96¾	97⅛	96¾	97⅛
St. Louis	98¾	99⅜-½	98¼	99⅜-½

October wheat at Chicago, 93¼c; May, 91½c; highest, 91¾c; lowest, 90⅞c; close, 93⅝c. At New York May wheat opened at 93⅜c, rose to 93⅝c, fell to 92½c, and rose to 93⅛c.

Corn started steady to-day at a slight decline on yesterday's figures. Rains in the West were a factor of ease. Prices afterward worked with wheat, and at the close the markets were up ⅛c. At Chicago December corn opened at 24⅞c, high 24⅞c, low and close 24⅝c; December, 25⅛c, high 25⅜c, low 25⅛c, close 25⅝c; May, 29⅛c, close 29⅛c. At New York December corn opened at 30¼c, rose to 30⅝c, and closed at 30⅝c bid; May, 34⅝c, close 34⅝c bid.

Beerbohm says: One of the principal features has been continued demand for white wheat for France to arrive early next year. Even the Mediterranean is said to be buying this wheat, so that it may be taken for granted that the French demand will be a real factor this season.

Paris wheat closed 10 centimes lower; flour, 45@80 centimes lower.

Antwerp wheat, 12½ centimes lower.

Primary receipts: Wheat, 1,166,000 bushels; same time last year, 1,174,000. Shipments, 770,000 bushels; same time last year, 761,000. Receipts of corn, 598,000 bushels; same time last year, 845,000. Shipments, 524,000 bushels; same time last year, 1,080,000.

There has been over half a million bushels of Duluth wheat worked for export to-day.

Bradstreet's shows: Wheat increase east of Rockies, 1,912,000 bushels; Europe, increase, 2,400,000 bushels; oats, increase, 821,000; corn delayed for confirmation.

Puts on December wheat at Chicago at 1:30, 93⅝@93⅞c; calls, 95⅜c.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 323,250 bushels; flour, 37,690 barrels; or wheat and flour as wheat, 492,895 bushels.

Oats at Chicago for October, 17⅛c; December, 18@18⅛c; high, 18⅜c; low, 18@18⅛c; close, 18⅜c; May, 20⅜c; close, 20⅝c.

Liverpool wheat closed steady to ¼@⅜d lower than previous close.

Gallagher, of the Modern Miller, says: "As far as the Mississippi valley states are concerned the situation is growing daily more serious on the wheat crop situation."

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Higher.

As compared with yesterday at the local exchange, wheat closed to-day ⅜c up for cash, ½c for December and ½c up for May. Trade was fairly well extended. Prices were firm near the close, but last figures were shaded a trifle.

No. 2 soft red wheat 95¼@96¼c, outside to close; No. 3 soft red 93½c.

December wheat, 96½c, 96¾c, 97¼c, then 97¼c; May, 97c, 96½c, 97¼c, and next 97c.

Corn—Was Very Active.

There was a heavy trade in corn, with prices ruling ⅛c to ¼c lower, the latter for cash. The market was comparatively steady. No. 2 mixed corn, 25c; No. 3 corn, 24½c; December, 26½c, 26⅝c, then 26⅜c; May, 29@29½@30c.

Oats dull, steady. No. 2 mixed, 18¼c; No. 2 white, 21½c; No. 3 white, 20½c.

Rye dull but ½c higher. No. 2, 47½c, then 48c; No. 3, 45c.

Clover seed active, with but little change as compared with yesterday; prices closed steady. Prime cash, $3.27½; October, $3.30; December, $3.30, close, $3.32½; No. 2 seed closed at $3.10@3.00; buckhorn, $2.85@3.05. Receipts 1,330 bags; shipments, 500 bags.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market was dull this morning. The display of products yas less than on yesterday, but prices were about the same. Butter holds firmly at previous prices. Eggs sell at steady figures. Vegetables unchanged.

Butter—Finest Elgin creamery, 22@23c; Ohio and Michigan creamery, 21@22c; dairy butter, 17@18c.

Cheese—Best full cream, lb., 10@11c; part skim, 8½c; full skim, 6c.

Vegetables—Celery, dozen stalks, 15@25c; potatoes, bu., 50c; sweet potatoes, Jerseys, $2.50 per bbl., or 80c per bushel, Baltimore, bbl., $2, bushel, 70c; carrots, bu., 25c; turnips, bu., 25c; onions, bu., 40c; rutabagas, bu., 35c; cabbages, dozen, 20@30c; parsnips, bu., 35c; beans, bu., $1; lettuce, lb., 5c; beets, bu., 25c; pepper, bu., 25c; cauliflower, dozen, 35c@$1.00; tomatoes, ripe, 50c, green, 25c.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 10@11c; turkeys and ducks, 12½@14c per lb.

Fruits—Apples, bu., 50@80c; pears, bu., 50@60c; cranberries, bu., $2.25; quart, 9c; lemons, box, $3.00; oranges, box, $3.50@4.00; grapes, basket, 10@16c; pound, 2c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs., $5.00@5.70; veal, lb., 7@8c; mutton, lb., 6@6½c; lamb, lb., 7@7½c; beef, lb., 4@7½c.

Smoked Meats—Ham, sugar cured, heavy, lb., 9½c; light hams, lb., 10c; mess pork, bbl., $8.00; short mess, $9.00; short clear, $9.00; breakfast bacon, clear, 9@10c; bologna sausage, lb., 5c; pork sausage, lb., 5@6c; home made country sausage, lb., 6c.

Timothy Seed—$1.00@1.75, as to quality.

Lard—No. 1 kettle, cars of 3, 5 and 10 lbs., 7c; 50 lbs., 6c.

Hay—Car lots, choice timothy, ton, $8; No. 1 hay, $8; No. 2 hay, $9.

Straw—Car lots, bright rye, $5.00 per ton, wheat straw, $4.00; oat straw, $5.00.

Feed—Bran, per ton, $11.00; middlings, $12.00; chop feed, ton, $14.00; No. 2, $12.00; coarse meal, $12.00.

Hides—Green, No. 1 coarse and light hides, lb., 7½c; No. 2's, 6½c; heavy steers, No. 1 7c; bulls and No. 2's, 6½c; green calf, No. 1, 11c; No. 2's, 9c; kip, No. 1, 9c; No. 2's, 7c; cured, No. 1 hides, 9c; No. 2's, 8c; No. 1 calf, cured, 12c; No. 2's, 10c; sheep pelts, 25@$1.00.

Rock Salt—Ton, $7.50; pork packing salt, 280-lb. bags, 80c; Eastern salt, bbl., $1.00; Michigan salt, bbl., 75c.

Flour—Spring patent, bbl., $5.50@6.00; winter patents, $5.50@6.00; winter straight, $4.50@5.00.

Petroleum—Prime white, Ohio test, 7½c; eocene, 10½c; stove gasoline, 9½c; 63 test naphtha, 7½c.

Tallow—Per lb., 3@3½c.

Beeswax—Per lb., 20@22c.

Wool—Coarse and medium, unwashed, 15@18c; washed, 20@22c; fine unwashed, 12@14c; washed, 15@18c.

Grain and Produce.

New York, Oct. 26.—Butter—Receipts 8,466 packages; western creamery, 14@23½c; Elgins 23½c; factory, 9@13c. Cheese—Receipts 6,140 packages; market quiet; large white, 9@9½c; large colored 9c; small white and colored, 9½@9¾c. Eggs—Receipts 10,282 packages; market steady; state and Pennsylvania, 16@20c; western, 17½@18c. Sugar—Raw, nominal; granulated, 5c. Coffee quiet.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—Close—Wheat—October, 93⅛c; December (new), 94⅜@94½c; (old), 91½c; January, 93⅛c; May 91⅛c. Corn—October, 24⅝c; December, 25⅞c; May, 29⅝@29¾c. Oats—October, 17⅛c; December, 18⅜c; May, 20⅝@21c. Pork—October, $7.70; December, $7.75; January, $8.62. Lard—October, $4.20; December, $4.22½@4.25; January, $4.37. Ribs—October and December, $4.45; January, $4.50. Barley—Cash, No. 3, 25@40c. Rye—Cash, 46½c; December, 47⅛c; May, 49⅛@50c. Flax seed—Cash, $1.02; Northwest, $1.05½; December, $1.04; May, $1.07. Timothy—Cash and October, $2.65; March, $2.80.

Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—Estimated receipts of hogs to-day, 34,000; left over, 5,000; market fairly active, averaging 5c lower; light, $3.50@3.90; mixed, $3.50@3.90; heavy, $3.25@3.85; rough, $3.25@3.35. Cattle—Receipts 6,500, including 500 Texans and 2,000 westerns; market dull but generally steady; beeves, $3.85@5.25; cows and heifers, $2.00@4.50; Texans, $2.75@3.90; westerns, $3.20@4.30; stockers and feeders, $2.80@4.40. Sheep—Receipts, 16,000; good steady, others weak. Yesterday's official: Hogs, receipts 48,351, shipments 7,550; cattle receipts 22,632, shipments 5,568; sheep, receipts 22,305, shipments 3,764. Most grades of sheep sold at former prices, while lambs declined 10@15c. Trade was active. Lambs sold at $3.75@5.75; native sheep, $2.50@4.40, and westerns, $3.10@4.25. A load of 98-lb. Angora goats from Wyoming sold at $3.50 per 100 lbs. Estimated receipts of hogs for to-morrow, 43,000.

Kansas City, Oct. 26.—Cattle—Best grades steady, others weak; Texas steers, $2.85@3.65; Texas cows, $2.25@3.00; native steers, $3.50@5.10; native cows and heifers, $1.40@4.00; stockers and feeders, $2.55@4.40; bulls, $2.00@3.50. Hogs—Market weak to 7½c lower; bulk of sales, $3.40@3.50; heavies, $3.40@3.50; packers, $3.35@3.47½; mixed and lights, $3.40@3.50; Yorkers, $3.50@3.55; pigs, $3.40@3.52½. Sheep—Market steady; lambs, $3.70@5.25; muttons, $2.00@3.90.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 26.—(Elrick Bro.'s special report to The Blade.) Cattle—Receipts 4 cars; market steady. Hogs—Receipts 15 cars; market steady at Monday's quotations. Sheep and lambs—Receipts 10 cars, all Canadians; market slow; best lambs, $5.75.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 26.—(Bower & Bower's special report to The Blade.) Hogs—Receipts 19 cars; market fairly active; prices averaging 5c lower; Yorkers and lights, mixed hogs, $3.90; mediums and heavies, $3.85; pigs, $3.25@3.50; stags and roughs, $3.00@3.50, closing quiet. Sheep and lambs—Receipts 3 cars, sheep steady; lambs, 10@20c lower; sheep, $2.00@3.75; lambs, $4.00@5.40. Cattle—Market quiet and unchanged.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

New York, Oct. 26.—The opening of the stock exchange showed some slight recoveries from yesterday's losses, Union Pacific and St. Paul leading the advance with a gain of ⅜ each. Canada Southern was an exception with a loss of ¾. After a momentary hardening the market went off. Higher prices from London had some influence on the market here.

The market displayed hesitancy during the first hour, rallies and reactions following each other in quick succession. The movement generally was narrow, aside from Sugar and Omaha which rose a point but reacted again. Toward 11 o'clock Chicago Gas was raided and lost a point. The general list also eased off in sympathy.

With the exception of a few sales of odd lots of stock trading was almost at a standstill in the hour before noon, but prices hardened a perceptible fraction. In Pittsburg, C., C. & St. Louis the gain was a point. At the expiration of the hour prices had reached the best of the morning all round. Sales of stocks up to noon, 117,500 shares. The bond market was dull but prices showed gains.

New York, Oct. 26.—Money on call nominally 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange steady with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.85½@4.85¾ for demand and at $4.82¾@4.82⅞ for 60 days. Posted rates, $4.83½ and $4.86½. Commercial bills, $4.82. Silver certificates, 57⅛@58c. Bar silver, 58c. Mexican dollars, 44⅝c.

Corrected daily by Kuhn & Co.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Del. & Hudson	114½	....	....	114
Jersey Central	93	93¼	92⅝	93¼
Reading	22⅝	22⅝	22½	22⅝
Tenn. Coal and Iron	26½	27⅛	26½	27
Atchison	13⅛	13½	13⅛	13⅛
Atchison pfd.	28⅛	28⅜	28⅛	28
C. B. & Q.	93⅞	94½	93⅞	94
Missouri Pacific	29¼	30⅛	29⅝	30
Northwest	122⅝	123	122½	123
North. Pacific pfd.	51¼	51⅝	51⅛	51—
Omaha	78⅝	80	78⅝	80
Rock Island	85⅝	86⅛	85⅝	86⅛
St. Paul	92⅝	93⅛	92⅝	93⅛
American S. Co.	10	10⅛	10	10⅛
Chicago Gas	96	96⅛	95¼	96
General Electric	33⅝	33⅝	33⅝	33⅝
Leather pfd.	64¼	....	....	64¼
Lead	34	34⅛	34	34—
Sugar	141½	142⅜	141⅝	142⅛
Amer. Tobacco	81½	82⅛	81½	82⅛
Erie	15	....	....	15
Louis. & Nash	55⅛	56	55	55⅝
Manhattan	101½	102⅛	101½	102
K. T. pfd.	32½	33⅛	32½	33⅛
Southern Ter.	30	30⅛	29⅝	30⅛
C. & O.	21⅜	21⅜	1	21⅜
Pacific Mail	31⅝	32⅛	31⅝	32
Western Union	87⅛	88⅛	87⅝	88⅛
Wabash pfd.	18⅛	18½	18⅛	18⅛
C., C., C. & I.	35	....	....	35
Canada Southern	55¼	55⅛	54⅛	55
New York Central	107⅝	107⅞	107⅝	107⅞

Trade.

Trade during the past week was irregular, but the volume of business continues large. Unseasonably warm weather has interfered with movement of heavy goods to the west.

Wool.

Bradstreet's reviews the past week's wool market as follows: "Trade has fallen off considerably during the past few weeks and the market is apparently settling down to a quiet period. There is very little weakness in values however, and bids on territory lots of ½c below the grease price have been refused. Dealers have expected this let-up in the demand and are by no means anxious. Fleece wools are quiet but firm at 29@32c for XX and above Ohio, with medium washed at about the same price and delaines at 29@30c. For territory scoured about 50c for fine medium and fine is the price, with staple up to 55c, while medium is quotable at 45c. Australian wools are firm but quiet at about 65@72c, scoured, for best lots. London sale closed 2½@5 per cent above the opening for best merinos. Estimated about 2,000 bales bought for America at the sales.

New York Cotton Market.

New York, Oct. 26.—The cotton market opened easy with prices 4 to 5 points lower under active selling for foreign account, disappointing English cables, indications of a heavy port movement and general lack of support, ruled feverish and unsettled throughout the early session with the tendency downward, and at 1 o'clock was barely steady at net loss of 6 to 7 points. Trading was moderately active, 68,000 bales changing hands during the first hour. The decline was partially checked by fairly good buying orders for March at 6 cents and light support from Liverpool.

Cotton futures opened easy: January, $5.92; February, $5.96; March, $6.00; April, $6.04; May, $6.09; June, $6.17; July, $6.17; October, $5.92; November, $5.87; December, $5.89.

Cotton futures closed steady; sales 141,000 bales. January, $5.94; February, $5.98; March, $6.02; April, $6.05; May, $6.09; June, $6.13; July, $6.16; October, $5.91; November, $5.84; December, $5.92.

Cotton spot quiet and unchanged; middling uplands, 6 1-16c; middling gulf, 6 5-16c.

Cotton spot closed easy; middling uplands, 6⅛c; middling gulf, 6⅜c; sales 1,016 bales.

The Oil Market.

Tiona oil	$0.75
Pennsylvania oil	65
Barnesville oil	48
Corning oil	48
New Castle oil	40
North Lima oil	41
South Lima oil	41
Indiana oil	41

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Oct. 26.—There were fewer sales this week than last, but the market has strengthened. For medium and types and common nondescripts, there is a strong demand. Colony trashes and fillers are higher than a week ago. Badly funked tobacco is easier. Quality of offering has been poor. Dark tobacco has been strong. Scarcely any leaf was seen, but there was a better assortment of lugs, and good prices were paid. Stocks of green fillers have been sold out at old time prices. Buying has been begun in the Burley counties and prices are a surprise to speculators. Farmers have their expectations on a very high plane.

$250.00 TO EVERYONE WHO SOLVES THIS PROBLEM

NO DIVIDING
THE WHOLE
$250.00 Paid To Everyone Sending Correct Solution...

EVERY ONE who makes three or more correct words from the list below gets a prize.
EVERY ONE who sends in the whole list correctly will receive $250.00 IN GOLD.
EVERY ONE who sends 12 correct answers gets $100.00 IN GOLD.

NO WAITING
Rewards Sent EVERY DAY as Correct Solutions Are Received.

We are engaged in promoting a company to operate in the Gold Fields of the Klondike. The company has a special machine for placer mining that does the work of 150 men. Men working by hand have taken out $100 per day and more. One instance shows $1,000 for one man's work in one day. We want to put 50 of these machines at work; we want small investments of 25 cents each to use in promoting this enterprise. Every penny may bring back $10.00 in profits. We don't want to go through the slow method of getting large capital invested by a few persons, but prefer to get in communication with a large number who are inclined to risk a little for the probability of getting a fortune. In order to get into communication with half a million of that kind of people we have got up the following contest: It gives you a chance to get $250.00 quick if you solve the problem, or $100.00 if you partly solve it. THE REWARDS WILL BE PAID PROMPTLY each day as correct solutions are received.

HERE ARE THE WORD PUZZLES! CAN YOU SOLVE THEM? The following 16 words each have dashes where some of the letters should appear. Fill in the proper letters in these spaces and make the complete words we have selected. Can you do it? $250.00 IN GOLD IF YOU SEND IN FULL LIST CORRECT, a valuable prize if three or more words are correct.

1. —ALK Something a good horse never does in harness.
2. —A——BAL— A well known game.
3. —IC—ET Something used by railroad companies to be sure passengers have paid their fare.
4. K—O——————— A place in the northern part of America where many gold mines are found.
5. ——I—E Something many happily married men are very fond of.
6. M———T—R Something found in a brick school house.
7. ———EEL Something which forms a part of every bicycle.
8. PRO———CTION Something that is bringing prosperity under President McKinley's administration.
9. P————RITY What the Republican party are trying for since they got in power.
10. CHA—— Something everyone uses who carries a watch.
11. TH——A— A part of every person below the head which is often affected or sore when they catch cold.
12. —OM— An abiding place which every one must have.
13. —OO— Worn by many people on the feet in winter.
14. PHO—OG—APH Something that makes life like reproductions.
15. W————ING Something which causes one to think.
16. C—ND— Something children are fond of.

EXPLANATION. Each dash appearing in the partially spelled words indicates the absence of a certain letter, and when the proper letters are supplied the original word we have selected to form each riddle will be found complete. Example: No. 16, C—ND—. Something children are fond of. In this case the omitted letters are A and Y, which, when properly inserted make the word CANDY.

THE CONDITIONS are that you send with your answer 25 cents to be invested in the promotion fund of the great co-operative gold mining enterprise in the Klondike. You will receive for this an Investment Certificate which may enable you to participate in the company's profits.

REMEMBER that every one who sends in the correct answer to the full list of words gets $250.00 in gold. Every one who sends in 12 correct answers gets $100.00 in gold. Every one who correctly solves 3 words gets a splendid pin, an exact reproduction of a natural nugget of Klondike gold, the latest, most unique and fashionable jewelry novelty, suitable for ladies' or gentlemen's wear.

BUT THIS IS NOT ALL Every one who enters this contest will receive an easy proposition by which they may have returned to them $500.00 to $10,000.00 in gold, enough money to keep them comfortably for years. REMEMBER also that the rewards will be promptly paid in gold as soon as the correct answers are received.

SAFE GUARD. The above complete 16 words have been selected by us, written down, securely sealed and locked in the safety deposit vault of the ROYAL TRUST COMPANY, of this city, not to be opened or published until this contest has ended.

No answers will be considered after 60 days from dates of papers in which this advertisement appears. Rewards will be paid promptly in Gold. The publishers of this paper or any bank or business house in Chicago will assure you of our Absolute Responsibility. Answer at once. Send silver or stamps. Address

DEPT. 55, KLONDIKE PROMOTION COMPANY, Dexter Building, Chicago, Ill.